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THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY

JANUARY, 1923

THE DIARY OF JOSEPH FARINGTON

A PICTURE OF THE ENGLAND OF GEORGE III

EDITED BY JAMES GREIG

In the winter of 1921, Messrs. Puttick and Simpson, the well-known auctioneers who occupy the house in Leicester Square, London, where Sir Joshua Reynolds lived and worked, were asked to see the small property of the late Miss M. L. E. Tyrwhitt, of Northwood Lodge, Wallington, Surrey, and found, among other things, the Silver Plate presented by the Royal Academy to Joseph Farington, one of its members, as well as a large number of his drawings.

Attention was drawn also to a batch of books, in a case, which the vendor thought of little value. They were, however, carted to the salesroom along with the other contents of the house, and on November 28, 1921, the firm invited several people to see a Diary and its tributary notebooks.

A member of the *Morning Post* staff was the first to call next day, and, after a cursory examination of a few entries, here and there, satisfied himself that the volumes were of more than ordinary importance. At his suggestion the sale was postponed for three weeks, so that a more careful study of their contents might be made. This he was permitted to do and, on the strength of the knowledge gained, he advised Mr. H. E. Gwynne, editor of

the *Morning Post*, to buy the Diary for publication.

At the sale on December 9, there were in attendance representatives of the Royal Academy and of some of the public galleries, as well as of publishers and London newspapers. The bidding began at sixty guineas, and the collection was knocked down to the *Morning Post* at the paltry price of one hundred and ten guineas.

The first intention was to publish the Diary, — as a test, — daily, in the *Morning Post*, for six weeks, dating from January 23, 1922. Its success exceeded the anticipation of almost everyone. Large numbers of the public asked for its continuation and it is still appearing in serial form with growing popularity.

Who was Joseph Farington? What was his professional standing? What were his opportunities for acquiring information of sufficient interest to fill with manuscript sixteen large volumes, besides numerous small notebooks? The biographical dictionaries say very little about his art or himself; he is nowhere mentioned as a diarist. A Memoir of Sir Joshua Reynolds is the only literary work by him that is recorded. Let us give briefly the few

facts known before 1922, which illustrate his achievement.

Farington was descended from an old Lancashire family, and studied art under Richard Wilson, the famous landscape-painter. His topographical drawings, if not brilliant, are remarkable records of things seen with eyes wide open to the intimate beauty of the landscapes, conveyed by him with great assurance and simplicity in the water colors, which, during his lifetime, were held generally in high esteem, in spite of the fact that his contributions to the public galleries were infrequent.

From the year 1773 he ceased to exhibit with the Incorporated Society, and withdrew from it as a member. In June of that year he went to Houghton Hall in Norfolk, the seat of the Earl of Orford, and there remained for three years, employed, along with his young brother and pupil, George Farington, in making drawings of its pictures, which were sold in 1779 to the Empress Catherine of Russia, at a cost of £40,555, the value set on the collection by Benjamin West and Cipriani, to the astonishment of Horace Walpole. In July, 1776, Farington went to Keswick in Cumberland, where he continued principally to reside until 1780, when, in December of that year, he removed to London and established himself at 35 Upper Charlotte Street, Fitzroy Square. Between 1773 and 1778 Farington did not exhibit anywhere; but in the latter year he began to contribute regularly to the Royal Academy, up to 1799, and afterward, at intervals, showing there for the last time in 1813.

His name became widely known in his day, mainly through the drawings, reproduced in handsome volumes, of his many tours in England, Scotland, and France. As a man he won the highest respect and his influence was exercised for the good of his fellow men. He

was 'a true gentleman,' says James Northcote, R.A. '... the great man to be looked up to on all occasions. . . . His great passion was the love of power — he loved to rule. He did it, of course, with considerable dignity.'

In the life of Sir Martin Shee, a president of the Royal Academy, we read: —

The principal spokesman was Mr. Farington, whose name was associated with every proceeding of the Royal Academy, in whose movement for good or evil he exercised so powerful a control as to procure for him the appellation of the Dictator of the Academy. He possessed a degree of weight in the deliberations of the councils of the body far beyond what any other member could hope to attain or excel.

On May 8, 1792, a correspondent, who severely criticized Farington's Views of Windsor Castle and of Westminster, added: —

Though Mr. Farington has more authority in the Academy than any other member, and from Majesty of appearance, and haughtiness of Behaviour can terrify His puny Competitors into *violent* Obedience, we speak our opinion.

Farington's pride in his authority kept him sincerely modest, he feeling that his qualities, and his 'acts of kindness and of love,' would at some time be remembered. Here is proof of his prescience as recorded by himself: —

He [John Taylor, once editor of the *Morning Post* and author of *Monsieur Tonson*] again spoke to me at the request of the Editor of the *Monthly Mirror*, desiring me to let Him have a portrait of me and some Biographical material, to enable him to publish an acct. of me. — I told him it wd. be to me a most [undesirable] circumstance to see my name in print in such a way; that if, a few years hence, it should seem more proper, it might be done, but I certainly could not now consent to it; *and that there was no doubt but at a future period I should be noticed in the proportion as I ought to be.* (The italics are mine.)

Such was the history of Farington known to the world before the publication of the Diary in the *Morning Post*. To-day his fame extends far beyond the boundaries of his native land; he has at last come into his right 'proportion.' In the volume of extracts from his Diary, shortly to be published, will be found a few of the innumerable letters and other references relating to it that came to the editor of the *Morning Post* from all sorts and conditions of people; and these show the consensus of the opinion expressed to be that Farington will in future rank with Samuel Pepys and John Evelyn as a chronicler of the sayings and doings of the eminent men and women and the stirring events of a later and momentous period in history.

Long experience, discretion, generosity, candor, and even temper brought to him all who wanted counsel in the important, and even trivial, affairs of life. A Turner or a Constable, wishing to be elected an A.R.A.; a Lawrence, a Hoppner, or a Wilkie, anxious to secure full Academic honors; hard-up painters, an artist's widow or daughter in need of a pension from the Academy — all eagerly sought Farington's favor.

The Prince Regent took a fancy to Van Dyck's beautiful picture, containing three different portraits of Charles I. Farington was asked to approach his friend Mr. William Wells, of Redleaf, its owner; he parted with the painting for 1000 guineas, — 500 guineas was first suggested, — and it passed to Windsor Castle, where it still remains one of the most important works in the King's collection.

He knew almost every eminent man and woman of his time; in after-dinner talks, across the walnuts and the wine, at town or country mansion, club, or coffeehouse, he heard and recorded many important and curious things. In his Diary vivid descriptions are

given of men who led the revolutionary movement in France. Mirabeau's meeting with Edmund Burke is delightfully described, and there is nothing of their kind in literature finer than the stories of the death of Burke's son Richard, and the great statesman's relations with his wife — 'My dear Jane.'

Farington and others give, from personal observation, remarkable word-pictures of Napoleon in his heyday and decline; and Josephine's convincing opinion of the Emperor finds a place. The difference between the characters of Wellington and Blücher is aptly illustrated, and there are numerous entries relating to Nelson, Howe, Hood, and other naval commanders.

Politicians come and go in the Diary, and their success or failure is faithfully recorded in its pages. We learn what the King thought of Chatham's writing; Pitt is a great figure seen in a new light; the amours of Charles Fox are delicately referred to, and we learn much about his association with the democratic movements that disturbed England in the seventeen-nineties.

Literature is fully represented. Dr. Johnson was dead before Farington began his Diary, but memories of the 'Great Cham' are given by James Boswell, whose obiter dicta occupy considerable space. There is a charming description of Mr. and Mrs. Piozzi's home at Streatham; also of Lord Orford's life, and his treasures at Strawberry Hill, which Pope called 'a Gothic Vatican of Greece and Rome.' The fifth Earl of Chesterfield's opinion of Wordsworth's poetry is bluntly expressed; we learn that Wordsworth thought very little of Sir Walter Scott's romances, and Farington's account of Coleridge's glib, but confusing, table-talk is 'curiously confirmative of some of the well-known impressions of Lamb, Hazlitt, and Carlyle.'

Sheridan, Byron, and Anacreon (Tom) Moore also have a place in the Diary. Mrs. Siddons explains why William Combe, author of *The Tours of Dr. Syntax*, thought her 'penurious in the extreme'; her alleged intimacy with Sir Thomas Lawrence shocks the painter's friends; Hoppner, R.A., says that Mrs. Jordan afforded very little entertainment in company, and that Jack Banister, the celebrated actor, was an amusing mimic, but 'in understanding, an ordinary man.' Sir Joshua Reynolds and Gainsborough are the subjects of many valuable entries; and important questions are settled with regard to the latter's wife and his picture of the Blue Boy, which is now in America.

There is much to interest Americans in the Diary. Benjamin West, John Singleton Copley, his son (the future Lord Lyndhurst), Trumbull the artist, and Robert Fulton the inventor of the first submarine, all Americans, figure in it prominently, and there are notable references to the War of Independence and the growth of the new Republic. Particularly moving is the scene where George III, in presence of the Queen, discusses with Benjamin West the possible loss of the American Colonies and its effect.

Apart from the Diary, which dates from July 13, 1793, to December 30, 1821, there is a large number of letters, and small notebooks containing all sorts of scraps and fragments — *mémoires pour servir*, in their place and way. The most readable parts of these little volumes contain records made during Farington's sketching excursions. One of the entries of special interest may be printed. On July 20, 1792, — the year before the Diary began, — he dined with Mr. Riddle at Friars Carse, near Dumfries. Robert Burns also was a guest. Here is how he appeared to Farington: —

Mr. Burns, the Scottish Poet, At present an Exciseman in Dumfries, on £70 a year. He is married, and has a family. He is a middle-sized man, black complexioned, and his general appearance that of a tradesman or mechanic. He has a strong expressive manner of delivering himself in conversation. He is not acquainted with the Latin language. His father was a gardener in Ayrshire.

The foregoing statement does not adequately present the varied interest of the Diary. Few things escaped Farington's eyes, and his ears were ever open to what was well worth hearing. Goldsmith's Vicar was as a child in knowledge compared with Farington. We wonder how the latter's handsome head held the half of what he knew; and wonder still more how he, single-handed, found time in his otherwise busy life to write with meticulous care the human and historical documents that make the Diary invaluable for all time. Farington is not content with recording after-dinner talks across the walnuts and the wine. At every public or private dinner that he attended, howsoever unimportant, he drew a plan of the table, — round or square or oblong, — and wrote down the name at the place occupied by each one of the party. Only those, indeed, who have seen the original volumes of the Diary can realize its importance, and the genius of Joseph Farington.

The last entry in his Diary is dated Sunday, December 30, 1821, the day of his tragic death, at the age of seventy-four. The words run: —

rose 10 after 8 — a dull moist morning. Thermr. at noon 44½. Wind West. Didsbury Church I went to morn'g and *after-noon*, my Brother remaining at home on acct. of his cold, and Eliza being unwell. At Didsbury Church I spoke to Mrs. Geo. Phillips, Mr. & Mrs. Fieldin, & Mr. Birleg.

Following this, on the same page, his niece wrote: —

Mark the uncertainty of this life!!! My venerable respected and affectionately regarded Uncle — So wrote his day's notes, — previous to setting out for the Evening Service at Didsbury Church — from which it was the *Will of Heaven* he should not *return in life!!*

The Service concluded, he was descending from the Gallery where his Brothers Pew was — but his hands encumbered with Hat Umbrella and prayer book — His feet equally So with Golloshes he was unable to recover from a slip of his feet and went down the flight of stairs with great rapidity and force,—Such as to project him be-

yond the Stairs — So that his head came with heavy fall on the pavement of the Church floor — the vital spark was gone. He — neither looked, spoke, moved — or breathed again.

Such was the *Will of God* — and doubtless all in Mercy — Of a nervous temperament, illness affected my good Uncle greatly — and would have embittered the decline of a life — which had long been preparing as was evinced by his Conduct, and writing, for that *Future State* — So as to be by

Redeeming Mercy —
Ready to Depart!!

EXTRACTS FROM THE DIARY — 1793-1815

The first paragraph in the Diary refers to Horace Walpole, and Mary and Agnes Berry, his 'Twin-Wives' — his 'Dear Both.' In 1788, Walpole, then seventy years of age, met the sisters, and yielded to their witcheries. He spoke of Mary as 'an angel both inside and out,' and he lavished every term of endearment upon them. He was ready to go through the formal ceremony of marriage with either, 'to make sure of their society and confer rank and honour on the family.' The sisters were more than society beauties. Mary, particularly, was very clever. She wrote copiously, her most important work being on *A Comparative View of the Social Life of England and France, from the Restoration of Charles the Second to the French Revolution*. Although twice sought in marriage, she remained single, and died at midnight, November 20, 1852. A marble bust of her is one of Mrs. Damer's finest works.

July 13, 1793. — Went early this morning in company with Mr. George Dance [R.A.], the Architect, and Portrait Draughtsman and Mr. Samuel Lysons [eminent Antiquary] of the Temple, to Lord Orfords at Strawberry Hill, where we breakfasted with

his Lordship. In the forenoon Mr. Dance made a drawing of his Lordship's profile, an excellent resemblance. Lord Orford is now in his 76th year, infirm in his body, but lively and attentive in mind. He went into the different apartments with us, and we were very much pleased with the singularity of the appearance of them, as well as with a variety of curios and valuable miniatures, some larger pictures, and sundry articles, particularly with a silver bell enriched with carving by Benvenuto Cellini. [The bell, ascribed to Cellini, was bought in at £252 in the Strawberry Hill Sale, 1842.] Mr. Berry and his two daughters [Mary and Agnes] came to dinner at 4 o'clock. They are near neighbours to Lord Orford, and reside in a house in which the late Mrs. Clive, the actress, dwelt. It belongs to Lord Orford, who gave it to Mrs. Clive during the latter part of her life, and since her death to Mr. Berry, to be a country house for him and his daughters ['so that the Earl, then over seventy-two, could enjoy their society without the ridicule or the trouble of marriage,' to use Miss Mary's phrase].

July 20. — Went to breakfast at Mr. Piozzi's at Streatham [Piozzi married

Mrs. Thrale, Dr. Johnson's friend]. In the Library at Streatham are $3\frac{1}{4}$ portraits, by Sir Joshua Reynolds, of Lord Sandys, Lord Westcote, Mr. Murphy, Dr. Goldsmith, Sir Joshua Reynolds, Sir Robert Chambers (Judge in Bengal), Mr. Garrick, Mr. Thrale, Mr. Barette, Dr. Burney, father of Fanny Burney [author of *Evelina*], Mr. Burke, and Dr. Johnson. Over the chimney piece whole-length portraits of Mrs. Piozzi and her eldest daughter, Miss Thrale ['Queenie,' who became Viscountess Keith]. Mr. Piozzi obligingly played on the piano-forte and sung in a charming taste. He is a very obliging, unaffected man, and as much English as a foreigner can be in manner and way of thinking. He and Mrs. Piozzi are nearly of the same age, somewhere about 50. Miss Harriet Lee, authoress of a novel called *Errors of Innocence*, was on a visit to them. — Mrs. Piozzi received from Cadell, the Bookseller, £150 for the Manuscript of her *Anecdotes of Dr. Johnson*, and £500 for her *Letters from Italy*. Cadell lost by the publication. — Mrs. Piozzi subscribed 2 guineas towards the monument proposed to be erected to the memory of Johnson.

September 13. — The Prince of Wales on Sunday [at Brighton] gave a dinner to the Officers of his Regiment and some others. He sat at the head of the table and had three Vice-Presidents, one at the bottom and two in the centre of the table. He commenced the jollity after dinner by drinking 10 bumper toasts, out of glasses, 6 of which held a bottle. This jollity continued till 12 at night, from 6, when they dined, the music playing at the outside of the pavilion. The French may retort on us for a contempt of Sunday.

September 15. — Called on Lawrence R.A. . . . Sir Gilbert Elliott [afterwards Lord Minto] told Lawrence that he was at school or an Academy with the celebrated Mirabeau. Sir Gilbert

introduced him, when he visited England, to Mr. Burke. It was very singular to see Mirabeau and Burke in controversy. Mirabeau could speak little English, Burke, French imperfectly. Yet these celebrated men argued with as much earnestness and continuation as if they had been speaking a language common to both. Mirabeau was astonished at the eloquence and force with which Burke expressed his meaning, though he could only do it by uniting words of different languages. — While Mirabeau was in England, Sir Gilbert was often called upon to get him out of scrapes. — Sir Gilbert lost 4 or 500 pounds by him.

October 26. — Hamilton [R.A.] was well acquainted with Marat [who was killed in his bath by Charlotte Corday] and with Brissot [also a Revolutionary leader: he was guillotined] when they were in England (in 1775). Hamilton studied under Zucchi [R.A.], to whose house Marat came in the most familiar manner, a knife and fork being laid for him every day. He borrowed from Zucchi at different times about £500, which he could not repay. He professed himself a physician and cured Bonomi, the architect, of severe complaints twice or three times. He had an original way of thinking in his professional capacity, as was observed by the apothecary who made up the medicines, and acted against common rules. He was a little man, about the size of Cosway [R.A.], the painter, slender but well made. Of a yellow aspect and had a quick eye. He had a great deal of motion, seldom keeping his body or limbs still. He was thin, discontented, and abused the establishments which existed. This was about 18 years ago, when Marat appeared about 40 years of age. Zucchi at that time courted Angelica Kauffmann, the artist, and frequently took Marat with him in the evenings, when he went to visit her.

November 5. — I was informed at Chertsey that Mr. [Charles James] Fox and Mrs. Armstead pass a great deal of their time at St. Anne's Hill. Mrs. Armstead is described to be a very agreeable woman and highly accomplished, and towards fifty years of age. Mr. Fox has a natural son about nineteen years old, very like him, but unhappily he is both deaf and dumb. The young man frequently comes to St. Anne's Hill to see his father. Mr. Fox has also a daughter, a little girl of seven or eight years of age, of whom Mrs. Armstead is very fond, though not her daughter. This girl is cross-eyed, otherwise pretty.

Marchant [R.A.] passed the evening with me, and told me He had lately passed two days at St. Anne's Hill with Mr. Fox and Mrs. Armstead. — Their manner of living is, to breakfast at 9, — dine at 4, — Coffee and tea soon after 6, then walk, then cards, and slight supper at 9, and to bed at 10. Their table plain. — A little girl, a daughter of Mr. Fox, but not by Mrs. Armstead, was there. Mr. Fox spoke of the Arts, and said Commerce must support them. He entertains the highest opinion of Sir Joshua Reynolds, — and thinks very favourably of Northcote & Opie. — Of [Benjamin] West He spoke with contempt and thinks slightly of the works of Fuseli. [Fox married his mistress, Elizabeth Bridget Cane, or Armstead, about 1795, but kept the marriage secret until 1802.]

November 6. — Angelica Kauffman [R.A.], the paintress, made about £14,000 while she resided in England. Her application was very constant. Zucchi [also a Foreign Artist] made about £8,000 while he was in England. Angelica is about 48 years of age, Zucchi is near 70 years old. [They were afterwards married.]

Mr. Tickel, the celebrated author of the pamphlet called *Anticipation* [an

imaginary debate in the House of Commons], published during the American War, and some beautiful pieces of poetry [He was also responsible for parts of the *Rolliad*], on Monday last threw himself out of a window of the attick storey in the Fount Court of Hampton Court, and dashed the back part of his head to pieces. His carriage was waiting for him at the time to bring him to the Stamp Office, where he had a place, and Mrs. Tickel, a beautiful woman, was in the room. Distressed circumstances and an apprehension of being arrested, it is said, is the cause of this momentary phrenzy.

November 7. — Boswell told me it was not by advice of any medical friend that Dr. Johnson was induced to leave off drinking wine. A constant apprehension which he had, of becoming insane, made him fear the consequence of continuing the use of it. Yet he often declared he had never been known to have been intoxicated, though he said he once at College drank three bottles at a sitting. Boswell and Humphry [R.A.] proposed a small Society for the Winter, to meet at each other's houses, not to exceed 8 persons. Boswell, Humphry, myself, George Dance, and [Edmund] Malone were mentioned to begin with.

November 15. — Information came from Paris last night of the death of the Duke of Orleans, who was executed at Paris on the 6th of this month. He dined at the Royal Academy, with the Prince of Wales, a few years since, at one of the great Annual Exhibition Dinners, and it happened a whole-length portrait of him, painted by Sir Joshua Reynolds, was placed above the seat on which he sat on the Prince's right hand. The picture is a very fine one, a whole-length in an Hussar dress, and a remarkable likeness, which everybody acknowledged who then had an opportunity of comparing it with the

original. The Picture was painted for the Prince of Wales and was placed in Carlou House, till the detestable conduct of the Duke, in what related to the late King of France, caused the Prince to have it taken down, and it is now in some private apartment in Carlton House. The Prince moved about the same time to have him expelled from the *Je ne sais quoi* Club held at the Star and Garter [in Pall Mall], which was immediately done, and his name scratched out by one of the waiters. He was 50 years of age — born in 1743.

November 17. — In 1788, when I was at the Marquiss of Graham (now Duke of Montrose), he told me, when he was abroad and at Paris, he was sometimes of the late Duke of Orleans parties, which he made for a select number of his acquaintance, and that ladies were included. These assemblies were held at one or other of his country houses, near Paris. The Marquiss observed that he never saw a man so well preserve the dignity of his rank as the Duke did in the midst of scenes of great freedom and voluptuousness.

December 20. — Went to the Club. Seventeen Members present. Before dinner Mr. West desired Mr. Tyler and Copley and myself to go into another room, where he informed us that on Thursday evening he went to Sir William Chambers, and that after a long conversation he had prevailed on Sir William to agree to the proposed plan for a celebration. That Sir William and he had been this morning at nine o'clock with his Majesty, when Mr. West delivered the paper of resolutions and inclosed in it the estimate. The King read the first through and then looked over the estimate, and said the Academy should not be disappointed, and that the estimate of expence was very moderate.

In the course of the evening I men-

tioned to the Members present my wish, and I knew it to be the wish of others, that a uniform dress [the French Academicians wear a green uniform] should be worn by Members of the Royal Academy at all their public meetings, which would give an impressive respectability to them, and in a becoming way distinguish them as a body. Nollekens said he would second my motion, and all appeared disposed to concur in it. I mentioned that formerly such an idea had been held by Sir Joshua Reynolds, &c., and that they proposed that gowns should be worn. I thought this would be carrying it too far, and that a blue coat, with some distinction of collar, cuff, and button would be sufficient, and would subject the Members to no real addition of expence, as the coat might be worn in common if the cape were taken off. [Uniform dress was never worn by the Royal Academicians.]

December 21. — [After wasting much time in useless palaver, a fitting address to the King was prepared, thanks to the commonsense of Farington and Boswell. The address settled, Farington and Tyler, R.A., went, on December 23] . . . to the Freemasons Tavern and spoke to Richold [who afterwards charged for more people than were present] about the dinner to be prepared for the celebration. The great annual Exhibition Dinner is charged at half a guinea a head, the desert included, but on account of this being a much dearer season He proposed that half a crown each should be allowed for the desert, making the whole thirteen shillings a head. If 54 persons dine on that day He thinks the whole expence of the entertainment will be about sixty guineas. Champagne is become very dear and scarce since the French troubles began, but as it has been customary we ordered it should be served once round.

January 16, 1794. — This day died Edward Gibbon, Esqre., Professor of ancient History in the Royal Academy. He was in his 57th year. [On January 24 Farington wrote] Lysons told us Ld. Orford was with Gibbon two days before he died. That at the time He was in good spirits, and had no apprehension of his approaching end. Gibbon died of a mortification, occasioned by a Hydrocele, of 16 years growth. It had increased without his noticing the apparent distension, and he noticed with surprise, at last, people looking towards that part, not being sensible of the size, which was equal to that of a man's head. It became necessary to open it at last, but the parts were then in such a state as to cause a mortification. Gibbon by will bequeathed the whole of his fortune to a young Swiss man. He did not even mention in his will, Lord Sheffield, his particular friend, or any of the few relations he left behind.

June 3. — Went into Sir Wm. Chambers Box and heard Burke speak against Hastings; this is the 3d. day of his reply. Windham read for him. — Grey in the Box part of the time, no other managers came. — Francis sat at the end of the Managers Box. — Mr. Hastings was writing or reading the whole time, and appeared to pay no direct attention to Burke. — Markham was in the Councils Box, and He was much alluded to as being the agent on the Station where the abuse was committed. — But few Commons attended and only abt. 23 or 4 Lords. — The Galleries were well filled. Several relaxations in dress since the beginning of the trial. Grey came into the Managers Box in Boots and Spurs. Several peers came upon the throne *behind the Chancellor* without Robes, Lord Almarle in boots.

June 11. — Last night Sir Roger Curtis arrived at the Admiralty from

Ld. Howe, announcing a great victory gained over the French fleet of 26 sail of the line, by the British fleet of 25. The Battle was fought on Sunday June 1st. — 6 ships were taken and two sunk, — wiht. the loss of one British ship. The papers this morning reported the news. [Here is the French version of the Battle]: *June 24.* — An acct. came to-day from Paris, stating Barrere's report to the Convention of the Arrival of the victualling fleet from America consisting of 116 sail, which entirely removes all apprehension of famine from France. — He also gave an acct. of the late Naval engagement, which He called glorious for France. That the English had 14 sail of the line more than the French, yet left the scene of action to them. That the French had 7 sail dismasted, which He fears are lost. — But the English had Ten dismasted, which wd. have been taken but for the cowardice of certain French Captains, which are sent to Paris for trial. — So much for a specimen of French representation as a Republic.

At 2 o'clock in the morning [June 11] we were knocked up to put out lights. — Many windows were broke. The Illuminations became general. Lord Stanhopes windows were smashed.

June 12. — Fuseli came to me . . . and afterwards dined with me — & we walked out to see the illuminations which to-night were general and began early. The streets undisturbed by mobs and no windows broke.

June 13. — Illuminations were again general this evening — the third night.

July 1. — Mr. Trumbull, the Artist, is arrived from America, and comes in the capacity of secretary to Mr. [John] Jay the Ambassador, to settle the differences which have risen between the two countries lately. — Mr. Trumbull said everything seemed to promise fair for a settlement. He said the prudence of Mr. Washington prevented resolu-

tions from being passed in America of such a nature as would have produced a war between the two countries.

He spoke of Tom Paine with aversion. His temporary pamphlet, entitled *Common Sense*, gave Tom for a while credit in America, but He was at last seen through to be a man disposed by nature to disturb the peace and order of society.

The Arts are likely to be well encouraged in America. Stuart, who is now at New York, & well employed. — His prices are not so great as He had in England, but his expences are proportionately more reasonable.

America thrives rapidly, towns increase in size, and people grow rich.

Very bad accts. were received to-day from Flanders. The French have defeated the Prince of Saxe-Coburgh, and Charleroi surrendered in consequence. Brussels, it is said, is also in their possession. The Duke of Yorks Army of British and Hanoverians, seems to be in a dangerous situation in the neighbourhood of Tournay. It is said to consist of 12,000 men, almost surrounded by the French. A later account says, 'It appears the Allies are retreating from the French in every quarter.'

July 31, 1794. — Lord Orford mentioned many particulars relative to the late Mr. Topham Beauclerc [the celebrated wit]. He said He was the worst-tempered man He ever knew. — Lady Di passed a most miserable life with him. Lord O., out of regard to her, invited them occasionally to pass a few days at Strawberry Hill. — They slept in separate beds. — Beauclerc was remarkably filthy in his person, which generated vermin. — He took Laudanum regularly in vast quantities. — He seldom rose before one or two o'clock. — His principal delight was in disputing on subjects that occurred; this He did accutely. Before He died He

asked pardon of Lady Di, for his ill usage of her. — He had one son and two daughters by Lady Di. — One married Lord Herbert, the second went abroad with her Brother, Lord Bolingbroke.

August 3. — Richd. Burke, only child of Edmund, died yesterday. He had been elected member for Malton in the room of his Father, 10 days since.

August 9. — Marchi [assistant to Sir Joshua Reynolds] said the grief of Burke on the loss of his Son was excessive. He cd. not be kept from the room in which the corpse lay, and after viewing threw himself on the bed in agonies, and was so weakened by his greif He could scarcely stand. — Burkes servants thought the journey and business of the election in Yorkshire had hastened his end. He had sickness in the night which He desired his servant to conceal from his Father. He was 36 years old.

Lady Inchiquin this morning [September 30] described to me the death of Young Burke.

Two days only before his death He was removed to Brompton, and it was not till then that his Father was sensible of his danger. — On that day He died He heard his Father so loud in his expressions of greif in the next room, as himself to be much moved by it. He ordered his servant to dress him and make him appear as well as He could. He then walked into the next room to his Father and addressed him on his allowing his greif so to overcome him.

'You unman me, Sir, by it, — recollect yourself, — come in to me, and talk to me of religion, or on some other subject.'

They returned together, and being seated, the young man said, 'my Heart flutters.' — Hearing a noise like rain He said does it rain? His Father replied no, it is the wind — again hearing it He said surely it is rain, No said

the Father, it is the wind among the trees. — The Son then began to repeat that part of the morning Hymn, from Milton [*Paradise Lost*, Book V], beginning with: —

His praise ye Winds! that from four quarters
blow,
Breathe soft, or loud; and wave your tops, ye
Pines!

With ev'ry plant, in sign of worship wave.
Fountains! and ye that warble, as ye flow,
Melodious murmurs! Warbling tune his praise

While proceeding in repeating that Hymn, He sunk forward into his Father's arms and expired. Mrs. Burke came in at this distressing moment.

Walter King wrote the eulogium on Young Burke, published in the papers.

(The diarist's record will be continued from 1795–1815 in the Atlantic for February)

ON THE TECHNIQUE OF BEING DEAF

BY EARNEST ELMO CALKINS

I

THE unwise attempt to keep up with a hearing world gives many deaf people a distracted air. It is, perhaps, unfortunate that we deafened can go so long without detection. The halt and blind are spared the temptation to practise this innocent camouflage. It is no use for them to pretend. But the choice is offered us of the part we will play. We frequently choose foolishly, preferring to pass as slow, thick-headed, stupid persons, rather than as the quick-witted deaf persons we really are.

For the deaf are called on to perform prodigies of deduction. In every communication that goes on between them and their fellows, they are working double, devoting most of their energy to finding out what it is all about, and carrying on the conversation with one hand, as it were. I have frequently reconstructed the whole colloquy from a single chance remark, as a palæontolo-

gist restores a dinosaur from a single bone. It is a fine indoor sport, but the waste is enormous.

I have been for fifty years what Mr. Nitchie's School of Lip-Reading prefers to call 'deafened' — to distinguish us from mutes. The census says there are 70,000 deaf in this country; but that count did not include me. On the other hand, specialists say that everyone is deaf; but they merely mean that normal hearing is something too acute for civilized life. There are four million of us — the O. Henry number — who hear with difficulty, but who talk normally — even abnormally at times.

I have become a master of the art of being deaf. It is an acquired art. People are no more born with it than they are born bachelors. A bachelor is something more than a man who has failed of marrying; and the art of being deaf is something more than loss of hearing.

Nature has been of great assistance. Few things are more significant than the way living things adapt themselves to hard and unusual conditions. The hermit crab soon fits himself to his borrowed shell. The blind fish in Mammoth Cave have dispensed with a sense they do not need. The printer's occupation makes his thumb callous; the miller's thumb becomes sensitive. In the *Ethics of the Dust* (does anyone read Ruskin now?) the crystals are shown accepting, with bravery and cheerfulness, impositions that change and alter their natural forms. Who has not seen a tree with a great stone embedded in its trunk? Thus life grows round a hard fact, such as loss of one of the five wits, and shapes itself anew.

In the pursuit of my researches I have made a few discoveries and some inventions, which I am about to share with a deafened world, after the amiable custom of professional men.

The great discovery is that old one with which Brer Æsop's fox consoled himself about the grapes, succinctly if bluntly paraphrased by the philosophically deaf old lady to whom a friend's polite, but utterly unimportant, remark was finally communicated: —

'Umph! Us deaf folks don't miss much.'

And when I asked Mr. Edison why he of all persons did not avail himself of one of the electrical devices for making hearing less difficult, he said: —

'Too busy. A lot of time is wasted in listening. If I had one of those things, my wife would want to talk to me all the time.'

Discussing a banquet at which it might be politic for me to be 'seen,' I said to a friend: —

'I'm not going to any more of those dinners. It's such a bore to sit there and not hear any of the speeches.'

'Not so much of a bore as if you heard them,' was his feeling reply.

After all, I thought, are not the deaf rather inclined to overrate the mere accomplishment of hearing? So many people hear to so little purpose. The deaf fondly imagine that hearing itself is the pleasure, without considering that what is an end to them is merely a means to others.

Audition is not without its drawbacks, and deafness is not without its compensations. For us, a noisy world is soft-pedaled. The dog baying the moon, the cock's shrill clarion, the echoing horn, are all part of vocal nature, as well as the nightingale's liquid notes. And we evade so many tiresome inflictions with a clear conscience. It only remains to put the time thus salvaged to the best use.

II

I was fourteen years old when I first came face to face with the problem. I was beginning Latin in high school. My teacher was a woman of rare sympathy and helpfulness. She saw that I liked Latin, but that I would never get anywhere in the classroom. She took me as a private pupil in her own time, after hours, with no other reward than that of helping a discouraged boy keep up with his classes. I owe it to her that I have read more Latin than the average college course requires, and that it was a pleasure. I owe to her the discovery of the priceless refuge there is in books. But I owe her more than that. She gave me a point of view that has made even deafness a spice of living. After forty years, I still remember the enthusiasm with which she once said: —

'Earnest, I want you to succeed, not in spite of your deafness, but on account of it.'

Let me pay her the humble tribute of setting her name here. There are many who owe something to the fact that Ida Miller McCall was their teacher. She

gave to each the inspiration he needed. She was a teacher of character as well as of Latin. It is part of the tragic irony of life that this woman, who so intuitively selected and imparted the mental attitude that would make deafness tolerable, should later lose her own hearing. The infliction, peculiarly cruel to one of her temperament, — for she was an artist in conversation, — she bore to the end of her life with the same smiling philosophy that made her the influence she was. She often spoke of her years devoted to teaching me as her apprenticeship.

There ought to be a book of short biographies of the famous deaf, telling how they met their problem. One wonders if they attained success in spite of, or on account of, their deafness. E. S. Martin, who so nobly fills the editorial chair of *Life* — his work radiates a mellowed and sunny philosophy, as if he had found life good; Thomas Edison, by no means so 'sweet' a character, but busy and successful, disdaining annoyances of dulled ears with an impatient gesture; Sir Joshua Reynolds, putting all his great ability into an art where hearing is of slight importance; Ludwig van Beethoven, composing some of his greatest works after losing the faculty that the unthinking would deem absolutely essential.

One of the most successful enterprises of Charles Knight, the publisher, was Kitto's *Pictorial Bible*. Kitto was so deaf as to be practically dumb. Curwen gives a pleasant picture of the relations between these two. The publisher kept the writer in work as long as he lived, and profited by it as the doers of good deeds should.

One of the most famous letters in the famous 'Life' is the scathing one Dr. Johnson wrote to the Earl of Chesterfield, after an unfruitful attempt to make the peer a patron of the Dictionary. Apparently the Earl had refused

to see the Doctor when he called. The sympathies of the deaf will be with Chesterfield, one of whose letters, dated the very year of Johnson's unsuccessful suit, Croker quotes: —

'My deafness is extremely increased, and cuts me wholly off from the society of others.'

Dr. Johnson's conversational methods were not such as would make a deaf man feel easy. Cannot you imagine him thundering: —

'Sir, I am bound to furnish elevating conversation. I am not bound to furnish ears to understand it!'

Some of us have missed our opportunity of standing godfather to some great dictionary, under similar circumstances, and have been roundly scored into the bargain.

Every deaf person should read *Society in America*, by Harriet Martineau.¹ The author gathered all the information contained in these two thick volumes by a personal visit, during which she toured the country from the Atlantic to the Mississippi, and talked with everyone.

'I labored under only one peculiar disadvantage that I am aware of,' she says in the Introduction, 'but that one is incalculable. I mean my deafness. This does not endanger the accuracy of my information, I believe, as far as it goes, because I carry a trumpet of remarkable fidelity: an instrument, moreover, which seems to exert some winning power, by which I gain more in tête-à-têtes than is given to people who hear general conversation. Probably its charm consists in the new feeling of ease and privacy in conversing with a deaf person.'

I should like to quote the whole brave paragraph.

We cannot draw any consolation from the belief that our condition is tragic. It is n't. All literature is against

¹ Paris: Baudrey's European Library, 1837

us. The hero is never deaf. The deaf man furnishes only the comedy. William De Morgan, called to account by an exasperated deaf lady, for making Aunt Izzy funny, plaintively answers, 'I did n't make her funny. She *was* funny.' But no one found Blind Jim funny. And literature is right. It is backed up by life. We all smile at the deaf man's slips, but never at the blind man's. Pathos is inherent in the one, and not in the other.

These are some of the things life and books have taught me. Out of them and hundreds of other experiences and adventures I have made my little philosophy, which has stood me in good stead, and which I am trying to compress into a brief and handy Manual for the Use of the Deafened.

III

To begin with the first lesson and the hardest, it is imperative to admit that one is deaf — admit it to one's self, and tell the world, and accept the penalties, as well as the compensations. The compensations outweigh the penalties, as you will see. Deafness of the kind known as 'hard of hearing' — and how hard it is! — grades from a defect scarcely noticeable to total eclipse of sound from the outer world. Somewhere along that line one must give up the struggle of trying to pass as a normal-hearing person. Most of us wait too long, buoyed up by the same false pride that makes people wear wigs. When my hair got thin, I was encouraged by my barber to let it grow long on the sides and brush it over the top, in the vain hope that people would think it grew there. I soon found that I was deceiving no one — not even myself.

As some corn-fed philosopher remarked, 'Old maids is really the happiest — after they quits strugglin'.'

Likewise the deafened are happiest, once they renounce the innocent pose of hearing, and proceed to accept all the drawbacks, but also all the benefits, of being deaf.

And what are those benefits? First, greatly increased leisure. The deaf have all the time saved from not trying to do what they cannot do, to spend in doing better what they can. We all have our twenty-four hours a day, as Arnold Bennett has demonstrated, but we deafened may have a bonus besides.

After all, even the deaf are not deaf all the time. They are not deaf when there is no occasion to hear. According to the subjective theory, — which I advise all deaf people to adopt, — sound does not exist unless there are ears to hear. As I remember the sentence from my school book, 'Niagara thundered in silence for thousands of years, until there appeared upon earth a being with ears.' I find it profitable and amusing to cut down the time when I am unavoidably deaf, and increase that when I am on a par with the acute-eared. It works like the old dial motto, which counted only the hours the sun shone.

I have, thus, not unbroken, unrelieved deafness to deal with, but intermittent deafness — say deafness of two or three hours a day. All human contact, all need of hearing, comes under two heads: the unimportant talk that is necessary, and the important talk that is had for its own sake — conversation, the exchange of thought with our fellow beings. The latter is optional, and depends on temperament, even with the hearing. An unsocial hearing person may have less conversation than a social deaf person.

But the talk that is necessary for the purposes of living cannot be escaped. No deaf person is so primitive that he never goes shopping, or takes a journey.

One afternoon I joined a long line in

front of the Pullman window in Philadelphia. As always, I was conscious of my deafness. I rehearsed in my mind the form of application that would produce results as quickly as the time and place imperatively demanded. I decided to use a question which could be answered, 'Yes' or 'No.'

'Can you give me a seat on the four o'clock train to New York?'

Evidently the answer was 'Yes,' but there was a condition.

'You mean a seat in a sleeping-car?'

No, that was n't it. The girl behind the grille, with just a touch of impatience, apparently repeated her original statement.

I made one more attempt.

'You mean on another train?'

The answer to that was, unmistakably, 'No.' I took a sporting chance, laid down my money, and secured the customary folded green slip.

I awaited my train with only a slight misgiving. I had 'something' on the four o'clock train. I tendered my slip to the Pullman conductor, who took it and directed me to the club car. Of course. One more question, and I would have completed the circuit.

One who hears as unconsciously as he breathes is amazed at so complex a situation over so simple a transaction. But to the deafened these problems occur with monotonous frequency. It is his life. He must constantly match his wits against his deafness, to extract from the world the information necessary to carry on the business of living. No matter how well he does it, he never gets credit for the real mental agility shown. He is merely thought less deaf than he is.

So the technique begins with what might be called the friction of life, the constant colloquies with salespeople, clerks, ticket-agents, waiters, policemen, car-conductors, and others, who constitute, collectively, the machine

of living. As a class, they have one irritating quality. They confuse physical defects with mental. They think that a deaf person is obtuse. With this class, the rule of acknowledging deafness is defaulted to good advantage. Even if time permits the establishing of the new basis, what is the other party, with his limited imagination and resources, going to do? No, it is up to you to take advantage of your position as the provoker of the interview, to make the terms on which it is to be conducted, and to make them as favorable to yourself as possible.

Begin with the selection of the individual to be approached. This is not always possible. People behind grilles in banks, offices, and railway stations are fixtures that must be handled differently; but on the streets you may select the person to whom you put your question with as much care as a professional beggar. People of Latin extraction, for instance, always respond with a gesture. The Italian peanut-vender accompanies his volume of words with a gesture so eloquent that it almost deposits you at the door.

The second rule is to ask questions that can be answered, 'Yes' or 'No.' Yes and No are always recognizable. To be sure, the answer is sometimes 'No,' followed, of course, with the right information; but as a process of elimination, it works wonders. There are but few directions in which one can go. In a railroad station, pick out the most likely-looking train and say to the man in uniform, 'Is this the New York train?' If it is n't, then your list of trains is reduced by one. I am describing only desperate cases. You average much better than this. Sometimes you pick the right one the first time. Sometimes your informant points to the right one.

Perhaps I would better say right here that the deaf person always prepares

for as many emergencies as possible. He studies the time-table in advance. He reads the signs on the walls and in the train shed. He soon learns (and public-utility servants should bless him for this) never to ask an unnecessary question. I always buy a map of a strange city, in this country as well as in Europe. I learn it by heart. And as I walk proudly down a strange street, in an unfamiliar foreign city, I realize that I get on better than even my most acute-eared compatriots. It sounds like a lot of work, but not more than is necessary to play a good hand at bridge. And it is just as much fun.

I always inquire the price when shopping, for the moral effect on the salesman. In small shops I tender a bill that I know must be larger than the amount named. In big shops I read the sales-slip upside down, as the salesman makes it out. Also, in some stores the price is marked on the goods.

The menu card is now common enough to make ordering a meal comparatively easy. In country hotels, where the card is rattled off by a blonde person just abaft your weaker ear, I generally throw myself on the mercy of the waitress, and ask her to bring me what she thinks is best to-day, adding that I usually take coffee.

Before I cast off from the bell boy who pilots me to my room, I anticipate whatever I am going to want, and order it. The boy is instructed to enter without knocking when he brings it. Of course the night clerk cannot 'call' me; but I have learned to 'set' myself for any hour — a trick not hard to learn. And the man who awoke several hours too late, and found a paper tucked beneath his door on which a considerate bell boy had written, 'Sir, it is six o'clock; get up,' was not even deaf.

These are but some of the shifts and devices with which I get through those hours when it is my destiny to be deaf.

Through all the complicated machinery of living, my subconscious mind is functioning in ways like these, automatically, just as you learn not to step on the top stair that is n't there.

To these few hours I must add the time spent in what the United States Census so delightfully calls a gainful occupation; and then I have all the rest of the day for myself, time off, to be deaf or not, just as I choose.

I have taken the deaf man's job for granted, as I am talking to those who have found a way to make a living, but are rather at loose ends as to what to do with the living when they have made it. My own job requires a good deal of hearing, but I have built up a machine to take care of it, something like that which mitigates my other contacts. I believe that most men who were not born deaf have got shaken down in some occupation, and have evolved the proper offensive and defensive mimicry, and are more concerned with things outside office-hours.

Nothing has been said so far about aids to hearing. It is just as well for the deaf to arrange their lives without dependence on these substitutes, and then get all the help out of them they can. The various forms of the telephone housed in little black boxes are a great help, especially in those necessary conversations by which the humbler part of living is carried on. I have one, in fact I have a whole flock of them, and I carry one with me, so far as the exigencies of life permit. I am frequently stopped at the doors of museums and galleries by the custodians, with 'Here, you gotta check that; photographing ain't allowed; it's let to a party.' But these instruments, while useful, do not take the place of ears, not even to the extent that glasses replace eyes.

Then there is lip-reading — a wonderful art, which some practise with a

dexterity that is little short of marvelous, and which all of us utilize to some extent. But it must be admitted that the good Lord has created few people with legible countenances.

What conversation the deaf man gets will be with one of these two substitutes. Only at rare intervals will he know that finest flower of civilization — real talk. He will find that, by a perfectly natural law, his friends are inevitably those who speak distinctly. He will never know the others well, however desirable they may be.

If he has become, by chance, a part of a social group, one of three courses is offered him. He may depend on an interpreter, one of those clear-speaking persons who will give him the leads; or he may interrupt with a topic evolved from his own insides, as the spider spins her web, and catch a few flies until the subject is changed again; or he may break off and segregate a unit of the group for a tête-à-tête, as one does at formal dinners.

It will not matter much. Most people are merely waiting for an opportunity to introduce their own topic, anyway; and a lot of casual conversation is merely amiable noises, greetings, inquiries that demand and expect no answer, obvious remarks about our common weather — the deaf soon learn to discount these. We can make amiable noises ourselves. Relevance and appositeness are not required, even between hearing people.

As you see, the fox makes out a good case for the percentage of acid in the grapes.

IV

And now we come to the most delightful phase of this art of being deaf. All that has gone before is but the dreary practising of scales, preliminary to playing a Hungarian Rhapsody, the reiterated 'keep your shoulder down

and yer eye on the ba'' of the professional, to be able to send a long drive down the centre of the fairway — tiresome but necessary.

I have found it worth while to make formal lists of the liabilities and assets in the way of recreation, so that I may know just where I stand; to separate those things in which hearing is essential from those where deafness is no bar, and where it may be even an advantage.

On my index expurgatorius are: —

Conversation in the best sense
The theatre
Lectures
Public dinners, and most private ones
Music
Social dancing
Games like 'What is my thought like?'
Being read aloud to

I have left:—

Books
Pictures, moving and stationary
Art, painting, sculpture, architecture, and applied
Natural science
Scenery
Travel — on foot, train, boat, horse, and motor
Exhibition dancing, and all spectacles and pageants
Games like golf and whist
Nearly all hobbies

I add these two columns and strike a balance. When mitigations and compensations are added, the assets exceed the liabilities, and I am, from a happiness point of view, solvent.

Nor are all the liabilities total. I have often read a play in advance, and derived some entertainment from seeing it without hearing it. And in France and Italy I have done more. There I have an advantage over the visitor who does not understand the language. I get more out of the acting through my

long training in observation, the seeing eye, sharpened beyond anything Sherlock Holmes utilized. I saw *Après l'Opéra* at the Grand Guignol, and repeated the plot to my wife afterward. I had not missed an essential detail. This faculty adds immensely to the entertainment furnished by street scenes in continental cities — this ability to see all there is, which many hearing people lack entirely.

Someone has said (Boy, page Mr. Bartlett) that when God closes one window, He opens another a little wider. I have tried to help Him and swing my window altogether open.

Just as soon as I realized that I was dependent entirely on myself for amusement, I took pains to equip myself with a number of self-contained, self-starting recreations. Indeed, every man should do at least one thing as different as possible from what he does for a living. If he has a white-collar, white-paper job, he should have also a hand-dirtying hobby. He should paint, model, carve, fish, dig — do something that will give him the feel of things, — earth or tools, — to make him a complete human being. But what is merely healthy balance for the normal man is essential for the deaf one. He is denied the harmless and amusing time-killer and space-filler that conversation is. He must be prepared with a number of things to take its place and give him the sense of a full life.

I have been unusually fortunate in this respect. I learned to play early in life, and I learned to use my imagination as the chief toy. My mother had little money for the 'boughten' kinds; but she had plenty of imagination, and my deafness taught me to depend on myself. (I wonder if even children know how to play nowadays.)

In consequence, I have never been bored, except by one thing. I thought at first that it was my duty to stick

around where conversation was being indulged in — before I made my great discovery and took a reprieve for life. It is the proper thing to urge the deaf to mingle with their fellows as much as possible, and try to hear. It is one of the most fatiguing things in the world, effort without result, like foozling one's drive. I gave it up. The price was too high. I really began to live when I realized this, and gave myself wholly to a deaf man's recreations.

And what are they? Printing is one. I learned the trade as a boy, followed it until I attained the proud eminence of a card in the Typographical Union, and thereby opened my little window a bit wider. I do not now work at it as a trade, having gone into another line (in which printing is a great help); but my knowledge gives me another interest in books, apart from reading them. I can look at a collection of rare books and taste the pleasures of a connoisseur. My name is on several of the committees of the Institute of Graphic Arts — of which I am a useless but enthusiastic member — simply as a tribute to my great love.

Some day this hobby will flower into a private press with a fancy name — how would The Upwey Press sound? — and I will play with printing like Horace Walpole and Sir Egerton Brydges.

Meanwhile, I work in wood, with a lathe and carving tools. Woodworking shares with the outside of a horse the quality of being good for the inside of a man. It is a great soother. A wood-carver in Grand Rapids told a reporter who was wondering at the contented state of labor in the woodworking crafts that you had to have a good disposition to work on wood.

I make models of ancient ships. This opens wide a big door. There is the excuse for hunting old books and prints, to learn how they looked and were

rigged — books like Captain John Smith's *Sea Grammar* (London: John Haviland, 1627), or *L'Art de Bâtir les Vaisseaux* (Amsterdam: Chez David Mortier, 1719). I am a member of two societies, one in England and one in this country, whose members either collect or make these delightful bits of craftsmanship. The making calls for the exercise of many arts and, like one of De Morgan's books, it lasts a long time. And, when completed, it becomes, if one has been faithful, not only an historical document, but a bit of decoration as well.

I have a colony of bees, which are sufficiently amiable to permit me to take out the brood combs and find the queen, when there is someone to see me show off and exclaim, 'Don't they ever sting you?' I also battle with beetles and worms, for the satisfaction of raising a few of the varieties of roses.

If I play a rotten game of golf, it is not because I am deaf. There is no reason why a deaf man should not be a very good golfer. With me it is, perhaps, because I enjoy a walk as much with a blackthorn stick in my hand as with a mashie. The city of New York has built me a beautiful walk, running beside my home, and extending many miles both north and south. This is the Ashokan Dam Aqueduct, on whose dorsal vertebræ I am free from the menace of the motor-car.

This list of mine does not represent any unusual ability or training. What little I know I learned from books.

There are few things one cannot learn from books, and the learning is part of the game. Books came first on my list, naturally, but little need be said about them here. It has all been said. Everything in the *Booklover's Enchiridion* about the value of books should be underscored for the deaf.

You may not care for reading. Oliver Wendell Holmes expressed his admiration for one who sweetly and honestly said, 'I hate books'; but he was n't deaf. However, a liking for books is not necessary to my scheme of salvation. Turn back to the list of permitted interests, and see how large is the choice. I have described my own diversions, merely to show that it can be done.

Do not get the idea that all this means dispensing with friends. Friendship is not conversation. The things the deaf can do to reclaim the waste places of his life, and find happiness in doing, have another rare quality. They are a substitute for conversation in a quite different way. They enable him to account for himself to others, to acquire a new interest in the eyes of his friends, to win a consideration that his amateur performance as a listener will not give.

Thus I find myself at fifty-four, busy and happy, with a very satisfactory 'expectancy' allowed by my insurance company, with a life packed full of the most exciting and enthralling things to do, and wondering whether I am going to have time — even if I realize that expectancy — to do them all.

LAFCADIO HEARN'S BROTHER

BY HENRY TRACY KNEELAND

I

NEARLY nine years ago my father learned that a brother of Lafcadio Hearn was living on a farm near our home. He learned this from our family physician, who, while making a call in the family of James D. Hearn, had noticed certain Latin books on the sitting-room table; and, upon asking about them, was told that Mr. Hearn had been educated in an English boarding-school. Dr. Wheeler had seen a copy of *In Ghostly Japan*, and asked my father about the author.

Father was immediately interested, having an admiration for the work of Lafcadio Hearn, and knowing of his detached life and lonely years in this country. Later, he himself talked with James Hearn regarding his life and his correspondence with his brother; and I remember his advising me to drive out to the farm and read the letters. One fall afternoon of last year, while running through a case of books, I came across a volume containing 'The Dream of a Summer Day.' The blue and gray of the sky, the exquisite description of age-old custom, the music of the phrasing, impressed me deeply. I resolved to get that information of the writer which I knew was close at hand.

It was not difficult to find the farm of James Hearn. A boy by the wayside gave me the direction, and soon, at a crossroads, I looked out over his land.

Stopping in front of the spotless white frame-house, I inquired for Mr. Hearn. His wife, a large woman with a

pleasant expression, told me that he was back in the cornfield. She smiled proudly when I told her my errand and said, 'James will be glad to tell you what he knows of his brother.'

Swinging back to the corner, I looked across the field of cut corn. I could not see him at first; but, following with my eye to the end of a row of high shocks, I found a figure in blue overalls, setting the bundles together. As I drew nearer, a slim man of medium height stepped from behind the shock and looked toward me, one hand shading his eyes from the westering sun.

Those who know the earlier pictures of Lafcadio Hearn would find strong resemblance in the brother. The expression about the eyes is quite similar, that of very nearsighted people. The profile of the brother is delicate and well modeled, with a sharply defined nose and expressive mouth. The face, I should say, is broader across the temples, and has less of a taper to the chin than that of the older brother. On the whole, it is a more capable and decisive face — certainly a happier one.

He told me willingly of his family, starting with his father's romance in the Ionian Islands, which is elsewhere related. I shall set down his remarks approximately as I heard them.

'When I was about a year old, father brought us — my mother, brother, and myself — back to Cavin, a military station near Dublin. My earliest recollection is of the barracks

there — carrying up a small pail of water to the soldiers. I must have been about three years old. Father was called to service in India. Lafcadio was taken by an aunt, and I went off to a large boarding-school. Before that time mother and father were divorced, and she went back to Greece. There was an old Scotchman by the name of Dr. Stewart, who ran a school in Alton, Hampshire, England. I lived there with him till I was sixteen years old. Mother went away so early that I don't recall seeing her.

'When I left school, I was foolish enough to come out to America. Maybe if I had stayed there I'd have had advantages for more education. I came to New York at sixteen, and went to Wisconsin, to stay with some friends, Henry and Tom Turvill. They had quite a market-gardening business at Madison, — across the lake from the Capital, — and I worked there with them. It was 1871 when I came over, and I struck Chicago during the Great Fire, lost part of my luggage there, and was a little afraid that I'd get burned up. I was on the northwest side of the city. The major part of the fire was across the river.

'After being in Wisconsin nearly five years, — I was now twenty-one, — I went back to England. I intended to go out to India to enter a tea business. Dr. Stewart had a son who was a civil engineer for a tea company, and I expected to go in with him. But young Stewart got another idea — for me to return to the United States and get a knowledge of tobacco-growing in Connecticut before I went to India. So I came over again and stayed with a Mr. Smith at Poquonock. I had worked for him several years when I heard that young Stewart had died; so I gave up the tobacco scheme and came West.

'When I was twenty-four years old I went into the milling business at

Gibsonburg, Ohio. I had some money from home, and I bought a one-third interest in the mill. The flour dust gave me miller's asthma. Then I bought a small farm nearby, and lived there for several years. I had married when I began farming. We had bad luck. It was a poor piece of land and I could n't meet my payments. For a time I was hopeful when the oil industry came in. They drove a well on my place, but all that came up was salt water. Finally I sold out at a sacrifice.'

It is interesting to note that, during this period, Lafcadio Hearn was writing for a newspaper in Cincinnati, only a few hours' distance from him, but that neither had knowledge of the other.

'Then I rented farms for a number of years; but that was unsatisfactory. It was about this time that I saw my brother's name in a Cleveland newspaper. I wrote him and had to send him a photograph of father to convince him of our relationship. He promised to visit me, but never came, and went to Japan soon afterward.

'Neither of us had much news about our family. When we were boys, father had married again, and we were separated in different schools. I never saw father but twice in my recollection. I was almost a waif, and Lafcadio was the same. He went to a Catholic college in France, but was disgusted with the life and came to New York. He had harder knocks than I had. I worked with people I knew, but he had tough experiences.

'I believe we had somewhat the same make-up. I always hated restraint under a boss; and when I was milling, it galled me to work under somebody's orders all the time. So I thought a farming life would suit me. I came to Michigan over twenty years ago, and bought eighty acres of wild land here in Bethany. You'd hardly believe that I've cleared all of this.'

We stood looking across the golden fields. At our back was a fenced wood-lot of tall elms and oaks. Across the fields, in the rich afternoon light, I could see one of his sons ploughing with a great white team, to which he called occasionally. The farm lay there, very beautiful.

He looked away quietly for a moment.

'I think I've done as well as my brother. It's very different, of course. He was a genius in one way, but he did n't have any business head. But he did have a gift of language, and he suffered for it. I'd like to have met him. I offered to pay his expenses to Ohio, but he went off to Japan in a great hurry. Queer tender-hearted sort of a fellow he was, I believe. I'll show you his letters.'

II

We walked on toward the house, through several gates, and came out in the farmyard. His wife was throwing feed to a crowding flock of hens. Two of the children sat on the well-curb, eyeing me curiously.

From an old cabinet in the sitting-room he brought out a packet of letters written on yellow paper.

'This is the only acquaintance I ever had with Lafcadio. You can get the facts from these if you care to.'

The letters were mostly undated, but I have arranged them as they were written — in the winter of 1890.

The first note was in reply to James D. Hearn's letter claiming relationship. It indicates the suspicion in which Lafcadio Hearn held most people at this time — a trait to become more emphasized in later years. It is unsigned.

TO JAMES D. HEARN

DEAR SIR, — Details of letter sparse, incorrect, and unsatisfactory.

Can you answer the following questions: —

What is your full name?

What was your mother's name prior to her marriage?

Of what place was she a native?

Where is she?

By whom and where were you brought up?

What was the name and profession of the person who performed that office?

Where is that person?

Have you any particular bodily marks, the simple mention of which could strengthen your claim?

Have you photographs of your father, mother, and yourself?

Address, if you think proper, care of Dr. Geo. M. Gould, 119 S. 17th St., Philadelphia, Pa.

Upon receipt of the photographs, the following letter was written: —

JAMES DANIEL HEARN, —

Do not feel in the least bit annoyed about my questions. I have had letters from other persons claiming to be what you seem in good faith to be — whose sole object was to secure an autograph.

That is my father's photograph — I had one precisely similar. I like your photograph very much.

Had you not an uncle? Who took care of you? Where is he? Please tell me something about him.

You ought to have, on the calf of each leg, three lines — *Εἰς τὸ ὄνομα τοῦ Πατρὸς καὶ τοῦ Υἱοῦ*, etc. — made by our mother. Perhaps you have them without knowing it.

Please tell me something about yourself — all you have time to tell me. I want to know all you have been doing, and are going to do. Moreover, I must see you, and that before very long, as I shall be leaving the United States shortly.

I want to get the photograph of

father copied. You can get that done for me at a later day. As for a photograph of mother, if there is any way to obtain it at any condition, I must try to get it. Still, it strikes me as strange that the Doctor should have her photograph and know nothing of her history or name.

Did you not know that there were three of us? The first died a child.

Why did you never try to communicate with me before? I had friends in Paris and elsewhere trying to get upon my brother's track.

You were misinformed as to the rich aunt, or rather grandaunt, educating your brother for the priesthood. He had the extreme misfortune to pass some years in Catholic colleges, where the educational system chiefly consists in keeping the pupils as ignorant as possible. He is not even a Catholic. The grandaunt in question did not leave her property to the Church, but was the victim of a Jesuitical adventurer, who bankrupted in London after risking her fortune in business. His name was Henry Molyneux.

What are you doing? I heard that my brother had been brought up as a civil engineer. Have you any profession? And, of all places in the world, how came you to drift to Bradner, Ohio? Are you married?

Please write me a good long letter; tell me all about yourself. I have been hunting after you a good deal more energetically than you seem to have been looking after me. I think I should be very fond of my brother, once quite sure about him.

Please address L. HEARN

149 West 10th St.

New York City

'On second thought.'

I will return the photos in a few days if you will kindly allow me to have them long enough to get father's picture copied. If you feel at all uneasy

about it, however, let me know and I will return at once. I am writing in great haste, overwhelmed with work.

MY DEAR BROTHER, —

I waited very anxiously for your letter; it has made me at once very glad and very sorry — glad to feel the reality of you, sorry to find you have had some experiences with the world not at all agreeable. But you have shown superb pluck, are independent, apparently, and — in every sense of the word — a thorough *man*! There was good stock in us from either the mother or the father's side. While thinking about you, I always said to myself: 'Her blood will bear him through everything, if he can keep his strength.' For I thought of you always as my double: a highly complex nervous organization, with her vital force. Now I would imagine you stronger than I, for you have done much beyond my power to attempt.

And you do not remember that dark and beautiful face, with large brown eyes like a wild deer's, that used to bend above your cradle? You do not remember the voice which told you each night to cross your fingers after the old Greek orthodox fashion and utter the words — *Εἰς τὸ ὄνομα τοῦ Πατρὸς καὶ τοῦ Υἱοῦ καὶ τοῦ Ἁγίου Πνεύματος* — 'In the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost!' She made, or had made, three little wounds upon you when a baby, to place you according to her childish faith under the protection of those three powers, but especially that of Him for whom alone the nineteenth century still feels some reverence, *the Lord and Giver of Life*. And you know nothing about her? It is very strange. Perhaps there is much I do not know.

But I know that mother was a Cerigote, belonging to one of the best families of the island Cerigo — the

antique Cythera. English regiments were stationed there — including the 76th — about '57-'58. My father was attacked by mother's brother, terribly stabbed, and left for dead. He recovered, and eloped with mother when the regiment was ordered away. You were born in Cephalonia; I and another brother in Santa Maura — where the other was buried, I think. We were all very dark as children, very passionate, very odd-looking, and wore gold rings in our ears. Have you not got the marks yet?

I do not know much about subsequent events. I remember my mother's interpreter — a Miss Butcher; I remember my father taking me up on horseback when coming into town with his regiment. I remember being at a dinner with a number of men in red coats and striped trousers, and crawling about under the table and pinching their legs. Then I remember this: —

One day my father came to my aunt's house to take me out for a walk. He took me into some quiet street, where the houses were very high — with long flights of steps going up to the front door. Then a lady came down to meet us, all white-robed, with very bright hair — quite slender. I thought her beautiful as an angel, perhaps partly because she kissed me and petted me, and gave me a beautiful book and a toy gun. When we left the house, my father told me not to tell my aunt where we had been. But my aunt found it out, and took away the book and the gun, and said that was a very wicked woman and my father a very wicked man. She was the woman who afterward became my father's second wife and died in India.

Then I remember my brother running away with my toys — tin soldiers — and I running after him and taking them from him and beating him because I was older and bigger; and

everybody cried, 'Shame!' But I was too selfish in those days to feel a bit sorry; I only said, 'He took my toys.'

Later on, when I was told by my aunt, or grandaunt, that my father was very wicked, that she had disinherited him because he had got a divorce from my mother without just cause, and that she had forced him to pay back all the money she had advanced him, she said that he had got his divorce through a technicality, which decided for him that the marriage, though legal abroad in the Orient, was not legal according to English law. She told me that my mother had married the lawyer who took her part and who spoke Romaic, and went to Smyrna.

I can remember seeing father only four times — no, five. He never caressed me; I always felt afraid of him. He was rather taciturn, I think. The one kind act I remember on his part was a long letter written to me from India, — all about serpents and tigers and elephants, — printed in Roman letters with a pen, so that I could read it easily.

What you tell me about yourself is very much *myself*. I suspect, however, that I am almost an exaggeration of you, — more a slave of my dislikes and likes, — still more easily repelled by a flaw. The longer I live, the more self-control I obtain; but it comes rather through the pursuance of a policy than through any diminution in the force of impulses.

I wish I could hope to see Gracie [daughter of James D. Hearn] grow up. But now, by the time she is twenty, I shall be nearly sixty and you about fifty-six!

I shall be very anxious to get news about mother's portrait. I wish I could write now that you might expect me in a day or two at Bradner; but I am tied down by duties I cannot neglect, and

for the moment can say nothing decisive. If anything should prevent me getting to Ohio, please write me in Japan. I will give you address there. I wish we could chat instead of write.

With best love to you and yours

LAFCADIO HEARN

149 W. 10th St., N. Y.

DEAR BROTHER, —

I was delighted to receive the photograph of your wife and baby. I like your wife's face: full of serious kindness and gentleness; but the baby! I can scarcely believe it is your baby: I could almost swear it was *my* baby! It has the eyes, sure enough — you will have to be very careful, I fear, with Miss Gracie's eyes. Do not let her stoop over school-desks, when she is old *enough* to be taught — or stoop at all, for reading and writing. If I am ever a father, I will not let my child go to school before seventeen or eighteen — before being old enough to go to a university or practical institution of some sort. The best education is that given at home, and many of our greatest men are, like Herbert Spencer, strangers to school-life. — However, we shall have lots of time to chat and plan over this. Only, above all things, do not *forget* never to let the child strain her eyes over books. If she be nearsighted, teach her to *lift* what she wishes to look at as close as she pleases, never to *bend down* to it. With a boy, it is dangerous enough, but in the case of a girl, eye-strain is usually accompanied with other troubles. I hope, however, all this is unnecessary, and that Gracie is *not* nearsighted. If she has my disposition, I can't imagine her growing up in the country — after reaching girlhood; *but*, you see, I will keep on talking about the future! — Really, I think that is my baby! It has my eyes anyhow — mother's eyes *almost*. (But later on they may become mother's eyes in fact.)

Singular force in that Oriental blood, reproducing its characteristics so strongly in the third generation, and dominating such elements as are mingled with it! — She has another characteristic, too, which we have — head all *above* the ears! I think there is something wonderful waiting to unfold within that little head of hers: she looks smarter than either of us.

There is a psycho-physical *theft somewhere*: I think you must have stolen some of my soul, to make Gracie with. She certainly looks more like me than you. I am going to ask you *which* is her father, when I can get up there to see you.

I sent you another photo of myself taken three years ago — but more like me than the new one. If you observe it carefully, you will see I have lost one eye and am very nearsighted with the remaining one.

I stopped writing here three days ago, having caught such a cold on the lungs that I was placed completely *hors de combat*. You see this is the first cold weather I have felt for nearly fourteen years, and the change is quite rude for me. But I shall be away from here March 6th.

With regard to what you say about mother's treatment of us — I must tell you that, even as a child, I used to *wonder at it*. But my old grandaunt and others — the old family servants especially — would say to me: 'Don't believe anything unkind about your mother; she loved you all as much as any mother could do; she could not help herself.' Afterward I heard that the man whom she married had made this condition with her: 'I will go with you anywhere; I will give up everything for you; but I will not bring up the children of that man.'

Mother was in a strange country, without means, unable to speak a word of English; then again, the boys seemed

to be well provided for. I was to be grandaunt's heir and she was quite rich; my father had made some promises regarding you. As for her never making inquiries afterward, I doubt it — I suspect she was always informed of our whereabouts and condition up to at least twenty years ago. But even if mother should not have afterward exhibited such interest as we should wish regarding us, I could not blame her. She must have hated father's memory. Neither could I blame her, or cease to love her, were I to hear she had committed any fault. Her circumstances were very peculiar and cruel, and her nature probably intensely confiding and impulsive, with him. We heard nothing of her from 1858. She [grandaunt] also told me that my mother had named me after the place of my birth — Leucadia in Santa Maura; the name, Lafcadio, in modern Greek, being nearly so pronounced. Spaniards and French people readily and naturally change it, however, into Leocadio, by which I have been known in the West Indies and elsewhere.

To give you details of my life would be tedious and uninteresting on paper. It has been a very varied, blundering, foolish existence — sometimes rather shocking than creditable. A nervous breakdown before I was thirty years of age turned my attention to the difficult art of taking care of one's self. Before that I used always to be pretty reckless. I have no wife or children; had various temporary relationships with women, in which I was the dupe until I succeeded in obtaining the wisdom of experience. In short, my life has been *decidedly rough*. I won my way into something higher and better by patient hard work. I was for seventeen years a journalist; I am now a *littérateur* by occupation.

The outward events of a brother's life have infinitely less interest, how-

ever, than those which belong to that mysterious ghostly part of us, the nature of which will probably ever remain a mystery. When I saw your photograph, I felt all my blood stir, and I thought, 'Here is this unknown *being* in whom the soul of my mother lives, who must have known the same strange impulses, the same longings, the same resolves, as I! Will he tell me of them?' There was another *Self*; would that *Self* interpret *This*?

For *This* has always been mysterious. Were I to use the word 'soul' in its limited and superannuated sense, as the spirit of an individual instead of the ghost of a race, I should say it had always seemed to me as if I had two souls, each pulling in *different ways*. One of these represented the spirit of mutiny, impatience of all restraint, hatred of all control, weariness of everything methodical and regular, impulses to love or hate without a thought of consequences. The other represented pride and persistence; it had little power to use the reins before I was thirty.

When I look on the portrait of father (I lost mine about '72 or '73; I thank you very much for giving me yours), with that rigid, grim face and steel-steady eyes, I cannot feel much in my life in common with his. I suspect I do not love him.

I could not love his Indian children by that woman with the bright hair who kissed me as a boy. The soul in me is not of him. Whatever there is of good in me — and, I believe, whatever there is of deeper good in yourself — came from that dark race-soul of which we know so little. My love of right, my hate of wrong, my admiration for what is beautiful or true, my capacity for faith in man or woman, my sensitiveness to artistic things, which gives me whatever little *success I have* — even that language-power whose physi-

cal sign is in the large eyes of both of us — came from Her.

What if there is a 'skeleton in our closet'? Did not he make it? I think only of her. I have thought only of her, and of you, as imaging her possibly, all my life — rarely of him. It is the mother who makes us, makes at least all that makes the nobler man; not his strength or powers of calculation, but his heart and power to love. And I would rather have her portrait *than a fortune*.

You know nothing of me, of course, but when you do, you will laugh at your own suggestion, that I might wish my brother to be an aristocrat. I only trust he is not *much more* indifferent to external appearances and to social formalities than I am; for I have the reputation of being an outrageous person. (I have been showing your photo to everyone and proclaiming my good fortune.)

To-day I cannot write about our meeting satisfactorily, but will do so when I hear from you again. Suppose I could go to Toledo; I would write you in advance, and telegraph you from there? But I will write again about this. But I will return you father's picture next week.

In February I leave for the other side of the world, — Japan and China, — but we are keeping the matter quiet for literary reasons.

I would like to know all about yourself, physically — height, weight, strength (I think you are four years younger than I). And all about your wife and the little one. Has she great big eyes like mother's?

Best love to you and yours, my dear brother. — Heart's love to you for mother's sake.

LAFCADIO HEARN

149 W. 10th Street
January 16, 1890

DEAR BROTHER, —

Thanks for kindest letter and enclosures.

I received them only on the eve of my departure, as I start to-morrow for Japan, and so write in haste.

I will be glad to please you, by writing to Lilla as soon as I can, or in any other way possible.

It pains me that I could not see you. I am, however, and must be, for several years more, a slave of contracts and opportunities. I hope to achieve independence in the future, but at present I have to obey the will of others to some extent, in order to achieve success. Be sure the first visit I make on my return will be to you. You will write me from time to time as soon as I get settled.

It was a mistake to suppose my name 'assumed.' It is the name my mother gave me. Patricio I dropped from the time of my arrival in this country.

I think that the will left by my aunt assured me some money, which those rascals could be made to pay if I had means to make the fight for it. However, just now that is impossible. I do not care so much about the money; but if I can make it uncomfortable for the Molyneux people some day, I certainly shall; and if there be any money as a result, be glad to share it with you.

Best love to you, and your wife and our baby.

LAFCADIO HEARN

Will send address from Yokohama.

This letter marks the end of the correspondence between Lafcadio Hearn and James D. Hearn. In the letters themselves, Lafcadio Hearn seems to have had a greater desire to visualize his mother than to seek the comradeship of a brother. The remote and inaccessible seemed always to be nearest his heart.

AN ENGAGEMENT ON THE RHINE

BY FRANCES KAUTZ READ

I

THE first time that I saw Wilhelmina, she was in the leading 'Ladies' Furnishing' establishment in Coblenz, trying on sweaters. At that moment she had on a green one with large pockets.

'Do you like better the green sweat, or do you like better the pink sweat?' She turned a large but enchanting smile on a young soldier, who was surveying her with the eye of an appraiser.

'If you ask me, I would n't own one of the dumb things, but the green one makes the least noise.'

He looked toward the saleswoman.

'Say, Fräulein, why don't you have clothes like they wear in the United States — Vereinigten St-a-a-ten, sabby?'

His pronunciation of the German words was scarcely more illuminating to Fräulein Paula than was his English.

'The green sweat make so thick; but if you like, I like.' Wilhelmina's manner was the age-old subservient one, so gratifying to the dominant male.

'Sold! The green sweat!'

The soldier removed his shapely leg from the table piled high with garments of many colors, and pulled from his breeches pocket the fattest roll of paper-money ever seen outside a burlesque show.

'Here you are, Fräulein!' He peeled off the outer layer and handed it to Fräulein Paula, much as a bank president might knock ashes from a cigar. 'Light the fire with the change.'

Sweaters being the latest badge of distinction with which the Fräuleins indicated their claim to an American soldier beau, Wilhelmina encased herself in hers, as she proudly prepared to leave on the arm of the munificent giver.

'And now we go to look at diamonds!'

As I watched their disappearing backs, as unlike as a yacht and a coal-barge, I recalled having seen that particular member of the American Army of Occupation somewhere at Headquarters.

Doubtless his trim appearance had caused his frequent detail as orderly to the various department heads. His somewhat snubbed nose and reddish cast helped further to remind me that I had heard the Chief of Staff, who was incidentally my own lawful chief, call him 'Flynn.'

His hair was clipped in the approved Rhineland style, almost to baldness just above the collar, but bursting from beneath his overseas cap, like turbulent waves tossing a lifeboat at the last angle of safety. His uniform was not of the ordinary 'issue' variety, but cut from officer's cloth to taper at the waist.

I had been waiting in a corner to be served and, according to recent monarchical standards, I might have reduced Fräulein Paula to a state of supine apology by introducing myself as Frau Colonel, Frau Chief-of-Staff, or, best of all, Frau Invader Crane. But

far from considering myself as 'rating,' I was in no hurry to abbreviate a scene that was adding years to my mental age.

It was but a short time since the order forbidding 'fraternizing' had been countermanded — perforce. Soon the very word, with its coined contractions, was to become, if not obsolete, not in the best of taste.

The same men who, a little while before, had ridiculed the practice of 'fratting,' and the Teutonic curve of beauty in general, were now suddenly appearing on the Rhine promenade and in the cafés, in advanced stages of intimacy with the objects of their former ridicule.

A few days later I was destined to see again the particular example of rapid adaptation called Flynn, when I stepped into the Amaroc office, to advertise in the want column for a cook.

As I sat waiting for the proper official, Flynn stepped into view — Corporal Flynn, as the new chevron on his arm indicated. Pulling down his blouse, he stood in an attitude of almost military attention.

'If you are looking for a girl, Mrs. Crane, I know just the one you want.'

For obscure reasons, I did not welcome this dispensation. But my lukewarm reply did not lessen the soldier's faith in the favor he was conferring.

'She could come and see me, and we could talk it over.'

'Oh, that's all right. She can come right away.'

My memory of the girl in the sweater forced me to hedge: —

'But will she be able to do the things that servants usually do?'

My benefactor's countenance scarcely veiled his compassion. However, he stooped neither to defense nor to praise.

'You'll see. She will be all right. I'll bring her right around.'

'Of course, I could n't think of taking

her away from anyone else,' I murmured, hypnotized by his assurance.

'Oh, that's all right. She was going to leave there anyhow.'

In entering upon this particular domestic adventure, I had been upheld by a secret hope that the actual hour of initiation would be unavoidably postponed. Not only did I consider a familiarity with Heine's *Book of Songs* a feeble equipment for keeping house in the land of efficient housekeepers, even under normal circumstances; but, under conditions of food-shortage and the necessity of dealing, in a foreign tongue, with a people who had no reason to welcome me, I was doubly intimidated.

But my hour had struck. On returning to the villa which the malice of the billeting officer had inflicted upon us, I found Wilhelmina ensconced, with every appearance of permanence, in 'The Hall of a Thousand Antlers,' so christened by the Chief of Staff.

There she sat, with her bundles around her, her plum-colored cheeks, and her large sweet smile. I can see her yet, with the large beaver-hat perched high on her magnificent hair, for which the friseur had done his utmost, and above her the effulgent Flynn, presiding like a modern Greek Fate over my humble destiny.

I assumed an appearance of efficiency; but my Berlitz method of engaging a servant failed to bring forth the model answers. When I asked Wilhelmina why she left her last place, she answered: —

'I was by my aunt, gnädige Frau. My bridegroom' — here she looked at Flynn as a trick terrier watches its master, and corrected herself — 'my boy thinks maybe I work too much by my aunt. My aunt is very good Hausfrau.'

Flynn's opinion of American housekeepers needed no further elucidation. He read my thoughts, and explained

confidentially, excluding Wilhelmina from the conversation:—

‘These German housekeepers are something fierce, Mrs. Crane. Her aunt goes round with a cotton glove and runs her finger everywhere for a speck of dust.’

But I was not to be cajoled.

‘I am afraid the work will be too much for you, if you have never worked out before.’

‘Oh no, gnädige Frau, it is not too much. It is only my boy who so thinks. At home I work much more.’

‘This won’t be anything for her!’ Flynn gave a sweeping gesture, which included the statues of the Trumpeter of Säckingen, the Dying Boar, and all the antlers.

‘But I can’t give you more than eighty marks.’

To Flynn, with his thousands a month, that must have seemed a beggarly sum, although actually thirty marks more than the regular wages.

Again, the result was not at all as scheduled. They evinced a slight amusement but no interest.

‘It matters not, gnädige Frau. I care nothing.’

I took a fleeting comfort in the thought of the incredulity of my American sisters.

Mechanically I concluded the formula by conferring Sundays and Thursdays ‘off,’ rejoicing in the thought that I too would be free to go forth, unshadowed by foreign domination. But this time I was met with the consternation that should have accompanied the mention of wages.

It was only later that I realized what it would mean to a person who had lived five years on substitutes to be deprived, two evenings a week, of the longed-for white bread and American commissaries. Let me add that, whatever else Wilhelmina missed, she never missed a meal.

II

For a while I was willing to acknowledge that our greatest blessings come in spite of our efforts to prevent them. No new broom ever swept so clean as Wilhelmina. My own particular soldier, who had put up with camp and hotel fare so long, could revel at last in comfortable domesticity.

Wilhelmina scraped the hardwood floors with steel shavings. She mounted on ladders, with buckets of hot suds, and washed each individual crystal of the chandeliers until they dazzled our eyes. She dusted the thousand antlers and the Trumpeter of Säckingen and the Dying Boar. She carried the floor-runners to the roof and beat them. She taught the little Luxemburg maid how to open all the windows, and tear the beds apart with total disregard of the clinging affection of sheet and blanket, until the very mattresses and feather coverlets rose in the air in rampant remonstrance.

Fortunately I was not in the position of one of my compatriots, who had no German and could not stop her non-English-speaking maid from scrubbing. That Wilhelmina sometimes scrubbed at inconvenient hours, I did not at first associate with the fact that those were the hours when Flynn was on duty.

When Wilhelmina had been with me a day or two, I was obliged to fill out a blank for the Bureau of Intelligence, and I asked her for her full name.

‘Wilhelmina Sauerborn. My bridegroom says I am named for the Kaiser, but he makes a joke. Gnädige Frau can call me Minna.’

Minna seldom said a sentence without mentioning her bridegroom, although Flynn did drill her into dropping the expression with everyone but me.

‘My boy says I must “can” the “bridegroom.” In America one is only

bridegroom when one is "tied up." We will be tied up as soon permission is given. But we have already exchanged rings.'

She showed me the conventional marriage band.

Minna explained that it was a custom in her country to exchange rings when one was as yet merely engaged. Indeed, being engaged was a serious affair. I could not resist asking if Flynn wore his.

'He carry his in his pocket. He says he is afraid the Dental Corps will steal it while he is sleeping.'

'But Minna, soldiers do marry and take their brides to America?'

'We could also be married in that way, but it is not a nice way. Never, never, my boy says, will he be married in that way.'

I returned to the questionnaire. 'Are you a native of Coblenz?'

'Oh, no, gnädige Frau. I come from Niedermendig. My father has Wirtschaus and my mother has servants.'

Then followed the story of their love.

Flynn's captain had been billeted at the Inn of Complete Refreshment, and the inevitable presence of Flynn with the Morning Report, Flynn as orderly, Flynn off duty, being ministered to by the innkeeper's fair daughter, bore the usual consequences of propinquity.

But Flynn's natural methods in courtship brought about certain secret treaties between the paternal Sauerborn and the commanding officer, and Flynn was mysteriously transferred from the organization at Niedermendig to Headquarters in Coblenz.

Fortunately Papa Sauerborn's ignorance of the English language prevented a full comprehension of Flynn's opinion as expressed. Thus, happily, a minor engagement was averted. But Minna, in her enforced capacity as interpreter, was not spared the splendor and volume of her father's return fire; and

this incited her to cast off the old tyranny in favor of the new. She moved to Coblenz, to live 'by' her aunt, where Flynn's resentment that she should be made to drudge must have been a novel and pleasant experience.

At that time the 'anti-frat' ruling was still in force, and to see one another they bought adjoining seats at the opera, and met as if by accident, a perfectly transparent ruse, which lost none of its romance through familiarity.

'My boy laugh very much when I explain to him what means the opera; but now he says it is no more a war-necessity. Music is always beautiful, is it not? My boy says it is not. I go to hear *Zauberflöte* many times, but my boy says it is I. C.'

I inferred that Minna meant 'Inspected and Condemned,' or, rather, that she used the letters at Flynn's valuation, just as she changed them later to the more colloquially fashionable 'Kaputt.'

It was gratifying to note that the rapid assimilation was along American lines. Even when the doughboy condescended to use German terms, he gave them a doughboy flavor that was new and strange. Thus hitherto inconspicuous words were given an eminence which must have surprised the placid natives.

On the other hand, I could have dispensed with Minna's ready acceptance of some of our unauthorized Americanisms. At first she was puzzled that she could not find such expressions as 'attaboy' in her 'wordbook,' having used it with unexpected effect. Flynn explained to her that her dictionary was 'kaputt,' and that an entirely new language had been invented since the book had been published.

When the Chief of Staff made his one and only attempt to practise a laboriously acquired German sentence on

Minna, her reply of 'fine business' showed an appreciation of the spirit, if not of the letter. And her habit of saying 'Check!' by way of approval, doubtless a trick of Flynn's, held over from some experience as quartermaster in checking up stores, was saved from flippancy by her complacent serenity.

In her dress, Minna was less amenable. She came to me on one occasion with a small toque and a veil in her hand, both of which she regarded with disfavor.

'My boy buy this for me. He says I must be snug.'

For once I entirely approved of Flynn's taste, although for some time I had been looking with disfavor on his habit of buying clothes for Minna.

'But Flynn is always giving you presents, Minna. The other day it was an umbrella, and not long ago a bead bag.'

'But it is every time anniversary, gnädige Frau.'

'Do you mean birthdays?'

'No, gnädige Frau. But to-day, the twenty-fifth of the month, we did meet for the first time.'

'And the umbrella?'

'That was also anniversary. On that day we exchange rings.'

'From the number of presents, there must be many anniversaries.'

'Every month, gnädige Frau.'

'But what will he give you for Christmas?'

'By that time he will have many more marks. Surely a diamond.'

Minna's failure to appreciate our own national conception of innocent flirtation, as exemplified by the pretty nursemaid in one of our army families, came as a deserved rebuke.

'She has every day a different boy. She laughs and talks with all the men. A German girl does not do that. She has only one boy. Besides, she will catch cold. It is not nice to dress so.'

III

But the course of good housekeeping was not destined to run smooth indefinitely. Dinners, dances, and functions in honor of the Allied High Commission, or the visiting French and British officers from the neighboring bridge-heads, were daily occurrences, so that an evening of peace and quiet appeared to us as a real dissipation.

We had gathered the American papers about us for undisturbed relaxation and enjoyment in the *Herrenzimmer*, as it was listed in the 'Inventory' — the German equivalent of a den; although it was a matter of speculation, how mental repose could be attained in a room so filled with frenzied frescoes and mottoes gone mad.

I was just resisting the effort to follow and separate the different designs, when a low murmur from the hall arrested my attention. The Chief of Staff was reading a frivolous article in the Sunday Supplement. I stepped into the shadow of the ceremonial stairway, and saw, as I expected, Minna entertaining her suitor where she had probably always entertained him.

'Minna, you would not entertain your soldier-friend in the hallway of a German officer's house, would you?'

Her response to my stage whisper was flawless in its respectfulness.

'Oh no, gnädige Frau!' Her tone of horror was all the justification that I needed.

'Corporal Flynn is very young and new to the service; but I am sure he understands what is due from an American soldier.'

I had an injured feeling that they both owed me gratitude for saving them from the severity of the Chief of Staff; but, although Flynn had sprung to his feet in an attitude of utter respect, I knew in that moment of revelation that not only would he never cross my

threshold again, but that a contest for the control of my household was about to begin, and that the loser was fore-ordained.

All might still have been well, however, had it not been for the marketing, and other legitimate outings of a German cook.

I had discovered that it was only in families of the lower middle class that the lady of the house went forth to buy the staples of life. I might have defied this social custom, with relish even, in my desire to carry a market-basket gayly painted with daisies, had it not been the better part of valor to hand over the adventure to the more conversant Minna.

For adventure it certainly was, as fresh supplies could never be counted on, even in the stores that sold nothing else. Butter and eggs and lard did not necessarily mean butter and eggs and lard, and the merchants would stare with surprise if they were expected to have what they advertised in gilt lettering on the windowpanes.

Minna's sources of information were Egyptian, and it can be seen that I could not check her up when she said that eggs were to be obtained one day in the Entenphule Gasse, and another day in the Altengraben. She might have obtained them around the corner, and promenaded the rest of the time with an Irish corporal by the name of Flynn, for all I could tell.

In addition to the marketing, there was Mass, which my conscience would not permit me to question. And then there was the opera. I enjoyed the thought of Flynn at the opera. But nothing would have mattered had it not been for the 'wine parties.'

I had noticed that the giving of gifts was invariably accompanied by a 'wine party,' in which the great American spirit of jollification joined hands with the Teutonic anniversary worship.

Minna, accustomed from childhood to the sight of wine, showed no signs of indulgence; but it was evident from her air of subdued pride that Flynn's temper was taking on the acidulous quality of the native grape. Moreover, his native talent for embroidering the truth was exceeding the bounds of admissible 'soldier dope.'

I did n't mind his telling her that in the States the officers' wives would call upon her, or that he had had his picture taken in a cinematograph talking to the President. But the time came for an appeal to a higher court.

Minna had asked my permission to visit her home, in honor of the 'name's-day' of her little sister Gustel, whose picture, with frizzled flaxen hair, I had been called upon to admire.

If there was room in Minna's being for two emotions, the second was her love for children. Therefore it was with sympathy that I consented to the trip to Niedermendig, although it necessitated her being absent overnight, and extra work for Sophie.

As there was no possible train on which she could return, I was surprised that evening to find her in the kitchen, flanked by the blood sausage and coffee cake which her mother had sent me.

'But Minna, how did you get here?'

'My bridegroom brought me in the general's car.'

'What do you mean — in the general's car?'

I sat down as Minna stood up.

'My boy asked the general's permission. Only I had to get out on the outside of town, because the M. P.'s would not understand.'

'I should say they would n't. Flynn could n't have asked the general's permission, because the general gave a dinner at the Casino, where he has been for the last five hours.'

If I thought to unmask Flynn, I did not know my Irishman.

'I know, gnädige Frau. My boy went to the Casino to ask the general's permission.'

I was silent with admiration.

A few days later, the Chief of Staff was obliged to leave without his lunch to keep an official appointment, because Minna was late. She was cheerfully unapologetic.

'I met my bridegroom.'

'Minna, this can't go on any longer.'

'Shall I go, gnädige Frau?'

I resented being made a guardian of morals, but I was unable to free myself from a sense of responsibility. I told myself that I would send Minna away, and hesitated; and while I hesitated, Minna unexpectedly fell ill.

IV

Doubtless her illness was aggravated by her inability to see Flynn. She lay in bed, in a starched and frilled nightgown, with her hair beautifully dressed, surrounded by photographs of Flynn and by commissary delicacies sent by Flynn. Her aunt's little daughter, Kätchen, came to wait upon her, and to run errands, the principal ones being the carrying of notes to Flynn. Nor did she hesitate to lift up her voice and weep.

'Why does he not come? When he had the flu, I took care of him, and he cannot even come to see me. He send me bonbons — but what do I care for that stuff!'

All the stern things I had meant to say were forgotten in the face of Minna's distress, but I realized that something would have to be done. The Chief of Staff was fretting under the enforced wanderings from the Riesenfurstenhof to the Schloss Café for our dinners, and the inability to find out from day to day when Minna was going to get well.

The necessity of renewing my sub-

scription at the Amaroc office appeared to me as an imperative duty. A meeting with Flynn could be only incidental and accidental, for my dignity's sake. When I caught sight of him flipping coins in an inner office, I realized that he was as impudently inaccessible as if he had been on the other side of the earth.

Like a certain heroic battalion during the war, I did not understand the word 'retreat.' The young captain who edited the news-organ for the Army of Occupation had asked my coöperation in preventing Minna from going to see Flynn at the Amaroc offices, and now I asked him to summon Flynn to speak to me.

That Flynn was compelled to come did not lessen my sense of surrender.

'Corporal, will you come to see Minna?'

'I can't do it, Mrs. Crane.'

'But I ask you — through the front door, if you like.'

'I am sorry, Mrs. Crane, but I can't do it.'

I understood the impulse that prompted the emperors of Rome to say: 'Throw this man to the lions!' Fortunately, the habits of civilization prevailed, and I said with a gentleness that was in reverse proportion to my feelings: —

'But Minna may be very sick, and she is calling for you.'

Flynn expressed as much sarcasm as was possible to a snub nose and curly hair: —

'She knows how she can see me. I tell you, Mrs. Crane, when these German women get an idea in their heads, they are worse than an army mule.'

Minna, holding out against Flynn, put a new and agreeable light on the matter. I was willing to plant my flag beside hers if it were a question of bringing him to terms. But his next words destroyed all hope that he would bow that proud head.

'My time is nearly up, and I have asked for a discharge and return to the States.'

Consistency forbade me to make any reply that was not approval. I went home with an uneasy sense of tottering standards, a distorted perspective, and a muddled point of view, which I was not able to conceal, and which brought forth the deserved comment from the Chief of Staff:—

'I thought you disapproved of marriages between soldiers and German girls?'

'I do — theoretically. But it does seem rather too bad of Flynn. He has upset my household. He has caused me to feel guilty and responsible. He has involved me in his love-affair when I don't wish to be involved, and now he calmly leaves the matter to me to settle, and sails away.'

I told Minna merely that I had asked Flynn to come, and that he had refused.

She only moaned: 'He is so proud. Why cannot he give up his pride for me?'

Circumstances were closing in upon me.

'Minna, I am going to write to your mother.'

'My mother will everything arrange. She likes my boy.'

This was decidedly encouraging.

'Will your father let you go home?'

'My mother will arrange with my father.'

A discovery that the distaff side of the family was not without its influence lifted an enormous weight from my spirit.

V

My letter brought forth a succession of delegations, one of which, consisting of Minna's mother and aunt, florid and capable and indistinguishable, assisted the trembling Minna into a cab and carried her off to the train.

Another was ushered in by Sophie: with as near an approach to a giggle as her training would permit, she announced two male visitors.

Papa Sauerborn was small and round and red; he sat on the edge of his chair, and fingered his hat in a disarming meekness.

The other, who played the part of interpreter, belonged evidently to young revolutionary Germany; he was burdened neither with timidity nor with superficial politeness. He opened the conversation.

'Gnädige Frau is perhaps surprised at this visit, but the matter stands thus. This Flynn, after announcing that he will marry Fräulein Minna, now refuses to do so.'

'But he is not permitted to.'

'It seems that there are steps he might take, and also steps that the Fräulein might take to bring the matter to a conclusion. But he has her so bewitched that she will not make the attempt unless he so says. The Herr thought that perhaps the gnädige Frau is so kind as to obtain the interference of the highly placed and highly honored Herr Husband —'

'Oh, but I could n't think of it. American wives never interfere in official matters.'

The interview was beginning to afford compensations. Papa Sauerborn could not miss the éclat of my delivery, even though my words lost much of their meaning through their transformation into something deep and guttural.

'The Herr says that, in view of the fact that the Occupation forbids marriage between soldiers and German girls, it is very painful for parents to see their daughters exposed to intimacy, with what consequences one never knows. The Herr did never wish the marriage with this Flynn.'

Although thoroughly in harmony

with the desires of Papa Sauerborn, I resented hotly his lack of appreciation of the high honor of such an alliance.

‘Is it because Corporal Flynn is an American that Mr. Sauerborn objects?’

‘Never in the world, gnädige Frau! The Herr likes very much the Americans. He hopes the soldiers will stay here a long time; but he says that this Flynn has nothing laid by with which to start a household and bring up a family. To be a soldier is in itself not a profession. In Germany a man always has a trade, is it not so? Therefore, because this Flynn could not show that he had a nest egg laid by or an assured occupation, the Herr told him outrightly that the dowry would not be forthcoming.’

‘But Corporal Flynn would not accept it. In our country, men support their wives,’ I interrupted with fire.

That this javelin struck wide of the mark was indicated by puzzled head-shakings.

‘So he said, very strangely. He even said he would throw the with-so-much-care-hand-embroidered linen from the hope-chest in the face of the Herr. Such a thing has never before been. All this at a time when the Herr had a very advantageous understanding with a worthy citizen from Mayen, who sought the hand of Fräulein Minna. A very well-established owner of a quarry, whom the Herr was obliged greatly to offend. However, the Herr says he must now himself submit. After all, a father’s heart wishes the happiness of his child. He is willing now to provide the dowry, only that everything should be satisfactorily arranged.’

With some misgivings, I stopped the young man before he imperiled himself in another tangled construction.

‘It is too late.’ And I explained Flynn’s discharge and departure on the transport.

Instead of the outburst I expected,

the father became a little deeper red and a little more ill at ease.

‘It is not good,’ the interpreter conveyed, ‘but perhaps in the end it is for the best. If he is not here, it may be that she will in time forget, and the matter will itself arrange.’

Was he thinking of the estimable citizen from Mayen, I wondered.

They bowed themselves out, and I closed the door, permanently I thought, on the little drama.

VI

Some months later, I was permitted to accompany the Chief of Staff on an expedition connected with the Department of Intelligence — a privilege that I owed to the fact that my feminine presence would serve to hide the serious and confidential nature of the trip.

These journeyings over roads as smooth as billiard tables, through avenues of wind-blown trees, never lost their charm. The car-window formed a frame for pictures of checkerboard fields newly drenched with rain, or sunlit and wooded hills bearing aloft some mediæval stronghold.

The gray houses of the villages huddled together like sheep in a storm, watched over by the spire of a church or a Roman tower. These towns opened their narrow streets to receive us; but even so, it looked as if the clumsy Cadillac would become wedged in the twists and turns, or between the overhanging upper stories.

And everywhere there were children — children who threw stones at the car; children who took care of smaller children; children who ran errands over the slippery cobblestones, or swept the hard earth round the doorway with witches’ brooms. Doubtless because of the absence of their elders in the fields, it seemed as if there were no other inhabitants.

The Chief of Staff held a map on his knees, and consulted with an orderly interpreter, who likewise consulted a map and gave instructions to the driver. We read the wooden signs at the crossroads and compared them with the names on the post offices in the centre of the towns. On one of these posts I was gratified to recognize a name: 'Two kilometres to Niedermendig.'

The Chief of Staff announced that he would have to leave me to find my own entertainment in the next village. I wavered between excessive willingness, which might seem overdone, and resignation, which would be actually hypocritical. On the very outskirts we read, in large letters which could be seen at a distance, across the side wall of a house: 'Inn of Complete Refreshment.'

As the car stopped in front of a small entrance, mine host and his wife appeared magically on the flagging, looking exactly as a host and his wife might be expected to look. When they caught sight of me, the circles of their eyes in the rosy circles of their faces became almost humanly expressive.

The Chief of Staff covered whatever embarrassment they may have felt by handing me out like a small package, and shouting smilingly as people do in speaking to foreigners: —

'I am going to leave my wife in your care for a while.'

With a salute, he was in the car and off.

My hosts, who had absorbed the meaning, if not the actual words, ushered me into a glass enclosure, which caught the late winter sunshine and feebly reproduced the delights of summer. The blue-tiled floor and the red-checked tablecloths gave a gay warm look, greatly heightened by the castles, frescoed on the house wall, of Lahneck, Rheinstein, and Stolzenfels,

if one could believe the inscriptions underneath.

Papa Sauerborn discreetly withdrew, perhaps at a sign from his wife, who hovered over me in a flutter of timid good-will. I am sure that the variety of small breads, cheesecakes, and preserves, which she pressed upon me, was not included in the usual traveler's order. My German having improved sufficiently, I decided to be the one to break the ice and bring up Minna's name. Frau Sauerborn's face broke into a broad smile.

'She will soon be quite recovered'; and then, emboldened by the friendly opening, she ventured: 'If gnädige Frau would so far trouble herself as to mount the stairs, it would give my daughter great happiness.'

As we passed through the narrow hallway and up the stairs, whose steps were worn into curved hollows shiny with much scrubbing, the mother said in a low voice: —

'I don't know if I should tell gnädige Frau, but our Minna is married.'

'Oh!' I stammered, as visions of the quarry-owner from Mayen flitted through my mind. 'Are you glad?' were the words I summoned from my limited vocabulary.

'It has turned out for the best.'

My speculations came to an end soon after I entered the room with its tiny windows and shrine to the Virgin. There lay Minna in her starched and frilled nightgown, with her hair arranged as if fresh from the hand of the friseur, holding in the loop of her arm a small object, with a tuft of what was unmistakably red hair on the top of its head.

'O gnädige Frau!' she exclaimed, with a smile that surpassed the sunlight that filtered through the white curtains, 'is he not all sweetest? A ringer for his father, is he not?'

This echo of Flynn was clear.

At that moment, with a murmured 'Gnädige Frau will excuse,' — I thought she added: 'We have to-day newly slaughtered,' — the mother withdrew, and Minna anticipated the questions that sprang to my lips.

'Gnädige Frau, I go to America as soon as I am well; but do not tell my father.'

'Is the corporal coming to get you?'

'I and my son cannot go alone.'

A suspicion arose in my mind that Minna was attempting evasion. I wanted to ask her when she had married, and what had become of Flynn; but an automobile horn from below recalled me to a tardy admiration of the youthful Flynn, which, under no circumstances, could have been omitted, and a rapid good-bye.

At the foot of the stairs, Frau Sauerborn met me with some fresh provender, for which I had bargained during our previous conversation. She added that she was sorry she could not let me have some new potatoes, but the men were just beginning to gather them in. That was where her husband had gone. I might see them working in the fields on the way home.

As we left Niedermendig behind us, and saw the men turning up the moist black earth, it occurred to me — ever on the hunt for food — that it would be a praiseworthy idea to buy a sack of potatoes.

Leaving a slightly skeptical Chief of

Staff, I ran over the sticky furrows, in the direction of a stooping figure in blue jeans, who was shoveling tubers from a small pyramid into a sack. The stooping figure looked up, and I gazed straight into the blue eyes of Flynn. Wordlessly we met, and wordlessly we were about to part, when that universal impulse that levels all differences overtook me.

'I saw the baby.'

Flynn's face shone like the morning sun.

'Not much the matter with him, is there, Mrs. Crane? Does he look as if he was "made in Germany"?''

'He looks just like you, Flynn.'

The Chief of Staff accepted my bare statement that potatoes could not be had; and, as we bowled over the wonderful roads, a turn in the conversation made it natural to ask: —

'Have there been many desertions from the transports of men who want to stay over?'

'There are usually four or five who don't appear at roll call.'

'Do you try to find them?'

'If it does n't cost too much.' — He changed the subject. 'Do you want me to show you the hope of this country?'

As we slowed up to enter one of the villages, the children flocked to meet us. They ran in front of the car at the risk of their lives, and followed us with cries until we were out of sight.

THE ANCIENT DAYS OF THE SPANISH WAR

CHAPTERS FROM THE DIARY OF JOHN D. LONG

EDITED BY LAWRENCE SHAW MAYO

IN January, 1897, President-elect McKinley asked Mr. Long to come to Canton, Ohio, for a conference. The two men had been friends in Congress in the eighties, and although ill health had prevented Governor Long from taking an active part in the presidential campaign of 1896, he knew — and the press did not hesitate to guess — that McKinley was about to offer him New England's seat at the Cabinet table. Just which portfolio would be his remained to be determined. McKinley's first suggestion was the Treasury. But Mr. Long shook his head, insisting that he knew nothing about finance. This was discouraging to the President-elect, for he wished New England's favorite citizen to occupy a high place in the Cabinet. He could not offer him the State Department, for that must go to Senator Sherman. That was settled. However, as Sherman was failing, mentally and physically, he would probably remain in office not more than a few months. Would Mr. Long wait until the expected vacancy should occur, and then become Secretary of State? Again Governor Long shook his head, protesting this time that he was no diplomat. This was hardly true, but it was his way of saying that he preferred purely administrative work. Then he told McKinley that he doubted if his health would permit him to do the work required of the head of either

of the departments mentioned; but if, upon reflection, the Major wished to entrust him with the Secretaryship of War or of the Navy, he would be glad to consider either office.

Early in February it was generally known that John D. Long would be a member of McKinley's Cabinet. The formal offer, to be sure, did not materialize until the second day of March, but in the meantime the press had announced that he would be Secretary of the Navy, and on this occasion the press was right. McKinley was pleased, and New England was delighted. Mr. Long himself was not displeased, for he little guessed that within a year from the date of his commission the Navy would be the busiest department at Washington.

The first nine months were uneventful. In fact almost the only entry of general interest in the Secretary's journal for that period is this, on Friday, April 9, 1897: 'Roosevelt calls. Just appointed Assistant Secretary of the Navy. Best man for the place.' During the winter of 1897-98 Mr. Long happily adopted the time- and labor-saving scheme of dictating his diary, with the result that he made longer observations. Among these, his portraits of some of his contemporaries are often remarkable. Then, too, there are frequent sidelights on others, which are illuminating. A day or two after Christmas he dropped in at the White

House about noon and found President McKinley 'as usual, seated at the Cabinet table, with somebody at his elbow pressing claims for office.']

I fancy it is a relief to him [wrote Mr. Long] under these circumstances to have a Cabinet Officer come in and afford him a diversion from this constant pressure. When we were alone, we went over a few matters of official interest, and then chatted pleasantly upon domestic matters. . . . From that, we branched off upon the notice I had read in the morning papers of his mother's will, which gave everything to the unmarried sister who lived with her for many years. I told the President I thought I saw his handiwork in this disposition of his mother's property for the benefit of the one who evidently needed it most. It is very sweet to get underneath the hard surface of public life, and to drop into the homely currents which are common to the lives of us all. It is a striking characteristic in the President that he is so devoted to his family, a devotion which extends over to his large circle of personal friends. I tell him that it is the only fault I have to find with him: that he is inclined to be too good to his friends, at the risk sometimes of losing sight of that sterner virtue which made the Roman sacrifice his son.

During the day Senator Lodge dropped into the Department, tormented, as is not infrequently the case, with this eternal matter of the distribution of public offices. Lodge is a man of wealth, industry, brains, and good ambition. It is to his credit that with his large means and social opportunities he is so devoted to public life. It is not easy to understand how he can endure the subjection, which every such man is obliged to undergo, of his time and talents to so much that is petty and annoying in the demands which the

public, and especially the office-seekers, make.

[The eleventh of January gives us a picture of another Senator from Massachusetts.]

In the evening Senator Hoar called upon me. He is a delightful man. His mind is stored with learning, especially on the lines of historical and biographical literature. He has the highest sense of public duty, most chivalrous and unflinching courage of his convictions, and deservedly possesses the confidence of all with whom he is associated, and of the people whom he represents. Some of his orations on special historic occasions ought to rank with those of Webster and Everett. Yet such is the changed condition of things, and in such an ocean of literary accumulation are we to-day submerged, through the newspapers, magazines, and multitudes of books, that nobody remembers one of his — or of anybody else's — addresses a week after it is delivered. Whereas the speeches of Webster were a part of the education of the people fifty years ago.

Senator Hoar's manner in speaking is not especially good. He stands with knees bending inward, and with a quaint drone or whine in his voice. Neither his gesture nor his elocution is at all fine. It is fun to hear him sound the *u* like *oo* in such words as constitution.

I have often been struck with the fact that the Senator's judgment of men is not the best. I do not think he has the discriminating insight into personal character. He is inclined to be extravagant in his likings, much more, I think, than in his prejudices; which, of course, is a good fault. I think, too, that he is easily imposed upon by men in whom he takes stock. He is also inclined to be a hero-worshiper, and

extravagant in his praises when once launched upon adoration. Interesting himself in the story of Rufus Putnam, or some other worthy, he is inclined to put him on a pedestal higher than that of George Washington or Benjamin Franklin. After perusing the Bradford manuscript,¹ he puts it next to the Scriptures; though why he stopped there, I am somewhat surprised. Evidently Shakespeare and Milton are entirely distanced.

How quickly men grow old! But a day or so ago he was a state senator from Worcester, under the dome of the Massachusetts State House; then one of the young representatives in Congress, distinguishing himself at the impeachment of General Belknap.² Now I sit with him, an old man, his shoulders bent, his hair white and thin, although his mental vigor is entirely unquenched. He has led a noble life, rich in mental product and culture, though poor in this world's goods. He loves his library and is happy in the company of the poets, philosophers, and statesmen of the past; the gauds and shows of the world are not necessary to his happiness.

[Much as he might have liked to do so, the Secretary of the Navy could not spend many evenings at home with such congenial visitors as Senator Hoar. A few social occasions were enjoyable in their way, but others were made endurable only by Mr. Long's unfailing sense of humor. There was, for instance, a reception at the Russian Embassy on the evening of January 12, 'starting at quarter of ten.' As this

was 'considerably later' than his usual hour for going to bed, the Secretary went reluctantly, accompanied by his wife and his daughter Helen.]

A more dismal house for a reception is hardly possible. It was as barren as a barrack. As we were early, the thing looked a little meagre for a time. However, we entered the drawing-room, paid our respects to the Russian Secretary of Legation, to the wife of the Military Attaché, and one or two other officials, with whom conversation was brief and, owing to unfamiliarity with each other's language, not especially intelligible.

We sauntered past a shelf in the alcove, on which was a punch bowl, and behind it a servant to dip it out, and then wandered into a room too big for a drawing-room and too small for a hall, which was arranged for dancing. My niece, Julia Castle, and her husband were there; the fat Chinese Minister, and his fatter wife; two Haitian women, with an abundance of hair, and at least a sufficient exposure of the neck and shoulders to suggest the original Haitian maiden on her native heath and in her primitive costume.

By this time the rooms were comfortably peopled; the musicians were playing, and, as others were waltzing, I took a turn with Helen, much to the amusement of everybody who saw me dance, and also to my own admiration. Inasmuch as Mr. Gary and Mr. Wilson of the Cabinet were there, I took great pleasure in thus intimating to them that they were old fellows while I was still a youth.

[Washington was an interesting place of residence, and the Navy was an interesting department even in time of peace; but there were days when Mr. Long's thoughts bore him far away from the District of Columbia.]

¹ Governor Bradford's *History of Plymouth Plantation*. It was due primarily to Senator Hoar's efforts that the Bishop of London had recently presented the original manuscript to the Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

² During Grant's second administration, 1873-77.

Most delightful morning; air fresh and clear, but almost as warm as springtime. The climate in Washington has been very lovely during the winter, and a sharp contrast to the wind and storm, sleet and snow, and variation from warmth to extreme cold, which prevails in the neighborhood of Boston, and a striking contrast also to the intenser cold of my birth-place in Maine. And yet I find myself continually longing to go back there for a taste now and then of the winter-time. I recall the landscape, continuously deep with the white snow; the roads winding their tortuous course between high drifts on either side; the crisp, clear mornings, and the frosty windowpanes; the blue smoke rising straight and swift through the clear atmosphere, and all the familiar traces of the traditional New England winter landscape.

[During the first part of the winter of 1898, as for a long time previous thereto, matters in Cuba were in what Secretary Long termed 'an earthquaky condition.'

As yet, however, there seemed to be no reason for action of any kind by the United States. One evening while this status quo prevailed there was a Cabinet dinner at Vice-President Hobart's.]

Beautiful old-fashioned house, on Lafayette Square; charming rooms; one of the most exquisitely furnished tables I ever saw, with a wealth of roses and green leaves and other ornaments in the centre. The President is quiet; his wife, who is an invalid, is very gentle; the Vice-President is inclined to be humorous; the Secretary of State is getting a little forgetful, and tells the same story twice. The rest of us sit around in the usual fashion, of rather dull commonplace. After

the ladies retire, we smoke and talk trifles. There happens to be nobody who tells a good story; nobody who has the art of interesting monologue. My experience is that most men, and most gatherings of men, are not interesting. It is the rare man who can entertain his fellows, either in the way of pleasantry or instruction.

[On January 24, 1898, the time seemed to have come when the Administration could and should make a slight change in its Cuban policy.]

This has been an interesting day. The Cleveland Administration, which left us the legacy of the Cuban imbroglio, had adopted the policy of having no United States vessel at Havana. The present Administration could not change this policy without a great deal of friction and risk; and yet it has been the purpose from the first to have a vessel at Havana, not only because our vessels ought to be going in and out of it, like those of any other nation, it being a friendly port, but [also], in view of the possibility of danger to American life and property, some means of protection should be on hand.

Since the Spanish Ministry came into power, three or four months ago, the whole Spanish policy with reference to the island has been changed: autonomy has been granted, and a more liberal and humane course pursued. There has been an understanding that our Consul-General there, General Lee, might telegraph for a ship at any time, and telegraph directly to the commander of it at Key West in case of an emergency.

For still further safeguard, it has been understood that, if telegraphic communication was discontinued at Havana, it should be assumed that the cable had been cut, that Lee was in danger, and that a ship should

at once proceed, without further order, from Key West. All this has been a risky arrangement, and I have favored for some time suggesting to the Spanish Minister here that his Government recognize the wisdom of our sending a ship in a friendly way to Havana, to make the usual visit and to resume the usual practice, which exists with all other nations, of free ingress and egress, to exchange courtesies and civilities with the Spanish authorities there, and to emphasize the change and the improved condition of things, which have resulted from the new Spanish policy.

To-day the Spanish Minister assented to this view, in conversation with the State Department. Judge Day³ and I called on the President, and we arranged that the Maine should be ordered at once to Havana, notice having been given by the Spanish Minister to his people, and by our Department to our Consul.

Of course the sailing of the ship has made a great stir among the newspapers, and in public sentiment. We have carefully guarded, however, against any alarm, and, in our interviews, given assurance to the country that it is purely a friendly matter, and a resumption of customary relations. The newspapers try to discover some hidden meaning beneath this, as they always do; but it happens to be the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth. There is, of course, the danger that the arrival of the ship may precipitate some crisis or riot; but there is far less danger of this than if the ship went in any other way. I hope, with all my heart, that everything will turn out all right.

[Two days later his hopes seemed to

³ Owing to Secretary Sherman's infirm condition, Judge Day, his First Assistant, had become actual head of the State Department.

be realized, and his justifiable concern over the visit of the Maine to Havana gave way to less grave but more annoying matters.]

Cable from Captain Sigsbee, commanding the Maine, in which he reports that much interest was manifested on the arrival of the Maine, military courtesies exchanged, and that everything went off pleasantly.

Senator Penrose comes in, and we come near striking fire about a little two-penny appointment of shipkeeper, at \$2.00 a day, at the Philadelphia Navy Yard. Representative Butler wants it, and Penrose wants it. It is like a fight of wolves over a carcass. Shameful and disgracing picture: that a Senator of the United States should be running his legs off, wasting his time, when great questions are at stake, about this carrion of patronage — which very patronage only hurts, instead of helping, his political prospects.

[Mr. Long's administrative methods, and a sketch of the Chairman of the Senate Committee on Naval Affairs, are disclosed under the date of February 2.]

Went with Captain O'Neil, Chief of the Bureau of Ordnance, this morning before the Senate Committee on Naval Affairs, with regard to armor plate. Of course I know nothing about it, and go through the perfunctory business of saying so, and referring the Committee to Captain O'Neil. When I say I know nothing about it, I mean nothing about the details — which only an expert can know — of the process of manufacturing armor. I make a point not to trouble myself overmuch to acquire a thorough knowledge of the details pertaining to any branch of the service. Such knowledge would undoubtedly be a very valuable equipment, but the

range is so enormous I could make little progress, and that at great expense of health and time, in mastering it. My plan is to leave all such matters to the bureau chiefs, or other officers at naval stations or on board ship, limiting myself to the general direction of affairs. What is the need of my making a dropsical tub of any lobe of my brain, when I have right at hand a man possessed with more knowledge than I could acquire, and have him constantly on tap?

At best, there is enough for me to do, and to occupy my attention. Some of it is spent on important things, and a very large part on small things, especially personal matters — personal frictions, personal delinquencies, personal appeals, and personal claims.

Senator Hale is Chairman of the Senate Committee on Naval Affairs. He came from Turner Village, the next town to Buckfield, where I was born. He went to Hebron Academy, as I did. He probably taught school; started a small law office; served several terms in the House of Representatives, and for a number of years has been Senator from the State of Maine.

Last summer, in the Turner Village burying-ground, I saw the graves of his father and mother. On a neighboring hill is his father's homestead. Just under the hill in Buckfield where I lived, is the schoolhouse where his sister taught, and he, on Friday nights, used to drive to carry her home. He married the daughter of Zach Chandler, and now enjoys the large fortune, which furnishes him with a beautiful home here and a beautiful home in his native state.

Hale is an able man, has a strong, practical mind and a heap of hard sense and a clear way of putting things.

He has made a good record as a politician and statesman, and deserves the honor he has acquired and the confi-

dence which the people of Maine put in him.

[The nature of some of the 'small things, especially personal matters,' with which the Secretary of the Navy was bothered appears in his journal for the fifth of February.]

I am amused to-day with another exhibition of the jealousies of the army and navy corps. The Chief of the Bureau of Navigation comes in with a long face, and says that the Navy are feeling very troubled over the fact that, at the White House receptions, while two army officers and one marine officer take part in introducing the guests to the President and Cabinet and to their wives, there is no representative of the Navy proper. It also turns out that, at the first reception, while General Miles, head of the Army, was invited, the senior officer of the Navy was not invited. Also, that, while no general invitations were extended to the naval officers, Commander Clover of the Navy, who has a rich wife with social affiliations, was there. Also, that at the last reception, to which the chiefs of the various naval bureaus were invited, and no others, there was an exception in the case of Lieutenant-Commander Buckingham, which is regarded as a discrimination against older officers than he.

I suggest that this is undoubtedly due to the fact that Buckingham happens to be the son of a clergyman in Ohio, who, I think, performed the marriage ceremony at the President's wedding.

Just at this time in comes Roosevelt, who says that the naval officer in his office was very much aggrieved because, while Roosevelt, Assistant Secretary of the Navy, was not invited, a civilian clerk under him, whose salary is only some \$1200 or \$1600, and who married the daughter of a million-

aire in Washington, having social affiliations, was a guest. Roosevelt is too sensible a man to do more than to laugh at this. He recognizes that the President, like everybody else, ought to have the privilege of inviting whom he pleases to his own house, and that, if he omits any, it is on the simple ground that he really does not see fit to invite them, or, if there is any reason why he should have done so, omitted them through an inadvertence.

Roosevelt amuses me also by saying that General Miles himself felt very much aggrieved, and the whole Army with him, at the fact that his particular seat at the recent White House dinner was not in the exact spot where he thought it ought to have been; and, what is funnier still, that Congressman Boutelle is still more aggrieved, and threatens never to attend another similar occasion, because he was given no lady to take out with him, but sat between two men.

Meanwhile, the President has authorized me to select some naval officer to attend the reception, being very glad to comply with a request to that effect. I offer that place to two young lieutenants, who rather snobbishly decline it, and so I detail Southerland, of the Dolphin, who is a stand-by, and who always comes up to any demand that is made upon him.

These are the humors of public life.

[Not long after this episode, the manner in which naval matters were prepared for the consideration of Congress led Mr. Long to write a few remarks concerning our governmental methods.]

Went with Constructor Bowles before the House Committee on Naval Affairs, with reference to the New York Dry Dock, which is under repair. A little room, overcrowded; much confusion; very little regularity in the pro-

ceedings; a good many people talking at the same time; and yet, after all, a great deal of information conveyed and digested.

How small the number is of those who have complete and accurate knowledge of any one subject! This committee, the naval eye and ear of the House, is charged with the important matter of the dry dock at New York. It is fair to say, with entire justice to them, that not more than two of them have anything more than a general confused notion that there is a dock there, and that it is out of repair and in process of reconstruction; probably not more than one has ever seen it. Yet the Committee is to pass upon questions involving thousands of dollars and important methods of construction, where any error may be followed by most disastrous consequences.

[The international situation was progressing very well, from the point of view of peace-loving Americans, when a diplomatic error on the part of Spain increased the tension at what proved to be a critical moment. Under February 10 the incident is related.]

Was obliged to withdraw acceptance of invitation to Agnes, Helen, and myself to dine this evening with the Spanish Minister.

It appears that some time ago he wrote a private letter, in which he made offensive references to the President. This letter has been obtained in some way and published. It, of course, makes the relations of the Spanish Minister with the Administration such that he can no longer remain, and he is obliged to retire from his post. It is an unfortunate occurrence; an exceeding folly on the part of the Minister to write such a letter; a termination of what, hitherto, has been a useful term of service. He is a man of a good

deal of ability, and seems to have conducted himself remarkably well. So it is that little things are obstacles that throw great movements off the track and sometimes lead to disaster.

[The access of hostility occasioned by this now forgotten incident was increased a thousandfold by a great tragedy which occurred less than a week later. Although it took place on the evening of February 15, it appears, of course, for the first time in Secretary Long's journal in the entry for the following day.]

At half-past one o'clock last night Helen came into my room, returning from the ball, with a dispatch which had just been left at the house, bringing the terrible news that the U.S.S. Maine had blown up in the harbor of Havana, Cuba; many killed and more wounded, and the cause unknown. I was at once deluged with newspaper-reporters and additional dispatches. Sent for Commander Dickins, of the Bureau of Navigation, who came in and, under my direction, telegraphed for some small vessels to go to the harbor to render assistance.

This is the most frightful disaster, both in itself and with reference to the present critical condition of our relations with Spain.

I am kept up until five o'clock by telegrams and calls from newspapermen.

This morning, at 9 o'clock, I call on the President, to whom I had sent full information before.

[The journal for the next few days gives an excellent idea of public opinion in the late winter of 1898.]

Wednesday evening, February 16. — This has been a busy day; a day of gloom and sadness. The Department

has been thronged with callers, expressing sympathy and intense interest in the disaster to the Maine, in the harbor of Havana. The entire Spanish Legation called to express regrets, as did the British Ambassador and the Minister from Switzerland.

The records now show that 253 men and two officers were killed by the explosion.

The President has, of course, given up the usual receptions which were assigned for to-night and to-morrow night at the White House. I have been with him most of the day. Lunched with him and his family at the White House dining-room.

Get a quiet evening, however, at home, and retire early.

There is an intense difference of opinion as to the cause of the blowing-up of the Maine. In this, as in everything else, the opinion of the individual is determined by his original bias. If he is a conservative, he is sure that it was an accident; if he is a jingo, he is equally sure that it was by design. The former is sure that no design could have been carried out without discovery; the latter is equally sure that no accident could have happened, in view of the precautions which are taken. My own judgment is, so far as any information has been received, that it was the result of an accident, such as every ship of war, with the tremendously high and powerful explosives which we now have on board, is liable to encounter. The best way, however, seems to be to suspend judgment until more information shall be had.

The occurrence suggests one important thing, and that is the frightful destruction of life and property which will hereafter accompany any naval or military engagement. In the old days a war vessel could be peppered all day long, with comparatively little damage to ship or to crew. Now a battleship

with five hundred men on board, fairly struck by one of the great projectiles, will probably go to the bottom and every life will be lost. This reflection ought to have weight with those who talk lightly of going to war. The illustration now afforded by this accident to the Maine gives food for sober reflection.

The saddest thing of all is the constant coming of telegrams from some sailor's humble home or kinspeople, inquiring whether he is saved, or asking that, if dead, his body may be sent home.

Thursday, February 17. — A trying and anxious day. No further developments as to the cause of the disaster. The air is full of rumors. There is a great deal of outspoken, and a great deal more of suppressed, excitement. Still, I think the good sense of the country is quieting down to a condition of patient waiting for facts and information.

The President sent for me this afternoon, to see if I had anything to give him. Am sorry to find him more oppressed and careworn than at any time since I have been in the Cabinet. Am afraid he is in danger of overdoing.

Friday, February 18. — I am really too much driven with the tremendous

pressure of this disaster to the Maine to find time to write more than a word in my daily journal.

Members of Congress, and naval officers, and many others are continually calling, and the number of letters and telegrams has increased, and the newspapermen cluster like bees about me. Some of these newspapermen are men of excellent ability and good address. They are gathering information for the public, and it is hardly worth while to be impatient with them when they are really the avenues through which the public, very properly, gets its information. Some of them are of great adroitness in obtaining what they want; some are of great ability in their comprehension and digestion of matters of public interest.

Attended Cabinet meeting this morning.

The House passed an appropriation, which I recommended, of \$200,000 for raising the Maine.

Late this afternoon I gave out a statement of facts to the reporters, intended to allay the disquietude occasioned by sensational newspaper articles.

Thus far everything has gone very smoothly and without friction.

(Passages from the Diary of the Secretary of the Navy, 1897-1902, will appear in February)

A PRELUDE

BY LAURENCE BINYON

I REMEMBER a night of my youth, I remember a night
Soundless!

The earth and the sea were a shadow, but over me opened
Heaven into uttermost heaven, and height into height
Boundless

With stars, with stars, with stars!

I remember the dew on my face, I remember the mingled
Homely smell of grass and unearthly beauty
Out of the ends of the air and the unscaled darkness
Poured in a rain, in a river,
Into my marrow — through all the veins of delight
Poured into me.

O the divine solitude! the intoxicating silence!

I was a spirit unregioned, worthy of them:

I, even I, was a creature of infinite flight,
Born to be free.

In the midst of the worlds, as they moved, I moved with them all,
A sense and a joy; I was hidden, and yet they were nigh;
For they came to me as lovers,
Those stars from on high.

Thus as my whole soul drank of the star-filled air,
I felt, more than heard, like a whisper
Invading me out of immensity, hinted, haunting
Sound

Of waves, of waves, of waves.

And I felt in the blood of my flesh, to the roots of my hair,
That it sought me, a mind in that muteness;

In the midst of the worlds I trembled,
I in the night, a mortal,
Found!
What was I, what was I? Nothing
But a Moment aware
Of the ruins of Time!
Yet a memory of memories within me, from far, O from far,
From shadow effaced behind shadow, from dust under dust,
From burial of realm under realm (even there, even there),
From the den in the hungering forest, from ancientest lair,
Rose to claim
This my body, the sap of its veins and its secret to share;
To emerge with the star-watching eyes of the venturer, Man.
And my spirit was filled with its meaning; it knew whence it came;
For I was the word on Earth's lips
That she needed to name.

'But tell me,' I cried, 'O whispering, troubling waves,
Tell me, O journeying wildernesses of stars,
Why do you near me and choose me? Whither would you lure me,
The earth-child?'

— To be brimmed with desire overflowing the bounds of the world,
To be wingless and stretched on a longing that boundlessly craves,
Who has known not this, in the bloom of a midnight marveling
Earth-exiled?

But thus to be sought from afar by phantom waves,
In the still of the night to be neared by stooping stars,
As if all immensity sought for a home in the mind
At its core —

This draws my whole being up from its secret caves,
And the flesh is no longer a home, nor can comforting Earth
Shelter me more.

I am known to the Unknown; chosen, charmed, endangered;
I flow to a music ocean-wild and starry,
And feel within me, for this mortality's answer,
Sea without shore.

NYASALAND SKETCHES

IN THE CHIKALA RANGE

BY HANS COUDENHOVE

I

THE old 'boma' in the Chikala range, where I lived over six months, had been uninhabited for almost ten years when I entered it. Although it would be classed, in Europe, as quite a young house, it is an old one for Tropical Africa, where houses age in a decade as much as they do in Europe in a century. No one would look for a house in the remote and savage locality where it stands, twenty miles from the nearest white settlement, while the nearest Yao village is scattered at the 'foot of the mountain,' there being no native inhabitants at all on this eastern part of the range.

The boma, as its name implies, has been, during the brief period of its commission, a tax-collector's residence; it is built of brick, with a corrugated-iron roof, a large veranda, and bow windows, and its interior still shows many signs of the taste, and the love of comfort, which directed the builder in his work. It cannot be expected, however, that the structure could have, unattended and unlooked after, resisted the destructive effect of time and the seasons. There is scarcely a bow window with all the panes entire, not a curtain left, not a brass bolt unbroken. Stains and rusty nails on the walls bear testimony to the artistic proclivities of the last inhabitant; the wainscoting is, in many places, de-

tached from the walls; the white-calico awnings stretched underneath the ceilings of the rooms are torn in parts, and in parts stained and eaten by the droppings of the bats. Only the beautiful fireplace of carved cedar has remained intact, with the added beauty of the patina acquired with age. The many traces of past comfort and elegance, the present dilapidated and neglected condition, the savage aspect of the surrounding scenery, the magnificent bushes of European roses right in front of the veranda, a grove of thick mango trees just behind the house — all these contrasts give to the old boma a touch of romance, as if it were taken out of a chapter in a fairy tale.

It is built on a terrace, about 2000 feet above the plain, and is surrounded on three sides by an amphitheatre of hills, which form part of the main range. This, the Chikala range, runs from east to west. The amphitheatre, from its eastern and western wings, rises gradually to a dome of granite over 5000 feet high, the highest point of the range, due north of the house. The latter faces south, embracing a view of half the compass over plains and mountains. To the left, Lake Chirwa — ten miles away at its nearest point during the dry season, but approaching its boundaries according to the volume of water brought by the rains — runs south

to northeast. The two black island hills in its middle look like joints of beef on a silver dish.

During the dry season, the plain looks limitless, sky and veldt meeting in a haze along the horizon. During the rains, however, the whole view is changed. Beginning in the southwest with the majestic Mlanje range, nearly 10,000 feet high in its highest peak and barely sixty miles in length, mountain range follows mountain range all along the horizon, past and far round the lake, into Portuguese territory, with a few breaks only, through which the plain rolls on into the unknown.

Here and there, in the champaign, isolated hills rise, sometimes to a considerable height, the characteristic 'island mountains' of Tropical Africa. In the Nyika of East Africa those hills rise at regular intervals from the level plain. There I noticed a curious particular. I have climbed none on which I did not meet, somewhere near, or on, the top, a puff adder larger in size than any which I have ever seen elsewhere, either free or in captivity — a weird genius loci, probably centuries old, letting the time rush by while it lies in a lethargic state of eternal digestion, punctuated by single meals at intervals of months. As none of my Masai companions ever showed the slightest inclination to kill one of these anchorites, but appeared to be opposed to my doing so, I came to the conclusion that they must be fetish.

Whether the mountain islands of Nyasaland share this peculiarity, I have not, so far, had occasion to ascertain. Lake Chirwa, however, enjoys a zoölogic speciality also — an almost unique distinction. The many crocodiles which inhabit it are not more dangerous to man than so many sheep! So I was assured by all those inhabitants of the lake shore whom I consulted on the subject. I asked them if

they had charms. They said no: with those crocs there is no need of charms!

But Mother Nature, always anxious to correct any small anomalies which may occur in her household, has, to reestablish the balance, — a hobby of hers, — peopled the lake with venomous water-snakes, dreaded by the fishermen as much as crocs are dreaded elsewhere. The natives say that they stand erect, cobra-fashion, among the reeds of the lake shore, half submerged by water, and when a man has passed them, but not before, they charge him.

This snake, which the Yao call Assábuhe, is most beautiful, being marked in an undulating pattern of black and brown and gray, with thin bright-yellow straight lines running from head to tail. Barely two feet in length, and thick in proportion, it bears, with its stumpy tail, a certain resemblance to a puff adder. The form of its head, however, and the position of its fangs, suggest the colubrid. Its aggressiveness appears to be a fact, and distinguishes it from the land snakes.

The *changements de décoration* of the landscape exceed in variety anything that one could see on the stage. In autumn, or better, in spring, the veldt shows as many different colors as the rainbow. But as soon as the rains begin, these change into many shades of green, from emerald and apple-green to dark olive, grading, in the distance, into one uniform tone of bluish gray.

The colors of the hills, with the exception of the islands of the lake, which are always of a dark greenish-brown, vary according to the time of day. Those which roll away into Portuguese territory, as they recede, grow fainter and fainter, until they look like a breath on a pane of glass. Immediately after sunset, however, when the sky behind them is pistache-green, they appear clear-cut, heavy and transparent, like mountains of gray quartz.

The high Mlanje mountains sometimes, at sunset, seem to intercept, with their dark-blue mass, the glare of an immense conflagration, the shine of which just peeps over the outline of their pinnacles; at other times they are hidden by a bluish-gray wall of vapor, fringed with lilac all along the top; while the sky just above them is of an intense, luminous orange, which, as the night advances, grows blood-red.

Often, in the early morning, the whole plain is covered with a sheet of low-lying white mist, out of which the island mountains emerge like rocks out of a frozen arctic sea. Or else the lake alone, brilliant like a mirror under the horizontal rays of the rising sun, is covered as if with cotton-wool by a layer of densely packed white clouds, which follow its contours just as if they had been spread there by a careful hand.

With all its beauty, however, the landscape never loses that indescribable something which characterizes all African landscapes — something intensely melancholy, brooding, and ominous, as if some terrible event were held in suspense.

Clouds, as Sir Martin Conway says, are not a bit less beautiful than mountains, and they form, with these, during the rainy season, combinations and groups which remind one of Doré's illustrations to Dante's 'Inferno.' Each chain of mountains will act independently of all the others, with its own particular set of clouds, its own thunderstorms, its own strokes of lightning. One range may be swathed in a sheet of torrential rain, while the other, through a rent in the clouds overhanging it, is struck by beams of sunlight. Occasionally, however, when it rains for good, a perpendicular, solid, gray wall of rain creeps slowly, from the fast disappearing mountains, over lake and plain toward Chikala; then the plain vanishes, then the solitary tree at the

far end of my terrace; and then it comes down on the corrugated-iron roof in one continuous, deafening roar.

One would imagine that no living creature, except a fish, would enjoy getting a tropical downpour on its back. To this my two ravens, Grip and Nevermore, — chance acquaintances with whom I have formed a solid friendship, — are exceptions. Instead of seeking shelter, which they could find in abundance far and near, they will, when overtaken by the avalanche, sit on an exposed granite boulder, their backs to the wind, with shoulders raised and head bent, like Mr. Dombey's brother-in-law when his wife annoyed him, and apparently sink into a kind of torpor, as, under these conditions, they refuse to respond to the most tempting morsels of food!

The champaign is most beautiful during the period of the veldt fires, which begins toward the end of October and lasts until the rains are on. In the daytime the flames are invisible from here; but in calm weather great columns of smoke rise, like Moses' pillar in the desert, sometimes to an immense height, and spread out in the sky to tremendous black clouds, which intercept the light of the sun and plunge into shade half the plain. In stormy weather, the spirals of smoke rolling fast along the ground look like the steam of express trains running full speed. At night the flames are visible, and then the bush-fires look like burning cities, and make the onlooker think of sack and rapine and murder. Where they burn low, they suggest the keys of an organ of fire touched by invisible fingers.

The lake has its fires, too, but they begin later and cease later. It is full of reeds in many parts, and these the natives burn, to facilitate fishing during the rainy season.

But the most beautiful sight is when, in a still, calm night, the conflagration

extends along a large segment of the eastern horizon, and the full moon rises out of it, as intensely luminous as the fire itself, like the birth of a planet out of a sun, when creation was still young.

II

At the northern end of the lake, almost due east from here, lies the village of a chief called Chikweo, which has just now been the theatre of a lion story more than usually dramatic. For several months past, a man-eating lion had been spreading terror among the villagers by periodical appearances, which were nearly always the occasion of the killing of a man or a woman. Several times he was frightened away by the men appearing en masse after he had seized his victim, but he had killed fourteen, and wounded six, so I was told, before his career ended.

This came about in this way. An old woman, who belonged to another tribe, had been living for some time at Chikweo's village with her young daughter, who had a baby at her breast. These three were living in a hut built of logs, on the outskirts of the village. With characteristic native improvidence, on the night in question, in the early part of last December, they slept with the door of the hut open, and the lion crept in and jumped on the old woman. In a moment the daughter had made up her mind — to save the baby and sacrifice the mother. She slid out of the hut with the child, pulled the door to, dragged a heavy log of wood against it, and gave the alarm.

With the rapidity with which natives are capable of acting in an emergency, the villagers collected, brought more logs of wood, built a strong barricade all round the hut while the poor old woman was still alive and screaming for help; and then they sat down in a

circle and — it was before midnight — waited for dawn.

At dawn — the old woman by that time was dead — the chief Chickweo came with his Snyder, jumped on to the roof, gave, through a hole, one shot to the lion, and went home to sleep, having, by drawing first blood, secured the government reward. After that, the lion was finished off by others, through the roof, partly with Chikweo's Snyder, partly with spears.

It is possible that the woman might have been saved, if, instead of closing the door upon her and her terrible guest, her daughter had contented herself with rushing out and calling for help; or even if the people had reopened the door of the hut, as the lion would perhaps have been frightened by the noise and the sight of so many people, and might have tried to rush out. But the villagers thought that such an occasion to get the man-eater would never return if they let it slip.

If one considers how great is the love of natives for their mothers, — it is their one pure sentiment, — one can imagine how violent must have been, in the girl's heart, the conflict between the love which she bore her mother and that which she felt for her child.

The chief, sleek and debonair, called on me on his way to Tomba with the lion's skin, and gave me all the details. When he mentioned the shutting-up of the old woman with the lion, he suppressed a smile. He told me that the animal — as could be seen from the skin — was very old, with part of its teeth gone and the rest in a bad condition. That it was frightfully hungry became evident from the fact that it did not allow the vicinity of so many people to disturb it in its meal; and that, after it had finished devouring its victim, of whom there remained only the head and the larger bones, it killed and ate all the chickens in the hut!

There was a remarkable sequel to the tragedy. Chikweo told me that, on the day that followed it, on the very morning of the day when he passed my place with the skin, a lioness, believed to be the man-eater's consort, came into the village, killed one man, and went away again. She had never been known to kill anybody before, and she has made no reappearance up to the time of writing this, three months later. When last I asked after her, I was told: 'Oh, she has left, she has gone into Portuguese territory!' One must admit that this single murder of the lioness looks uncommonly like an act of vendetta.

Lions are probably very long-lived. I believe that the longest authenticated duration of a lion's life in captivity is seventy years; and one may safely assume that, when they enjoy their freedom under congenial circumstances with no enemies to speak of, man excepted, they live much longer. That they are monogamous is certain, although the assertion made by some, that they mate only once in their lives, is open to doubt, and would be difficult to prove. The affection that unites male and female is a sentiment as strong among the higher mammals, and felines in particular, as it is among human beings, if not stronger.

To the broad-minded observer it must surely appear rather unfair on the part of the 'destroyer,' or the 'lord' (as some prefer to be called), of creation, that he calls 'savage' all those animals that feed as he himself does! They eat their meat raw—but some human athletes and valetudinarians do that too—but they slaughter their victims with infinitely less cruelty than man—instantaneously always, and with no preparations at all. If lions, which are forced by dire necessity to kill a man, sometimes make a mistake in this respect, it is only because they are unfamiliar with his anatomy. Man-

eaters are no doubt objectionable; but such individuals are rare, and their action is the consequence of homicidal mania, or of old age and helplessness.

Leaving quite out of the question the cannibals of Oceania and West Africa, white men have been known, and not so seldom either, to devour one another when the second alternative was death from starvation. And lions and leopards have the distinction here, that they never commit cannibalism. They fight, they kill each other, and I am afraid that very old lions sometimes have a bad time at the hands of younger members of the community; but, according to all accounts, they never eat one another, however hungry they may be.

III

The northern half of the compass is taken up, at close range, by the amphitheatre of hills which forms the background of the boma terrace. While the high dome of the centre is sheer granite, almost down to its base, its two wings are formed by tier after tier of huge boulders, the gaps being filled by densely growing, dark-foliaged trees.

Some of the boulders are crenelated with lichens, others tainted white with the droppings of birds. On many of them stand solitary trees of considerable height. Their exposed roots, running down forty and fifty feet, as broad sometimes as a small stream, flattened against the rock, bleached as white as ivory, clutch the granite in a grip so tight that one imagines one sees the strain of the gigantic effort, as in the arms of an athlete or the tentacles of an octopus. Who can say how long the strain of the embrace has lasted?

The appearance of a human being on the footpath which skirts the eastern slope of the amphitheatre is usually the signal for a concert of whistling sounds in the rocks above, beginning

with isolated notes and increasing in number, until they seem to proceed from almost every one of the huge boulders. Birds or boys might whistle in this manner; the virtuosi are, however, neither of these bipeds, but rock rabbits, of which a few families live among the rocks. These interesting, harmless little creatures have of the rabbit only the name; they are no relations of those rodents, but actually the smallest cousins of the elephant. As climbers, they are unsurpassed, being able to scale almost perpendicular flat surfaces, like lizards. Their nests, built adhering to the foot of overhanging boulders, resemble very large swallows' nests. They are, unfortunately, prized as an article of diet by the natives, who persecute them ruthlessly.

A large and beautiful lizard, common to all the mountainous countries of Tropical Africa, brings a bright touch of color to those granite boulders which it has elected as its domicile. Its head and neck are a brilliant chrome-yellow, its body sea-green, its tail turquoise-blue. Being of an inquisitive turn of mind, it scans the approach of the stranger with marked curiosity, by moving its head up and down, before it rushes to conceal itself in some crevice. If one keeps very quiet, however, it will come back, and, if she happens to be present, start courting its lady, indifferent to the fact that she has no beautiful colors to boast of on her plain brown body. It is very amusing to watch them at play, running round and round and making love to one another, at which latter game their habits are remarkably like those of dogs. In order to attract them to a certain rock, and accustom them to my presence, I tried to lure them with insects, which I deposited on the boulder; but I signally failed in the beginning, as live insects of course ran away, and the lizards would not touch dead ones. And then

I had the lucky idea of collecting the clay nests of a certain ubiquitous wasp, which builds them all over a house or a tent, in the most improbable places, including such things as the sleeve of a coat. There the wasp deposits—in separate compartments—the paralyzed bodies of all sorts of maggots, caterpillars, and spiders, making the nest serve both as a casket and as a larder for its own young. I extracted those unfortunate paralytics, some of which, having accomplished their ghastly destiny, were already metamorphosed into full-grown wasp pupæ. My experiment afforded me proof that the outraged creatures lose nothing of their freshness in their living tombs, as the lizards devoured them with the greatest gusto.

The slope of the mountain where the rock rabbits dwell is visited and occupied temporarily and alternately by a large herd of yellow baboons, and a herd of black monkeys, of the kind called 'kimas' by the Swahilis. These monkeys are beautiful creatures, with hair almost black, and the full-grown adults nearly attain the size of a female baboon. Unfortunately, however, full-grown individuals are rare, the reason being, I am afraid, that their skin and flesh are much in demand.

The relations of these two tribes are, I am sorry to say, strained. They never occupy together the same side of the range. The baboons will come and stay for a week perhaps, and then the kimas will come and stay as long—it is always, however, turn and turn about; when one nationality turns up, the other goes. While the voices of the apes vary largely, according to the sex and the age of the individuals, and while the gamut of sounds which they do give forth is almost human in its extent, the monkeys are singularly behindhand in this respect, and utter one kind of call only, an unmusical sound, like a

very loud croaking. When it happens to be their turn for occupation, they collect, every evening, on the tops of the largest boulders, and, in a chorus, call out their farewell to the setting sun.

There is something touching in this cult of the sun practised by many animals — the origin, perhaps, of man's worship of the fixed star. When walking in the early morning, years ago, along the seabeach in Portuguese East Africa, and in Natal, in places where the virgin forest came down to the shore, I was always struck by the sight of the monkeys, which sat motionless in the topmost branches, with outstretched arms, looking at the sun as it rose out of the Indian Ocean. Many of the larger birds greet the rising sun with the same gesture of adoration.

The love of a mongoose for the sun amounts to a passion. A few years ago, I was living in a house to which the rays of the setting sun came, through a cleft in the hills, at one single spot only in the uninhabited back part of the house. A small mongoose that I had, although it hated to be alone, went there by itself every day when twilight was near, and, lying down on the veranda, watched the sunset. As soon as it was gone, she would quietly come back into the house, seek her couch, and go to sleep. As long as I lived in that house, she never once missed the sunset. Before she died, a few years later, she laboriously climbed up to the thatched roof of a hut where I was then living, by a kind of staircase which I had erected, gave a long, last look at the sun, then came down again with great difficulty, and died.

On the top of the range, also to the east, live a couple of leopards. As they have been calling frequently, both at night and sometimes in the afternoon for several months past, they are supposed to have a family of young, this being a sure sign, the natives say. They

prey largely on the baboons, and no doubt on the kimas also, although I have not been able to ascertain that for certain. But as to the baboons, I can occasionally follow by mere sound — mostly at night but sometimes also in daytime — the developments of the chase. The old males of the baboons, always *en vedette*, begin by uttering their cavernous barks, an imposing and even formidable sound, not unlike the leopard's own, but of far greater volume; the young males shout like boys of the human species, and the females scream in a higher key, the whole herd moving along up the slope while they produce these noises, which generally begin nearly at the foot of the slope, about level with my boma. From time to time, during a lull of the baboons' barks and screams, the stalking leopard utters his grunting, halting growl. As a rule, the alert ends in nothing, the various noises ceasing gradually, as the baboons get out of reach and the leopard gives up the hunt. But when, instead of fizzling out, the adventure ends in piercing yells and screams, and the barks of the old baboons become howls of rage, I know that the great cat has been successful in securing a good meal for the family. If I want additional proof, I get it on the following morning, when my two ravens, which live in the forest not far from the leopard's lair, make no appearance at early breakfast as they invariably do otherwise, but stay away till noon, and then show little appetite.

The old saying, that it is an ill wind which blows no one any good, applies also to this predilection of leopards for baboon's meat, quite apart from the benefit which they themselves and their clients may derive from it. Where many baboons live in a locality inhabited by leopards, the latter annoy the human inhabitants in the neighborhood very little, if at all. They do not go out of their way to capture goats in

the villages—always a risky thing to do; and even dogs, which are so often killed by leopards, appear to be allowed to move about in comparative safety. This is perfectly accepted by the natives, who will not even prevent their small boys from climbing the mountain, into the leopards' reserve.

Wild pigs stand to lions in the same relation as that of apes to leopards. Where lions live in the vicinity of wild pigs, the natives will treat them, as they do the leopards, as negligible quantities or—where the pigs are destructive to crops—even as desirable guests. Regularly, in February, when the maize is ripening, a couple of lions cross the Chikala range coming from the north, to make war on the wild boars which, at the same time, leave their forest haunts, to bring devastation into the fields. Why the lions should prefer, for these excursions, rainy weather to dry, is difficult to explain; but it is a fact that, so far, the only nights in which they called out their warning were nights of pouring rain.

Two things exist in nature, concerning which a mistake can never occur. These are the voice of the lion and the color of gold. Whoever hears the one or sees the other, knows what it is. This does not mean, of course, that the reverse is the rule also. Many men have mistaken the cry of the ostrich for that of the lion, and tenderfoots' gold for gold. The lion's voice—his hunting voice, not his roar, which is so seldom heard—is absolutely unique in character, just as he to whom it belongs is unique. Although it is extremely powerful and carries to incredible distances, and although it sounds ominous, and sometimes awe-inspiring by implication, there is in reality nothing either cruel, or bloodthirsty, or even savage in the sound itself. To me it has always appeared as the most

consummate expression of despair uttered by a powerful creature in moral, not in physical, distress.

Of these Chikala lions the natives seem to have as little fear as they have of the leopards of the range; and the knowledge that they are about does not prevent men from climbing up the mountain for bamboo or for wood.

Some fifteen years ago, when the coffee and rubber plantations of the Usambara were still young, and much damage was done to them by the many herds of wild pigs which live there, the turning-up of a lion on an estate was looked upon as a favorable event by some of the German planters, who in consequence strictly protected him.

In this connection it may be interesting to record an event narrated by Emin Pasha—in one of that pioneer's letters, I believe, published by Dr. Franz Stuhlman. Somewhere in Equatoria, Emin's followers had dug a pit to catch big game, and a lion fell in. As soon as this was known, a native from the neighborhood, owner of many cattle, came running, and implored Emin to let the lion go. He said that, in exchange for a weekly tribute of a bullock, the lion kept away all other beasts of prey, and himself, except his regular weekly allowance, never touched a head of cattle belonging to his ally. The man's request was granted, a plank let down into the pit, and the lion climbed slowly out and went his way.

I was assured in the Pare mountains of what is now Tanganyika province, that a native there had formed a similar alliance with a leopard which, against the regular supply of a goat, protected from all enemies the owner's herds, and even slept in the loft of his hut! I have failed to substantiate the truth of this story, but there is nothing intrinsically impossible in it.

Before the war, the German medical officer in charge of the sleeping-sickness

commission on the west frontier of the colony, had a full-grown she-leopard, which was as tame as a dog. One of his colleagues told me that, whenever one of them returned home after an absence, the huge cat would stand up on its hind legs and rub its head against the face of its friend, in manner of welcome. A drawback was the circumstance that, at certain times, all the male leopards of the neighborhood appeared to have given themselves a rendezvous in the vicinity of the camp. The idyll, unfortunately, came to a tragic end, as those idylls always do, a statement for which one must leave the priority to Æschylus. The doctor's leopard seized a dog belonging to a native; the native attempted to interfere, and the leopard killed him instead. So sentence of death was passed and carried out on the affectionate creature. A characteristic sequel, so my informer told me, was the appearance in the camp on the following day of the victim's father, who simply said: 'I want my bakhshish.'

That leopards have a sense of humor, although of a somewhat grim kind, they show by their curious habit of planting the bare skulls of animals which they have killed and eaten on a forked branch high up a tree.

Their common sense they show by their disregard of fire, which is so well known to natives who are accustomed to leopards, that they never use this means in order to keep them away from a hut or a camp.

These preventive measures are more successful where lions are concerned, but, even with regard to these, the sweeping notion imbibed in our childhood, that 'wild beasts are afraid of fire,' requires revision. Some lions avoid the fire, no doubt, but certainly not all. In British East Africa the natives used to say that large, flaming fires irritate lions; and I have certainly known

cases where lions cleared a large fire as they would have cleared a fence. It would appear as if the most effective fire against lions were a low-burning, not flickering or flaring, but steady fire.

While the lion's cry, on a dark rainy night, is a distinctly unwelcome sound to the traveler who sleeps in his tent, it has, on the other hand, when one hears it from inside four solid brick walls, an effect similar to that of a ghost story by a brightly burning fire, on a social winter evening.

A beautiful and imposing bird, by its numbers and by its powerful voice, attracts attention on the range as effectually as do the two felines just mentioned. It is a fishing eagle, with head and neck and half the body snow-white, which owes to its remarkable vocal qualities its Latin surname: *vocifer*. From long before sunrise till long after dark its clarion-call — which in some individuals resembles somewhat the whinny of an excited stallion — resounds about the heights of the range where it builds its eyrie. In many countries it has served me as a welcome signal that the night was nearly over and the day approaching. When it calls, it behaves in a peculiar manner: it poises in mid-air, and, while uttering its shriek, frantically and simultaneously moves up and down both head and neck and tail. It is exhilarating to see them dive for fish as I often did on Lake Nyasa. They 'take a header' into the water like any human champion diver, to emerge again and fly up into the air some hundred feet farther on, nearly always with large fish in their beaks. They are fortunately on the 'protected' list in this country.

There are certain things, instantaneous pictures of the memory, often in themselves mere trifles, the thought of which brings back with extraordinary force the realization of the particular romance of a milieu — like

Zarathustra's lizard, or Rudyard Kipling's 'firefly in the cane.' One may read whole books about Tropical Africa without feeling its atmosphere with the intensity impressed in a second by the mention, for instance, of a crocodile basking in the sun on a sand-bank by a lazy river; or of a solitary elephant standing under a mimosa tree in an expanse of *Sanseveria*, spraying itself with red laterite dust; or of lemurs dancing a fandango on the top of a coconut palm in the full moon of Zanzibar.

To this category belongs also the appearance of the *bateleur* eagle, most graceful of birds, sailing motionless above the champaign, under a clouded sky, a perfect Cupid's arc in outline. The *ecaudatus* — he was treated niggardly by Mother Nature in respect to his caudal appendage — makes occasional appearances here, but never, like his vociferous cousin, penetrates far up the range, as he prefers the plains, of which he is so characteristic an inhabitant. From the third or fourth year onward these great birds of prey mature slowly; the jaws grow a scarlet red, like those of some macaws, to which they have a further — moral — resemblance, in that, when brought up from childhood, they become fully as tame as a parrot. Large as it is, that magnificent eagle feeds, according to the natives, almost entirely on rats and mice and snakes, and never becomes a danger to the poultry yard. No doubt, the beautiful colored plate of a *bateleur* attacking a young jackal in Sir Harry Johnston's *Uganda* is either a libel, or the portrait of an exceptionally enterprising individual.

IV

At the foot of the range, Mposa's village straggles along, with interruptions, for nearly two miles.

As is the case in all Yao villages, each hut, in size like a small cottage at home, stands in its own grounds, sometimes with a small patch of maize attached to it. Where there is no garden, the whole place is kept free of vegetation and well swept; this gives to the village a singularly clean aspect. Here and there a very large tree stands by itself in grounds equally well swept, affording shade for palavers, and shelter to the chattering carrion-crows. Lots of wagtails fly unmolested between the houses, although it is a favorite pastime of the boys to hide in the high grass with a long rod, and kill small birds, when they balance in the reeds, by hitting them with it. Wagtails, however, are fetish, and never touched. The Yao have given them the pretty appellation, 'doves of God.' Children, goats, chickens, and dogs run about; the grown-up men, when not at work, either sit before the chief's house, or play cards in front of their own. The women, never idle, are occupied on various household tasks.

On nearly all the roofs, fish from the lake, extended in rows, are drying in the sun, in a buzz of metallic flies. One kind of fish only is caught at the present season, a silurid in two or three sizes. The small ones, bent round in a circle, are stuck on rods in rows; the larger ones are cut into two sides and flattened out. The second kind of fish, which favors deep water, is not caught until the rainy season is well advanced and the shallow lake has attained its full size.

It is well known that Sir Jonathan Hutchinson, the great English dermatologist, — who, by the way, fruitlessly endeavored, some twenty years ago, to persuade the world to abolish leper-reserves as barbarous, inefficient, and unnecessary, — ascribed nearly all occurrences of leprosy to the consumption of insufficiently cured fish. If this

is really the fact, one does not see how, at least for many years to come, the evil can be stopped among the millions of natives around the lakes; for one might as well expect them to give up breathing as eating fish. The establishment of curing-centres under government supervision appears to be the only practical solution.

Chief Mposa's principal house is conspicuous by its size and its elevated, matted veranda, with two deck-chairs. He himself — quite apart from his picturesque attire, which consists of a red turban, a corduroy khaki-colored shirt, a dark-blue skirt, and a long sheath-knife — certainly looks the most distinguished person in his village, being tall, dignified, and good-looking, with a short full beard. He might, from his aspect, be taken for a black Arab from Zanzibar. His subjects kneel to him, as he himself kneels to his invalided old mother; but his authority does not appear to be of a despotic kind; its chief manifestation probably consists in these outward tokens of respect.

If Mposa's 'grand air' is due to his descent, this would furnish an argument to those who opine that the stronger qualities are inherited through women, as, in Yao dynasties, the laws of inheritance act in a way which one might compare to the advance of the knight on a chessboard. The sultan is succeeded, not by his own son, but by his eldest sister's eldest son. It was, however, explained to me that, if this eldest son of the sister is 'very stupid,' his younger brother will succeed in his place; and if he should happen to be very stupid also, the third, and so on. It would be interesting to know by what standard the intelligence of these potential heirs is measured.

Mposa's heir is being brought up here under his uncle's eyes, although his mother lives in another district. I hear this was insisted upon by Mposa

himself, which is certainly a sign of sound judgment. The boy is being looked after by his 'little mother,' as the Yao call the aunt on the mother's side. When a Yao mentions his mother, one never knows if he means his real mother or her sister. As a rule, he means the latter, because there is always a reluctance to refer in speech to the direct progenitors, apparently from a sense of veneration and respect.

The impression which the settlement makes is one of peaceful prosperity — a truthful one on the whole, so far, although beer-fights, with broken heads, occasionally occur. Unfortunately the country is now threatened with a partial famine, the maize crop having been spoiled, here as elsewhere, in consequence of the insufficient rainfall. It is true that the natives in the lake regions have an almost unlimited supply of fish to fall back upon, as well as — here in Chikala at least — reserves of rice, and the rock rabbits and klip-springers and other beasts of the mountain and of the plain; but they could no more be expected to live entirely on these than the Parisians of Marie Antoinette could have lived on the *petits pains* which the unfortunate Queen liked so much. But natives never bother much about the future, confident as they are that the Government will provide help if it comes to a pinch; besides, they are all fatalists, to a really exasperating extent.

Even without food worries, however, life in Mposa's village is not without drawbacks, one of the worst being the great quantity of mosquitoes bred in the neighboring swamps. The notion, entertained by some Europeans, that natives do not suffer much from mosquito-bites, is quite wrong. They are probably as sensitive to them as we are. How much they suffer from them in Mposa's village can be judged from the pathetic device to which they have

recourse at the beginning of the rains, before the cool weather begins, when mosquitoes are at their worst. They keep men walking about, with beating drums, far into the night, so as to be prevented from going to sleep early, as attempts at an early sleep would be frustrated anyhow! So they are being kept awake by the drums until sleep really overpowers them, and then there is a chance of being able to outsleep the stinging. Some of them, however, are the lucky proprietors of mosquito-curtains; and there can be no doubt that, if the remainder seriously desired it, they could, by practising only a little economy, and by refraining from spending on trifles every shilling earned, soon find themselves in the same position. But negroes one and all resemble that guardsman of Ouida's, who, rather than go to the exertion of taking off his boots, preferred to suffer agonies of pain from their narrowness.

On the whole, so long as it has sufficient to eat, the community appears to be as contented as any community which one could see in Europe, if not more so; and there are always occasions of excitement, mostly of a mild description, to prevent it from getting unduly bored; as, for instance, the visit of the Resident or the Assistant Resident from Zomba, or that of a neighboring chief, or the passage of Police-Askaris in search of a thief, or a beer-fight, or a dance. There are, besides, tribal ceremonies and festivities, which take place at certain periods.

One of the latter, which is of a character rather quaint, took place a couple of months ago at the close of the girls' 'uniago' or period of initiation. During that period, which lasts for about a

month, the girls, every age from childhood to full-grown womanhood being represented, live together in a large hut built especially for that purpose, and are there prepared by old women, the wisest in the village, for the vicissitudes — and the pleasures — of life, and instructed as to the lines to be followed in their relations with the other sex.

For several days before the time appointed for the disbandment of the young ladies, a couple of men, whose particular business it is, were busy in the forest, manufacturing, out of bark and grass, resemblances of lions, hippos, and crocodiles, hollow and sufficiently large to enable a man to crawl inside. These the men put on, like circus-clowns, on the evening of the last night, and, having reached in silence the house of initiation, began to imitate the movements of the animals which they impersonated, while the lion, in addition, produced with a large earthen vessel an admirable imitation of that animal's voice.

The older girls, who had been warned, pretended to be horribly frightened; while the smaller ones were so in reality, and began to scream, and the lot rushed out at the back of the hut. After they had reached a certain distance, the grown-up girls explained to the younger ones that the whole thing was a joke, and then they all came back laughing, to examine the menagerie more closely.

The purpose of the whole affair, so I was told, is to teach the children to beware of wild beasts when they happen to meet them.

The show ends with dancing and pombe drinking for two days and two nights.

LITERATURE IN COLLEGE

BY ELIZABETH A. DREW

WE all live, nowadays, in an age of theory, and make of our human existence a much more complicated affair than our ancestors did. Scientific, medical, psychological, economic, social, and artistic theories crowd the journals of the world with their claims and criticisms, while, particularly in this country, of the making of educational theories there is no end.

Let me say at once, then, that I have no love for educational theories, and have no new one to propound. In educational matters I am thoroughly old-fashioned. I believe teaching — or, rather, arousing the desire to learn — to be purely a matter of personality and practice, and learning to be purely a matter of keenness and concentration. I have never found any theory that can get behind these facts; but I recognize very clearly, nevertheless, the value of the multitude of theories which so greatly amazes a stranger in America.

This value is not, I think, in themselves, but in the general attitude of mind of which they are a symptom. They are part of the really great and genuine interest in the subject of education, and the profound realization of its importance to the community, of which no sensitive person in this country can fail to be conscious.

When we look back upon the developments in educational method of the last few hundred years, we have some reason to claim real progress. The days are past when education meant the mere acquisition of knowledge. We no longer encourage a cur-

riculum like that suggested by Sir Thomas Elyot, in 1530, who remarks: 'As far as poetry is concerned, Aristophanes, Homer, Virgil, Ovid, Silviu, Lucan, and Hesiod will suffice until the scholar pass the age of thirteen years'; who recommends 6 to 11 A.M. and 1 to 6 P.M. as suitable working hours, from the age of five years. We no longer agree with Dr. Johnson when he says: 'Why, Sir, till you can fix the degree of obstinacy and negligence of the scholars, you cannot fix the degree of severity of the master. Severity must be continued until obstinacy be subdued, and negligence be cured.' We are past the Sandford and Merton stage of reducing everything taught to a question of moral conduct; and, in theory at any rate, we are past the horrors of the early days of the examination system.

All I mean by this system can be illustrated by the quotation of a joke which appeared many years ago in *Punch*. The scene shows a poet and an examiner taking a walk in a wood in the springtime. Suddenly the cuckoo calls. The poet quotes: —

'O Cuckoo, shall I call thee bird,
Or but a wandering voice?'

State the alternative preferred
With reasons for your choice,

concludes the examiner!

But the ideals represented by these systems belong to the past, and our present aims in education are very different. Perhaps one might describe the difference shortly by saying that we aim nowadays rather at producing an

attitude of mind than at mere instruction. The schools of a hundred years ago produced an attitude of mind, too, as we can see by this letter from a young lady on leaving school.

Well, my education is at last finished. Indeed it would be strange if, after five years' hard application, anything were left incomplete. Happily, that is all over now, and I have nothing to do but exercise my various accomplishments. French, Italian, music, drawing, dancing. . . . As to common things, geography, history, poetry, philosophy, thank my stars, I have got through them all, so that I may consider myself not only perfectly accomplished, but also thoroughly well informed.

Education, in fact, was a matter of schooldays, and automatically concluded when school was finished with, and the young lady was 'finished.' It was a social asset, just as the vocational training of to-day is a business asset. But the aim of our modern educational idealists is to make education a social asset in a far wider sense. For whatever theories they may hold as to how to teach and what to teach, they are all agreed in the human ideal that they wish to achieve. Put shortly, the aim of modern educators is to train youth in such a way as shall enable each individual in the community to live as complete a life as possible; to be as much alive as possible in every part of his being, body, mind, and spirit; to stimulate and develop every channel of sensation through which impressions reach mankind — bodily senses, mental senses, spiritual senses; and in the first, to increase the feeling for beauty in all man's physical being; in the second, to stimulate the love of mental adventure and constructive doubt; in the third, to appreciate the variety and wonder of human character, experience, and achievement.

All these go to make up the sum of human life, and we now agree upon

the principle that any educational method should aim at making people respond to as much of life as they are, each individually, capable of responding to.

What place, then, does the study of literature hold in this view of education? Literature is an art which is more closely related to life than any other of the arts, so that any ideal which is aiming at fullness of life must be much concerned with it. It is possible, I suppose, to hold the view that, since education is to be the training of experience, and literature is only experience at second-hand, it were better to leave literature on one side, and learn direct from life itself. For, as Stevenson says, 'books, music, pictures are all very well in their way, but they are a mighty bloodless substitute for life.'

So, indeed, they are, and I think there is real danger in the overemphasis of this side of literature. 'Reading maketh a full man,' says Bacon; but too much reading maketh him too full; and an overread person is just as distressing as an overfed one. We all know that blotting-paper individual who seems always to bear the impress of the last printed matter he has been in contact with, and there is a reality behind the sneers of the practical world at the 'academic spirit.' But it is a view which can be held whole-heartedly only by those who are deaf and blind to the world of art.

Literature is interpretation of life, and cannot be appreciated without experience, it is true; yet to the sensitive mind its experiences are as real and vivid as those of life itself. For the artist makes life *more* true, *more* varied, *more* clear by his comment on its problems and sensations. It is true that the world says everything and shows everything; but since we have eyes that see not and ears that hear not and hearts

that do not understand, through literature we can add beauty and reality to our own imperfect impressions. The mind of every individual is peopled with a sleeping company of reminiscences, associations, impressions, attitudes, emotions, and facts which will respond and awaken at the touch of art. Browning has expressed this faculty of the artist in *Fra Lippo Lippi*. He speaks of painting, but the interpretative touch belongs more completely to literature.

We're made so that we love
First when we see them painted, things we have
passed
Perhaps a hundred times nor cared to see;
And so they are better painted . . .
. . . Art was given for that;
God uses us to help each other so,
Lending our minds out.

And the minds of writers are lent more completely than those of other artists, because the experiences they deal with are the most directly related to life as it is lived. Through them we can range over the vast track of human existence, choosing at any moment our company and our occupation. We can follow the pilgrim's progress or go angling for trout; be present at the fall of man or at the first roast of sucking pig; decline with the Roman Empire or travel with a donkey; hear of holy living and dying or of unholy. We can be in places as different as Erewhon and Wuthering Heights, Athens and Reading Gaol. We can feast with the gods on Olympus or take tea with the ladies of Cranford. We can meet friends as different as Othello and Mr. Collins, Perdita and Mrs. Poyser, Piers Plowman and Mr. Pickwick.

These are the human delights of reading; but beyond this, there is no subject so wide in its appeal to all sides of man's nature as literature. It touches his physical senses with a wealth of suggestion in beauty of color,

of line, of melody, of rhythm, describing with the brush of a painter, working in sound like a musician. On the mental side it shows mankind the splendor of his intellectual scope, 'how noble in reason, how infinite in faculty . . . in apprehension how like a god'; while it contains the whole worlds of fiction and drama as comment and as interpretation of the immense range of human emotion and character. What subject could be wider? Hence the importance of considering thoughtfully how best to keep the study of it wide. For it is obvious to anyone who takes a large view of the subject to-day, that, in spite of a full recognition of its value as an educative force, its full possibilities are cramped and thwarted on many sides by narrowing ideas of its function and its scope.

Some seem to get little from literature save the skillful statement of moral truths. They make it the Polonius of life, something which supplies an inexhaustible mine of useful and helpful maxims, characters, and stories. That maxims and quotations can be an inspiration to the living of life no one will deny. They give mental and moral help, supply courage and quietness, zest and patience, or any other quality of which our frail humanity stands in need. In the old days, the bards were freely employed to maintain heroes in fortitude and enthusiasm. When the heart failed and the spirit drooped, the bard came and urged men to their high destiny by reminding them of their high origins and magnificent traditions. In a very noble sense, the poet was a propagandist: he reminded mankind of the heroic in them. In one sense, this is what all fine literature does; but to narrow it down to its moral content is as bad as to narrow life down to duty.

One is reminded of a wicked little comment by Matthew Arnold on the Puritan founders of American society.

'Notwithstanding the mighty results of the Pilgrim Fathers' voyage, they and their standard of perfection are rightly judged when we figure to ourselves Shakespeare or Vergil . . . accompanying them on their voyage, and think what intolerable company Shakespeare or Vergil would have found them.' Literature, indeed, is not a kind of messenger-boy running between God and the suburbs.

At the other extreme are those who shrink the subject to a field for research. Here it befits one who is in no sense a scholar to walk warily, for the ground is full of thorns. Yet I think there are many, having the teaching of literature at heart, who agree that the idea of 'research' has grown to be something of a fetish. While not perhaps going as far as Samuel Butler, in wanting a Society for the Suppression of Erudite Research and the Decent Burial of the Past, it is almost impossible for the common-sense individual not to be convinced that there is quite as much in the past as in the present of the unimportant and the superfluous, and that these dry bones are none the more living after exhumation than before it. The practisers of this craft of raising ghosts are very apt to rate the importance of their investigation in proportion to the trouble it costs them: hence the frequent lack of proportion in their views. A subject has no inherent literary, or even scholarly, value because it has 'not been done before'; and how many of the theses which result from the postgraduate work of immature college students are nothing but tombstones set up to a period of misdirected effort. If only it were frankly accepted that the task of minute and patient investigation, though laborious, is quite easy, instead of its being exaggerated into an occupation for the best intelligences, we should, I think, find fewer competitors in the

field, or perhaps one might say, the graveyard.

For the study of literature should be a matter of growing, not of grubbing, of the widening of capacities, of education in the fullest meaning of the word. But as we teach it in our universities and colleges, does it mean this? Or do we find, side by side with the admiration of the superfluities of past ages, an admiration of the superfluities of the present? It is, I fear, impossible to deny that we do. We find students who have been through a compulsory course in English at college acclaim the latest sentimental or realist novel, the latest minor poet or the latest emotional drama, as a fine artistic achievement. And this misvaluation of the present is an unmistakable sign that the past has not been really understood or enjoyed, but is honored only on the score of authority. The taste of the majority of educated young people is a vague and ill-formed sense of likes and dislikes in the present, and a somewhat sullen acceptance of established masterpieces as classics — according to the famous definition of that word as books which can safely be praised without having been read. 'I know what I like' is considered a sufficient standard, although that knowledge is shared alike by infants, illiterates, and imbeciles.

But if literature is to play the part in education which is claimed for it, and which undoubtedly it can play, it must mean more than this. It cannot be merely a moral tonic, a subject for research, or a reflection of the fashions of the moment in manners and morals. It is all these, but it is also an art; and though this is the side of it most neglected, because most difficult of approach, it is its ultimate importance. Hence by far the most lively problem before the teachers of the subject should be, *how to create a standard of appreciation*. The question is, how to lay

the foundations of the enjoyment of reading so that they may develop into a real critical sense. It is a practical question. All students have, I believe, one year during which English literature is a part of their compulsory course in college. Now, how is the subject to be best presented to them in that time, so that its effect on widening their consciousness may be most potent?

It is usual in England, and I think also in America, to adopt the historical and sociological method: either by a survey in outline of the whole of English literature, or by the more detailed study of a certain period. It is, of course, obvious that anyone who is to make a special study of the subject must do so historically, at last; but that this method is the one by which to profit most in a short general course, is, I think, very questionable. Everyone comes from school with some slight knowledge of the historical background of our literature; but what all lack when they come to college, and what most lack equally when they go from college, is any capacity for artistic appreciation. Ask any college boy or girl whether he or she thinks *Far from the Madding Crowd* or *If Winter Comes* the finer book. We may safely say that over fifty per cent will vote with sincerity for the latter; and most of those who honestly prefer Hardy will generally be quite unable to give any reason for the faith that is in them.

The historical method makes the subject unmanageable for a short course. Lists of necessary reading are given to students, but real lack of time, besides natural mental laziness, makes it inevitable that the temptation to use textbooks and summaries should be overpowering. The heart of the subject — the unity of all literary art, past and present — cannot be stressed, and the student fails inevitably to relate his literary experience of the present with

anything that he or she studies as a part of the college curriculum.

It is for this reason that I would put forward the suggestion that a class in Appreciation of Literature is of far more value than one in the History of Literature, during the freshman year in college. Anyone who has in any degree experienced it, whether in making poetry or puddings, an opera or a radio apparatus, knows something of the energy of creation: the thrill, the excitement, the zest, the sense of stimulation and vitality and exhilaration which it brings. It is this sensation, this 'sudden blood,' which should be behind appreciation; for criticism is but another kind of creation. The critic occupies the same relation to the work of art that the artist does to the visible world of form and color, or to the unseen world of passion and thought. His aim is to re-create in his own consciousness the vision of the artist: he stands as interpreter between the inspired and the uninspired; he knows what the writer is trying to do, and how he has done it, what he is striving to express, and how he has expressed it; he can establish and determine the relation of the writer's art to that general life which is its substance and its subject.

All art is life made more living, more vital, than the average man lives it: hence its power. But this power is conditioned by the kinship and capacity of the minds to which it speaks: hence the supreme importance of developing that kinship and capacity. For it can be developed. Taste, unlike genius, can be acquired; and, since its acquisition enriches personality perhaps more than any other quality, it is worth while to consider the best means of doing it.

There is no need for a course such as I have suggested to become the study of æsthetics. The abstract questions,

what Beauty is, and its exact relation to Truth, are unnecessary. Few literary artists are either philosophers or metaphysicians; and no other knowledge is needed to appreciate a work of art than was possessed by the writer to create it. But literature contains certain forces and qualities, certain fusions of thought, emotion, and expression, which produce that harmony of mind, sense, and spirit, which we call artistic pleasure. We believe that our education becomes completer in proportion as our sensitiveness to these impressions increases in depth and variety. Any teacher of literature, who has any right to be teaching it, must experience this enjoyment and must believe himself, or herself, capable of communicating it to others.

Still, I doubt if many really face the question, what literature *is*, and what are the sources of the impressions it communicates. Yet this is the question on which everything else in the whole study and delight of literature depends. All knowledge of it historically centres in the answer to this question; and yet it is not considered important enough to have a place in college curricula. We teach young people what the great works of literature are, but we do not discuss with them why we consider them great, or by what standard we measure them.

But these questions, besides being the foundations of all judgment, are also those which stimulate most easily that sense of mental adventure without which all learning is futile. There is no inquiry more fascinating than that which brings us close to an apprehension of the difference between life itself and its expression in terms of art. In the course of such an inquiry, illustration and comment can be drawn from the whole sweep of literary history — past and present, classic and contemporary. At the same time, no lengthy

reading-lists need be compiled; for it is a study which calls for the minimum of reading and the maximum of thinking. A class may be confronted with this stanza: —

O Attic receptacle O!
Chaste crucible made long ago!
Informing our youth
That Beauty is Truth,
Truth, Beauty, that's all they need know!

and then with the *Ode to a Grecian Urn*, to see what differences they find; or quote them the story of *Othello* as it might appear in a police-court report, and make them realize what more they find in Shakespeare. I think one may safely say that students find such a method of approach more stimulating than *Outlines of Elizabethan Literature*, or *The Romantic Revival*.

These are only suggestions of detail, which I have found stimulating in my own teaching experience; but such a course would include an immense range of subjects of general interest to the alert mind: large questions, such as the relation of literature to the other arts, and to philosophy, to morality, to history, to sociology, to technique; together with discussions of the artistic qualities which mould the various literary forms — poetry, drama, novel, and the rest; every facet, indeed, of the many-sided subject of the relation of life and writing.

By this method, I believe, the full educative value of the study of literature can be developed in a way which is not now taken full advantage of in college schemes of teaching, and which, indeed, is often completely missed in an historical survey. I do not say it is easy. It requires that teachers and students shall coöperate in intensifying their powers. But its very difficulty makes it attractive to educational idealists with a healthy belief in possibilities. We can all commit facts to memory, and the arousing of emotional

interest in the subject-matter of literature is not hard; but an intelligent standard of appreciation aims at something far wider and higher. The mental and emotional discipline behind its achievement has a very real bearing on national as well as individual life.

The cultural value of works of art is now universally admitted, and in this country museums and private collectors vie with each other in possessing as many of them as possible.

But it must not be forgotten that a nation's artistic wealth consists, not in the number of individual works of art in the land, but in the capacity for appreciation among its men and women. There is only one way to possess works of art, in music, painting, or literature, and that is by understanding them; by living over again the artist's vision and capturing something of his creative vitality.

Oscar Wilde said that the greatness of the Greeks was the result of their

being a nation of art critics. To look back upon the age of Pericles is to watch a race of men who made of their intellectual life an adventure as stirring as any physical existence could be. Experiment, not habit, ruled their artistic attitude: hence a vitality of creation and appreciation which has lasted two thousand years.

It is the Greek spirit of experiment and adventure which we need among both teachers and students in our modern universities, and it is worth while trying to create it. It is alive enough in the physical and business spheres in America of to-day, but all too dormant in the spheres of intellect and understanding. Perhaps no portion of the community has greater opportunity to foster it than the teachers of literature. Their task is not easy; 'but a man's reach should exceed his grasp, or what's a heaven for?' No nation is fully civilized until she has added Utopia to her dominions.

IN CHINA, TOO

BY PEARL S. BUCK

It is rather alarming, even sitting in one's armchair on the opposite side of the world, to observe the youth of America and England through the various newspapers and periodicals of the times. Especially when one's days have been spent, placidly enough, among the ultraconservative parents and grandparents of a remote spot in the Far East, where the covert glance of a man for a maid is an outrage, and the said maid is at once fastened yet more

securely behind barred courtyard doors.

Dancing on six inches or so of floor-space, the discussion of knees and necks and petting parties, the menace of the movies and the divorce question, are a far cry from this tranquil corner of my cool, wide veranda. I look through the shady screen of drooping mimosas and bamboos, upon the quiet street of a small town in the far interior of China. High brick walls almost hide the curving roofs of the staid, respectable neigh-

bor homes about me. All I can see of the flapper age of maiden within is when a curtained sedan-chair stops behind the spirit wall protecting each great carved gateway. If one watches keenly enough from the corner of one's eye, one may see a slender figure in peach-colored, brocaded silk, with tiny embroidered shoes, and smooth jet hair decorated with seed-pearls, slip shyly through the gate. Fragile, long-nailed fingers stained a deep rose, a satin-smooth, painted cheek, and dark, downcast eyes — an instant, then the curtains are drawn, and the chair-bearers go trotting down the street.

Sometimes it is a ponderous dowager, in plum-colored satin, with proud drooping eyelids, opium-stained teeth, and a long bamboo pipe, silver-tipped, which she uses as a cane. She leans heavily on two girl slaves, and is supported into the chair. If her eyes fall on one, their glance passes haughtily through to the space beyond. What! notice a foreign devil! A flash of ruby and the curtains are drawn close, and the chair-bearers trot off again — albeit not blithely, under the royal weight.

I never see, on this narrow, cobbled street, the barbarous sights whereof I read in the modern magazines. Yet all day long, people are passing. In the early morning, blue-coated farmers, and sometimes their sturdy, barefoot wives, come to town, carrying on either end of their shoulder-poles great round baskets of fresh, dewy vegetables, or huge bundles of dried grass for fuel; caravans of tiny, neat-footed donkeys patter past, with enormous, cylindrical bags of flour or rice crossed upon their backs, swayed down from excessive burdens borne too early. Sometimes their nostrils have been slit, that they may pant more rapidly under the weight of their cruel loads.

Wheelbarrows squeak shrilly along;

the more loudly the better, for each wheelbarrow man cultivates his barrow's squeak assiduously for good luck's sake. They are brawny men, with swelling muscles, bare to the waist, their backs dripping and brown in the heat of the morning sun; a length of blue cotton is thrown lengthwise across their shoulders. Sometimes the barrow's load is a substantial country mother, in to shop or to visit a town relative, herself on one side of the wheel, and her bedding, a couple of cocks, a bundle of garlic, a basket of cakes, an immense oil-paper umbrella, and an odd child or two, on the other side. Sometimes an unearthly squalling racks the air, and it is a wheelbarrow with a stout middle-aged hog strapped firmly on either side of the wheel, with his legs waving violently, and squealing in the utmost agitation and outrage. A wheelbarrow, in short, may carry anything, from a lean itinerant missionary, with a six weeks' supply of bedding, food, and tracts, to a double basket of squawking fowls — geese, perhaps, with yards of neck protruding from the loosely woven reeds, and viewing the passing landscape excitedly.

Smiling, snag-toothed old men hobble along my street, with wrinkled brown faces, and sparse white queues braided up with a good deal of black string. They pass the time of day with each other by solicitous inquiries as to when the last meal was enjoyed — a curious outgrowth of a land of frequent famines.

Everywhere are fat brown babies tumbling about in the dust, for the most part naked and glistening in the warm sun, and grubbing among the cobbles and gutters. They ought to die, when one considers the amount and quality of the dirt they constantly consume from grimy fingers and unspeakable faces, not to speak of immensely long cucumbers and great

turnips, gobbled rinds and all. But apparently they live to grow fat; although I have occasionally called one by his name of Little Two, to be answered with a broad grin that he is Little Three, Little Two having died of an excess of watermelons the previous summer. But where one drops out, two spring up to fill his place.

They play about promiscuously in the grime, until, in a few miraculously short years, the boys turn out in long gowns, and the girls in embroidered coats, with smooth black bands of hair about demure faces. They have apparently forgotten their playtime together, and ignore each other with the most perfect good breeding. The little girls go into seclusion with apparent docility, until such time as the great red bridal chair shall call them forth to the rule of a mother-in-law; and the boys turn to school or an apprenticeship, depending upon the family means and social position.

All a very placid and well-regulated existence. Yet I am vaguely troubled by a sort of undercurrent of change; as, for instance, yesterday, when little Hsu Bao-ying came to visit me. I have known her since she was a mite, with a fat, solemn dumpling of a face, with no nose to speak of. At that time, her feast-day garb was a pair of ridiculously small red-cotton trousers and a little coat to match; a pair of shoes made to resemble improbable tigers, and a cap like an embroidered doughnut, with a tiny pigtail done up in cerise yarn sticking through the hole. Her parents are of the good old conservative type, not believing in overmuch book-knowledge for a girl, and with an eye to a good husband and mother-in-law for the child. An older married sister, advanced in views through a five years' residence in Shanghai, had teased them into sending Bao-ying to a boarding-school in the nearest city. When the

child left last for school, last autumn, she was a tractable, meek, sweet-faced little thing, rather frightened at the prospect of leaving home. She had the patient air which all little Chinese girls have who are enduring foot-binding. I had never heard her volunteer a remark, and in my presence she had always been particularly awed and reverential — an attitude I have ever found very pleasing in the young.

Yesterday she came in a delicate blue satin of a more fashionable cut than I had ever seen; her feet were unbound and in little clumping, square, black-leather foreign shoes. She was evidently very proud of them; they looked like shoes for a very rough little American boy, and had steel taps on the heels. They stuck out most oddly from her exquisite brocaded skirt.

After we had exchanged polite remarks, and had taken our first sip of tea, she was so evidently conscious of her feet that I could not but comment on her unusual footgear.

'It is the very latest fashion,' she replied with great satisfaction. 'You know that, of course, in the big cities like Peking and Shanghai, the really fashionable girls do not bind their feet any more. At the boarding-school they don't either; and so, when I came home, I cried for three days, without food, until for peace they unbound my feet so that I might wear these beautiful American shoes. My feet are still too small, but I stuff cotton in the toes.'

Here was change, indeed! I fell back astounded in my chair. There she sat, slim, exquisite, and complacent, but no longer one to be condescended to, and not at all reverential. I felt slightly dashed. And in the course of the afternoon's conversation, I noticed several other things: a little superior smile at her honored mother's lack of worldly experience, as the present generation sees it; a petulant wish that her honor-

able father would smoke cigarettes, as everyone else did, instead of that absurd, old-fashioned water-pipe; a hint of a suffragist meeting attended, in the city where she had been at school for the year. One year ago, oh, my soul! and Bao-ying had been a shy little thing, with eyes eternally cast down, and never a word to say unless pressed to answer a question, and then so faint a voice! And now this young person chattering away of school and cigarettes, and what not!

'What do you know of suffrage, pray?' I asked in great amusement.

'Oh, a great deal, teacher,' she cried eagerly. 'I know that only in this country are women so helpless; why, in other countries, I have heard, they do everything they like! They may go out and take walks and play games, and never bind their feet. It is even said they walk with men,' — here a delicate flush, — 'but of course I do not believe *that*. Although this year, teacher, for the first time, we had men at the Commencement exercises — but only old ones. I looked when nobody saw me, and they were very old. Some of the girls at school are very wicked, and say they will not marry unless they are allowed to see their husbands first. But, of course, that is very bold!'

She shook her head virtuously. Then she looked up at me from under her eyelashes and asked shyly: —

'Of course, in your honorable country, the girls do not walk and talk with young men?'

I cleared my throat at that, and hesitated an instant. I thought of the magazine I had just been reading.

'Well, my dear,' I said, 'times and countries change, and I have not been back there for many years.'

'I should like to know,' she said wistfully. 'Of course, one must not be bold; but really one's parents are too stupid about anything a little different

from what *they* used to do. I am sure that, just because *they* never did, is no reason why it is wrong.'

And this young sprig of modern Chinese womanhood looked very indignant and injured, as she uttered this heresy against all Chinese tradition. O eternal and unchangeable youth, the world over!

After she had gone, I sat in my old easy-chair and looked upon the quiet cobbled street, and thought of her and of those for whom she stood. Her grandmother and mother had been my friends — well-born, cultured ladies, and accounted well educated in their day. They sewed and embroidered exquisitely, and were skilled in the preparation of sweetmeats.

'How do I spend my days?' one of them had once said in answer to a question. 'I rise late. My maid brings me the lacquered bowl of perfumed water for my bath. I eat a slight repast of sweetmeats. My hairdressing, gowning, the artistic painting of my face and finger nails, consume the time until the noon meal. In the afternoon I embroider at the portrait of Li-P'o, upon which I am working. That, and a little gossip with the other women and drinking of tea, and it is time for the evening meal. After that, I visit friends, or they come to me and we gamble a little, and it is time to retire.'

Her granddaughter is up betimes at boarding-school, and goes through a stiff morning's work in science, history, literature, languages, and mathematics, with sewing, music, and gymnasium in the afternoon. To be sure, she has lost the delicate, swaying grace and the beautiful courtesy of her grandmother. She walks with sturdy feet well planted, and clips her words: she has her grandmother's eyes; but they look one calmly and widely in the face.

I am rather breathless over it all, having had my main outlook on life the

last quarter of a century from this quiet corner of my veranda in a little interior city of China. We are really very conservative here yet, the rare visitors from an outside world tell us. Vague rumors of coeducation, of men and women dining together in restaurants, of moving pictures, and even imported dances, float in from the port cities. I know that I sometimes see the inhabitants of such places pass through the abominably ugly railway-station, which has just been foisted upon our old-fashioned little old town; and they look scandalous women to me, with their wide, short trousers and short sleeves and tight coats; but I suppose I am behind the times. I confess that I like my old Chinese friends better, with their courteous speech and gracious manners. I dislike the acquired abruptness of these young creatures. I dislike the eternal cigarettes, and the blasé, self-sufficient expression on young faces, which I am accustomed to seeing timid and reverential.

But — and but again — how much of my displeasure is dislike of the ir-

reverence of my own pedantic old self, and discomfort at having my opinions, fixed by years, questioned and even flouted? How much of it, I wonder, is middle-aged stiff-neckedness? What if, after all, these young upstarts are the beginnings of a new growth out of the decadent soil of an old civilization insufficient for this day and time? The universe of space and time is not comprised within this old street, with its secluded, shaded courtyards, and spirit walls guarding dragon-carved gateways.

If these young things let the sunlight into the courtyards, and tear down the spirit walls in unbelief, and even desecrate these marvelously wrought dragons with modern paint and plaster — if, I say, it is done in the name of a new era of general enlightenment and clear thinking, and of a struggle for better things and conditions in this sleepy, unhygienic, ignorant old town and country, to the winds, then, with my slow, conservative soul and love of old-time reverence and manners!

For the world is marching on!

SPIRIT

BY ADELE LATHROP

STARRY among grasses moveth she:
Where her spirit passes, loveth she:
All of life's fair largess giveth she:
Seeing unseen beauty, liveth she.

‘LABOR ONCE LOST’

BY ROBERT HUNTER

I

How many and how vast are our wastes, and how attractive, to certain minds, is the study of the many forms in which we squander our heritage! The exhaustion of the soil, the waste of fertility, was a subject uppermost in the thought of the late Mr. James J. Hill. The waste that results from competition and duplication exercised the mind of the elder Mr. Rockefeller. The waste of timber aroused Mr. Gifford Pinchot to launch his great campaign for the conservation of our forests. The waste of water-power agitates the people of many States, and interests Mr. Henry Ford in Muscle Shoals. The waste of labor through unemployment, and the conscious restriction of effort, induce Mr. Herbert Hoover to undertake some important investigations, and to hold many conferences in Washington, which may result in some useful reforms.

The study of waste becomes an obsession in some cases. Since the day of Charles Fourier and Albert Brisbane, the socialist has never been so eloquent or so convincing as when he depicts the waste of competition and of capitalism. Indeed, some socialists have thought that if, in some manner, the obvious, gigantic, incredibly multitudinous wastes could only be stopped, nothing would seem more certain than that we must all become very comfortable upon the savings which would accrue.

In the absence of accurate data, one

would be very indiscreet to speak of this or that waste as the greatest of all. The wars men wage with each other would seem to have first place. Preventable illness, accidents, and death make a showing that is appalling. But if we pass over those wastes that are not exclusively economic in character, a strong case might be made, it seems to me, for the waste of labor through its employment upon materials that have the shortest possible life. I mean upon cloth that goes the soonest into tatters, upon leather that tears and cracks, upon timber that is not well seasoned, upon roads that fall into immediate decay, upon motors that must be junked in a few years, upon houses that are jerry-built, and, in fact, upon nearly every article manufactured in quantity for the American public.

I have not seen any writings upon this subject, or heard it widely discussed. I think no adequate data exist, which would enable one to estimate the annual loss to this nation from this form of waste. But anyone who gives a little thought to the matter can imagine how huge this loss must be in labor-power. The cost of the labor that produced the Wonderful One-Hoss Shay

That was built in such a logical way
It ran a hundred years to a day,
And then, of a sudden —

was probably but little more than the cost of the labor that built one of the

many which fell to pieces in a few years.

The problem of saving labor seems to me far more important for our country than for any other. Because we have here the most costly labor in the world, we should use care in seeing that it renders us full value. We cry out against the wages that must be paid, and yet we employ labor upon materials that would be discarded in many countries of Europe. What traveler abroad has not marveled at the churches and public buildings centuries old, at the substantially built dwellings, well-laid pavements, everlasting stone bridges, excellent cloth, stout boots, sturdy vehicles, and nearly everything else that meets the eye. Permanence is written all over the European product. It is meant to last. Even the poorer workingmen in England often wear cloth and leather that we might well envy. Some English woollens seem everlasting, and the leather is not so split into layers nor so cured and tanned as to render it well-nigh useless. Where else does one find such thread? Even the parcel that arrives from the tailor is done up in stout wrapping paper and tied with linen string that might serve for a trout line. Permanence everywhere; even in those places where it, too, seems wasteful. It is paradoxical that in England, where labor demands much lower wages than it does here, it should be employed, as a rule, upon honest materials for the creation of products that are lasting, while in our country it is too often put at work upon materials that have little life in them.

II

My taste is very likely not that of the many, and I am free to confess that, on the whole, I prefer old things. I am not offended when I see a well-darned piece of cloth. I am particu-

larly fond of any old homespun, and rejoice especially in one that has done me service for some seventeen years. I am grieved to see the thread rotting in my favorite brogues, with soles hardly showing wear after years of honest labor. Linen, silk, woolen, and leather of quality arouse in me a lively affection.

My old friend Riggs, a connoisseur of fine linens, once astonished a small party at dinner by putting the tablecloth to his lips. When we all laughed, Riggs rebuked us with the words, 'Such material and such workmanship deserve our reverence.'

What can be a greater luxury than to be clothed in soft, fleecy Shetlands? What odor is more redolent of honest worth than the aroma of the smoke of peat in a Harris tweed? When Morris produced his beautiful chintzes, at prices little higher than those of the best wall-papers, he found welcoming them an appreciative and enthusiastic public; but they would not use them for house decoration. They dressed themselves in his wall-hangings! The taste of the public is, perhaps, too much maligned. Think of the prices paid for Japanese and Chinese embroideries, for porcelains, for delft and willow ware, for copper and pewter pots, and indeed for any everlasting product of the old régimes.

If materials like the serges, jerseys, friezes, whipcords, meltons, and broadcloths of old were now obtainable, the demand for them would, I believe, outstrip the supply. In the presence of such cloth, one trial of our modern products, which lose their color and their shape and become threadbare in a few months, would be a lesson to any man. We shall never have again, I suppose, such laces, velvets, tapestries, carpets, damask, porcelains, pottery, cabinetwork, leathers, pots and pans of brass, pewter, silver,

and gold as the age of handicraft gave us. This is a machine age, and even some of the old processes are lost; but all the raw materials used in the past — and indeed some new ones — we still have, and men can, if they will, have modern labor employed upon good, honest stuff capable of rendering durable service.

It is said, I know, that this day of ours has altogether different tastes from those of our fathers, and that, while old things are sometimes treasured as curious, the real demand nowadays is for things new and fresh. We prefer new clothes, new china, new furniture, and all the rest of it. New styles arouse the most lively interest, not only in hats and gowns, but in clocks and watches, and in a multitude of other things, like these last, where durability would seem to be the quality most to be desired. No thoughtful observer of our time can deny the prevalence of this passion for the new; but while it is responsible for much that is obviously good, it is responsible also for economic evils that are leading us into serious troubles.

More and more, if this tendency grows, will our manufacturers be led to vie with each other in creating new styles for each change of season; and the time is not distant when every product of last season will be unbearable to our eyes. With the poorest of materials employed, — yielding up their feeble existence upon the slightest strain, — it will be no difficult matter to make the new not only desirable but necessary.

Of course the cost to society will be heavy. Labor so employed will be wickedly squandered, and only the merchant, builder, and manufacturer will profit. Less than ever will they be concerned in conserving labor-power for the benefit of the community. Let the turnover be as frequent as possible, in order that

profits may be repeated as often as possible, will be the one guiding principle of business. Twelve times the labor in twelve pairs of silk hose will not serve our daughters so long as the labor in one pair in the good old days. Five times must labor be employed to build me suits, where one would have sufficed in the old time. If every morning, on our way to work, we are forced to purchase a new pair of shoes, the profit to the manufacturer will be immense and the prevailing ideal of trade achieved at last.

Well, let this world go on its way, and this passion for the new turn to madness! Somewhere I shall find a bit of honest tweed, a side of sound leather, a good linen thread, and some competent workman who will build my things in the *logical* way.

III

There are, of course, many products where durability is unnecessary. Food-stuffs should be used, as a rule, as soon as possible. Speed is desired in most forms of transportation; and in the labor employed in buying, selling, book-keeping, directing, and similar occupations little or no saving could be effected.

But it is astonishing to note the many industries in which more durability in the product would make possible a considerable saving.

The quality of the implements with which men work in agriculture, in carpentry, and in all mills, mines, and factories could be bettered. The materials used in tents, awnings, sails, baskets, carpets, rugs, draperies, dresses, suits, furniture, plumbing, kitchen-ware and table-ware should be far more durable than those now obtained in the ordinary course of trade. Vehicles, whether impelled by steam, electricity, gasoline, or the old Deacon's ‘rat-tailed,

ewe-necked bay,' should be made of better stuff than is customary at the present time. The materials used in paving are, perhaps, of good enough quality; but labor is squandered in this trade by using insufficient material and in bad construction. Many of our States have been bonded for forty years to lay pavements that have to be reconstructed in less than ten years.

During the war, when labor-costs were higher than they had ever been, the general policy of our manufacturers was, so it seemed, to employ their labor upon the poorest materials that could be purchased. Home-building stopped except where the contractors could pick up trashy materials out of which they could build houses for sale. In 1918, I noticed a number of small houses being built on some cheap lots, and I made some inquiries into the problem of how the contractor could, in such times, make them pay. I watched every stage of the building, and, so far as I could see, there was not a sound bit of material used in any part of their structure.

They were all sold immediately to workingmen, and I venture to say they will cost as much in repairs as they were ever worth, and, to the moment of their complete collapse, will be a source of expense and worry to their unhappy owners.

The deluded workingmen were not the only ones to suffer in those days. We all bought shoes, shirts, suits, motor-cars, houses, and what not, at tremendous prices, knowing, if we thought at all, that the labor which went into their production had been in large measure squandered. At a time when labor-costs were almost prohibitive, the country was flooded with the cheapest and nastiest products that we shall ever see, let us hope, in our time. There were excellent reasons for this state of things, and I am recalling the

facts to mind only as an interesting example of this economic paradox; at the time when labor was scarcest and most highly priced, it was feverishly employed in building things of all sorts which were destined to the shortest possible life.

Fashion, it is true, demands rapid changes of style in many things, and shrewd tradesmen play to the full upon this weakness of ours. And then there are the bargain-hunters, who exercise everywhere a powerful influence in lowering the quality of purchasable things. To attract them, the merchant and manufacturer employ every possible device to achieve the last word in style, and yet cheapen to the last degree in quality the product of human labor.

Our newspapers, now one of the great American industries, are mainly given to the task of agitating these frenzied folk, who are forever seeking bargains and never finding them, forever buying bargains and never getting them. The prices of every imaginable article fill the pages of our papers; and while good quality is, in reality, nearly always cheap, and poor quality nearly always expensive, price nearly always determines the sale.

But the mob, however imposing, is never the majority; and, although it is true that the creatures of fashion and the victims of bargains may be numbered by the million, there yet remains a considerable portion of the public which is protesting more and more audibly against fraudulent practices, misrepresentation, and inferior quality. Moreover, among people of taste and intelligence, both rich and poor, good, sound, well-made products always find appreciative buyers. The desire for new and more fashionable articles accounts for much wasted labor, but surely not for the prevalence of bad paving, jerry-built houses, substit-

tion, adulteration, and many other evil practices which habitually victimize the public.

To determine what this policy of our merchants and manufacturers costs this nation annually would be an intricate problem in economics. Perhaps it can never be exactly measured, but we know, if a group of laborers produces something that lasts a day and might have been made to last a month, that that labor must be expended thirty times in order to render the same service. Even if labor in certain fields were made to go only twice or thrice as far by the use of better materials, the annual saving to the public would be immense.

The few precious articles of furniture which I possess promise to be as useful to my children as they are to me. The cost of the labor in some oak chairs, supposed to be three hundred years old, which I use daily in my dining-room, was probably only a few shillings, and yet, had it been three hundred dollars, the age and sturdy endurance of these chairs would have made it cheap labor.

If I purchase a suit which lasts me a year, the cost of the labor employed in its making may be exorbitant. If the suit lasts me two years, it may be reasonable. If the suit lasts me three years, it may be cheap labor.

Obviously, it is not so much a question of the high price of labor as of the poor quality of material, which makes the cost of modern production so great a burden upon the consumers. It would, perhaps, be impossible to double the life of the products of the several million workers engaged in those industries where durability in the product is desirable, yet, supposing it could be done in the case of, let us say, three million workers, it is startling to realize that the saving would approximate \$2,000,000,000 yearly.

IV

British tradesmen have never been as successful as our own merchants in putting over the 'cheap and nasty,' as Charles Kingsley used to call the products of the sweatshops. Jerry-built houses have always aroused the indignant clamor of the English public. Poor quality may at any moment be openly rebuked in a letter to the *Times*. The English newspapers are not mainly billboards camouflaged as news-sheets and insinuated into one's home. The front windows of a department store do not stare us in the face as we turn over the pages of our favorite journal. Advertisements have their modest place, but the more reliable merchants rarely use this method of attracting trade, and the English public is as suspicious of those in business who blow their own horn as we are of doctors and dentists who do likewise. Quality rather than style or price has ever been the object of the most active demand. Consequently, men of business seek above all things to establish a lasting reputation for themselves by the high quality of their output. Everyone in England seems to know the men who build the best boots, guns, rods, golf clubs, and so on. And rarely does one see in the advertisements the names of the most reliable tradesmen in any line.

By keeping the consumer's mind only on price, and by constantly advertising, unscrupulous merchants can keep going for a long time; but high quality and entirely satisfied customers are essential to men of business who do not use newspapers and magazines to entice the public. Completely satisfied customers have kept many British firms going and prosperous for a century or more.

Notwithstanding that the standards of trade are higher in England

than here, nearly every product of industry there has been the subject of lamentation since the introduction of the modern factory-system. John Ruskin and, later, William Morris were among the most severe critics of the quality of British products. When Morris built his famous Red House at Upton, he was forced to build the furniture, to weave the draperies, to make his own glass, and I know not what else, in order to get the quality and design which he desired. He found poor materials and bad workmanship in nearly every craft in which he was interested, — and they were many, — and in order to get what he wanted he was forced to make it himself. The happy result of this necessity was to produce in him the master craftsman of his time. He made a profession of household decoration, and, in his shops at Merton, he designed and executed carpets, embroïeries, tiles, furniture, printed cotton-goods, paper hangings, figured woven stuffs, velvets and cloths for upholstery, painted-glass windows, and tapestries woven in the high-warp loom. Morris died nearly thirty years ago, but the products of his shops — even his draperies, carpets, and furniture — bring prices to-day, wherever such things are dealt in, far above what they brought fresh from his hand.

V

I am not, however, so pessimistic as my words might lead one to believe. We are, I like to think, on the eve of better things. In the darkest days of the late war, when prices were soaring and no one seemed powerful enough to stay their flight, the Housewives' League suddenly sprang into existence. Once again — because such things have happened before — it was definitely shown that consumers, when organized, can exercise a powerful in-

fluence upon the trend of prices and the methods of trade. Other things also promise better days. There is hardly a trade which does not now employ efficiency experts for the purpose of studying and eliminating waste, wherever possible. Mr. Herbert Hoover recently asked the American Engineering Council, and instructed the employees in his own Department at Washington, to study and report upon certain forms of economic waste and upon the most practical methods of reform. The newspapers are beginning to refer to these activities as the New Conservation.

Fortunately, Mr. Hoover is practical in whatever he undertakes, as one would expect him to be from his education and training; and he has assailed his quarry at exactly those points where it seems most likely that ore is to be found. His first appeal is made to the self-interest of the capitalists and he points out various ways in which their profits may be increased by the elimination of waste. So far as this goes, it is excellent; but he will, I imagine, meet with difficulties in dealing with unemployment, which he speaks of as the greatest of all wastes, and also with purposely restricted effort, which, under certain conditions, becomes the most effective form of sabotage.

Mr. Hoover reminds us that 'Labor once lost is lost forever' — a thought that might profitably be placarded all over the country, and kept at all times uppermost in our minds. Unhappily, the saving of labor for the public weal is not a matter that appeals to the self-interest of the capitalists. But, while they will not be benefited to an extent sufficient to arouse their active support, by reducing unemployment the community as a whole would make an immense saving. Yet I think it is not too much to say that, if we have lost during the last two years by unemploy-

ment more than we can compute, we have lost even more by employing on poor materials the millions of workers who have been actively engaged in production during the same period. The general public would certainly be aroused if Mr. Hoover should have his Department place in his hands a carefully prepared report upon this subject. The cost of labor is high in this country, not so much because of the wages it receives, nor yet because of whatever lack of effort it may put forth, but chiefly because the product of this labor is not as lasting as it should be.

For wages paid, no matter how high, the entrepreneur is usually reimbursed; but the consumer must pay, not only for high-priced labor, but also for the wretched quality and poor material upon which this labor is so often squandered.

The problems involved in so simple an economic question as the one under consideration are far more complicated than they appear at first thought. For instance, if we could achieve immortality for all the products of human effort what a misfortune it would be! We might then see the end of progress, and the world littered with our feeble and awkward first attempts to accomplish something useful. The mere thought of it causes one to shudder. It would not have been wise to make the first steam-engines and motor-cars everlasting. It is better at times to build only for our own day. New devices, inventions, and ideas, constantly issuing from the ingenious mind of man, will make many things upon which we pride ourselves to-day utterly useless to-morrow. Trinity Church, at the head of Wall Street, is sometimes used as an example of the folly of making things too durable; but the point is not a good one. Trinity Church is a typical case of that waste which must

ever result from building in the wrong spot. By foresight and proper planning much of this sort of waste could be eliminated, but by no means all. Necessary changes in the growth of any great city will force us to demolish, from time to time, many fine structures. But while due allowance must be made often for the necessity — and, indeed, the great value and economy even — of change, careful students could find a thousand ways in which we as a nation could be enriched by adding to the life of the products of labor.

Heretofore, I have dwelt only upon the loss of that labor actually employed in making short-lived articles for our consumption. But there is a further loss in providing factories, fuel, light, machinery, transportation, book-keeping, salesmen, and what not, to make and dispose of several articles where one might have sufficed. It is also worth noting that, in times of prosperity, we often overreach ourselves by building too many factories, opening too many stores, drilling too many oil-wells, and developing too much coal and ore. In order to be in position to supply any demand that may arise, we keep our industries ready for expansion. For such occasions there must be also, standing by, a large reserve of unemployed. The cost to society of this sort of thing is heavy. Labor must suffer hunger and distress, the shareholders loss of dividends, and the consumers generally must bear the burden of paying interest, taxes, insurance, and profits upon capital that might better be used in ways more socially useful.

Socialists maintain that the evils I have dwelt upon cannot be remedied in a capitalist society. Production for profit must always defraud both the worker and the consumer, they

insist. Manufacturers, builders, contractors, merchants, and all others who make profit the chief aim of their lives, will not be interested in serving mankind if it cuts into the net return upon their capital. Moreover, it is said that competition among the capitalists themselves prevents any considerable improvement being made in the quality of production. Price decides in most cases whether or not a sale is made, and the most unscrupulous producer has consequently the best chance to survive.

But there is at least this much of error in these indictments: the producer must create what the public wants. When the public refuses to accept anything of inferior quality, business will hasten to mend its ways. Attempts to eliminate profits and to render better public service by municipal ownership and coöperative production have been successful abroad, but for some reason they have, with few exceptions, failed rather miserably in this country. It would seem, therefore, that we must devise some new method of forcing capitalism to serve better the public needs.

Education and organization would seem to be the most practical and effective way of accomplishing this end. The taste, intelligence, and judg-

ment of the public must be improved before the standards of trade can be raised.

If the press would undertake such a task, much could be accomplished in a very short time; but we can hardly hope for this. In some manner the buyers themselves must be brought together.

Perhaps the housewives of America, who are, after all, the buyers, could be organized into a National Consumers' League, and employ experts to make inquiries into the best materials obtainable and executives to direct the buying of its members. Upon the payment of merely nominal dues, millions of women could be kept informed as to the best method of employing their funds to effect an improvement in the standards of trade and the quality of production. The first gain would surely be the elimination of adulteration, substitution, and other fraudulent practices. The manufacturers and merchants who habitually deceive the public could not long survive. This would be a real achievement; but perhaps even more important would be the support that millions of buyers would bring to the aid of those conscientious producers and tradesmen who, while seeking their legitimate profit, desire also to serve their patrons honestly and well.

ONLY A CONVERSATION

BY VIOLA I. PARADISE

I

TO-DAY, as always on days when the cannery was closed, Mrs. Kazalski wavered between relief at having free time for housework and distress at the loss of a day's earnings. Good, at least, that the weather was fine, she thought; and told Katie to take her cough out into the sunshine, and to see that the baby did not cut himself on the oyster-shells. Then she sent Dan to the pump, at one end of the 'camp,' for water, and turned to sort an accumulation of soiled clothes, which smelt unpleasantly of stale oyster-juice.

Mrs. Kazalski accepted the distasteful odor with a dull fatalism, as she accepted the rest of her widow's lot: as she accepted everything in her life. A careless observer might have called her broad peasant-face stupid, might never have guessed that the thick crust of acceptance covered a shrinking sensitiveness, and had nothing to do with her thoughts. These, in so far as she thought at all, concerned themselves with obvious things: worry over Katie's cough, the debt at the company store, a mingled hope and dread of the early call of the factory siren on the morrow; for an early siren meant a big load of oysters, and consequently more nickels.

She had put the clothes in to soak, when she became aware of excitement in the camp, and the sharp voice of Mrs. Oshinsky's Annie in breathless recital. Mrs. Kazalski put her head out of the door, and saw a group of

women and children — Katie among them — at the end of the building.

One of the women called her, and in the next sentence told Mrs. Oshinsky's Annie not to talk so loud. She arrived in the midst of the hushed importance of Annie's outpouring.

'Gov'ment ladies. It's men dressed like ladies. Two. One went to talk to the boss. Mike Salinsky says it's inspectors. The other went down to the lower camp, but she says she ain't a inspector. She'll be here after a while. If they catch on us kids is working, you got to pay fines. Twenty-five dollars, Mike says. He says the gov'ment pays them to be inspectors, and that's why things cost so much at the store. He's awful mad. He says if it was n't for inspectors, everything would be better for us. He says maybe they'll take the work away from us. He says maybe they'll put us in jail. I think maybe they got revolvers —'

She was interrupted here, instructed to let her thoughts alone, and to stick to what she had heard and knew; and to repeat her tale in Polish, for the benefit of those who knew no English. She finished, and presently broke the short awed silence by beginning again, partly to prolong her importance, partly because talking kept her free of the fear manifest in the eyes of her listeners' otherwise impassive faces. But when it became clear that she had nothing more to tell, her elders silenced her, and took counsel.

After some discussion, Mrs. Kazalski spoke.

'It ain't nothing. They can't take money we ain't got. If we keep our mouths shut, they won't know the children work. The cannery ain't running to-day. Everybody's got to tell their children to shut up, and to shut up themselves, only be polite. They can't do us nothing. No gov'ment lady or man neither won't get something out of me.'

All morning, as she worked, however, she worried about the 'gov'ment lady.' Suppose that someone should let it out! Jail? No, surely not that. But if they should stop the children from working, how could they live? Suppose the company should refuse credit at the store! Once she had wished to cheat the Virgin Mary of a half-burned candle. Could this be punishment?

And suddenly, athwart her numb acceptance of life, came a passionate regret: if only she had never left Baltimore! Why, why, had she yielded to the persuasions of Mike Salinsky! She went over in her mind all the incidents that had influenced her to 'come South to oysters.' The day of Mike Salinsky's visit stood out as clearly in her mind as if it had been yesterday, instead of the day of her husband's funeral, three months ago.

Carrying the baby, and followed by the other children and her sister-in-law, she had come into the kitchen. The funeral was over.

'Take off your things,' she ordered the children; but she herself did not remove her shawl. She slumped into a chair, rested her elbow on the kitchen table, and, chin in hand, stared into space.

'What you going to do now?' asked Annie Pritoff, the sister-in-law.

She did not answer. If only her sister-in-law would go! She wished to be alone, wished to do two things. The

candle burning under the image of the Virgin Mary — she would extinguish that. All winter she had kept a candle burning there, that Mike might be spared. Mike had died. But she had not the courage to snuff out the light before her sister-in-law.

Her other impulse was to look in her purse. She knew it contained exactly five dollars and thirty-eight cents, knew that counting it again would add nothing; yet before she had made sure, once more, she could not turn her thoughts to the future.

Now Annie Pritoff was chattering again. 'He left you insurance?'

'Only for the funeral.'

'But you got money in the bank? He earned good, when he worked, no?'

'He was six months sick. It costs to live. The doctors and the medicines took everything.'

'Well, it was a decent funeral you gave him.'

Katie, her oldest, a thin girl of twelve, with hollow eyes and straight yellow hair, began to cough.

'Did you ask sometime the doctor about Katie's cough?' continued Mrs. Pritoff.

'Yes,' Mrs. Kazalski answered dully.

'Well, what did he say?'

'He said to eat eggs and milk, and sleep with the window open. She sleeps with the window open.'

'But no eggs and milk, eh?'

'Oh, let me be, let me be!'

Mrs. Pritoff was offended. 'I knew he was a good man, and did n't beat you, but I did n't know you was so stuck on him you could n't be polite to your sister-in-law.'

Mrs. Kazalski roused herself a little. 'Don't be offended, Annie,' she said in Polish. 'I don't know what I'm saying. I want to be alone. I don't know what I'm going to do.'

'Mamma,' asked Katie, anxiously, 'have n't we any money left?'

'Go 'way. Be quiet. Let me have a little peace.'

Mrs. Pritoff spoke again, this time with hesitation. 'I could take the baby, Marya. We ain't got money, but Pete's got steady work, and one child does n't cost much extra, and he could be a help to us when he grows up. The doctor says I'll never have one of my own.'

'No, thanks, Annie. I keep my baby.'

'Well, what you going to *do*? You can't take boarders here in three rooms. And you can't go to work, with the baby. Will you ask charity? They'd put away the children in the orphan 'sylum. Ain't it better I should have the baby than the orphan 'sylum?'

'So low as orphan 'sylums and charity we ain't got yet.'

'Well, what you going to *do*, Marya?'

'I don't know, I don't know. Just let me alone.'

When the sister-in-law had gone, she took out her purse and counted the money. Five dollars and thirty-eight cents. The rent was paid. She must buy some cough medicine for Katie. That would leave —

No use. Five dollars or ten dollars, it would soon dribble away. Something must be done. She stared at the money, but could not think.

The baby woke and cried, and she nursed it. Presently the other children began asking for food. She sent Katie to the grocery for cabbage and bread.

'Could n't we have meat to-day, mamma? It's like a holiday,' said six-year-old Mary.

'Meat? God knows when we'll have meat again. Meat!'

Mary began to cry.

'Be quiet!'

Katie left, coughing. Her mother set a kettle on the gas-flame, and walked aimlessly about the room. Then she remembered the candle. She hesitated, crossed herself, and stretched forth her hand. But she could not put it out.

After the supper dishes were washed, Katie put the younger children to bed, and then came back into the kitchen. She wanted to sit close to her mother, now so strangely remote and indifferent. But, afraid of being ordered to bed, she sat quietly in a far corner of the room, anxious and frightened at the awful events of the day — the black coffin, with papa dead in it. And to have it put under the ground! But far more frightening was the change in her mother. It was as if her mother were not there.

Mrs. Kazalski was still unable to think. Again and again she looked at the money in her purse, again and again said over to herself, 'What next? What shall I do?' and could find no answer.

About nine o'clock, a heavy step was heard on the tenement stairs, and then a loud knocking at the door. Katie, frightened, looked at her mother, who sat as if she had not heard. When the knock was repeated, Katie herself asked, 'Who's there?'

'Does Mrs. Kazalski live here? I'm Mike Salinsky.'

'Who? Come in.'

A fat, florid man entered. 'Good evening, good evening,' he said; and began at once a long rapid speech, in Polish. 'I learned from the undertaker about your grief. Very sad. My condolences. Life is strange. The will of God. You never can tell. But what would the world come to if we gave in to our grief? We must think of the living, of the living.'

He found an unresponsive audience. Katie, now leaning against her mother, gazed at him, wide-eyed, unsmiling. Mrs. Kazalski, contemptuous, hardly noticed him.

'I'll just sit down,' he said, 'and get my breath.'

Katie began to cough.

'My, what a bad cough, for such a

nice little girl!' said the stranger. 'This climate — bad for coughs. How many children have you, Mrs. Kazalski?'

With an effort she tore her mind away from its vacant brooding, and focused it upon her visitor.

'What do you want of me? Why do you come here? What business is it of yours how many children I have?'

'No offense, no offense,' he replied, always in Polish. 'I'm here to help you. The undertaker told me you were a widow with several children, and my business, you might say, is to help widows with children. I can do you a good turn.'

She did not answer, and he went on, quite unembarrassed: —

'How'd you like to go South? How'd you like to go down to the Gulf of Mexico, down in Mississippi, where it's nice and warm, and where you and all the children could get nice easy work, and good pay, and free rent, and free fuel? How'd you like to go South and shuck oysters and pick shrimps? For the winter. I'm the row-boss for the O. U. Oyster Company, and they sent me up here to get families to come down and work. We pay the fare, and if you stay the whole season, and work whenever there's work to be done, we pay your fare back to Baltimore. People earn three or four dollars a day. Oh, not at the very first, but — do you know the Blitskys?'

'No.'

'Well, Mrs. Blitsky earned two hundred dollars last year, and she's gone down again. Her children make fifty or seventy-five cents apiece, some days.'

Mrs. Kazalski, by nature cautious and mistrustful of strangers, eyed the speaker with suspicion. Why should he come to her? If the work was so good, why did n't the people who lived down there do it? Why should he come all the way to Baltimore to get workers? She did not ask these questions. What

use? He would give her some smooth answer. He had a smooth, oily look. She mistrusted him.

Suddenly, while she was looking at him, the candle sputtered and went out. She turned to it. Perhaps — who knows? — perhaps it was a sign. Perhaps this was an honest offer of help, heaven sent — a reward from the Virgin for not putting out the candle this afternoon? At any rate, it would do no harm to ask questions.

The work was seasonal, he said. There were not enough people in the locality to do it, and not enough work the year round to keep a large population there. The canneries ran only from October to May. Every year, canneries all along the Gulf coast, in Florida, Mississippi, and Louisiana, brought down thousands of workers for the season. Surely she must have known some people who had 'gone South to oysters.' Had she never heard of Biloxi? Biloxi was less than fifty miles from the O. U. Oyster Cannery.

It happened that Mrs. Kazalski had heard of Biloxi. The family who had occupied these very rooms, before she took them, had gone to Biloxi. She had not known them, nor had she heard how they fared, but the familiar name gave her a feeling of security. She continued to ask questions. The row-boss gave information fluently.

The house they would live in was less than a stone's throw from the cannery. The climate was warm. Fire was needed only for cooking, and the company supplied the wood. The furniture, too. All she need bring was bedding, dishes, and clothing. The work was healthy, practically out-of-door work, and mothers brought their babies along to the canning-shed with them. 'You must have heard of the Sunny South,' he continued. 'Lots of rich people go South for consumption. It would be awfully good for your girl's cough,

down there. And she can work while she's getting well, and so can all the other children work too. How old are they?'

'Katie's twelve, and Dan's eight, and Mary's six, and Lisbeth is four, and the baby's two months.'

'Well, well, quite a jump from Katie to Dan! Ha, ha!' But as she did not respond to his joke, he continued seriously, 'Every one of them could help you, except the baby.'

There was more talk. The row-boss soon discovered that Mrs. Kazalski's chief interest lay in the answer to the question, 'You're sure it's good for coughs?'

When he had gone, Katie's mother was no longer strange and distant. She held Katie on her lap, — a rare endearment, — and repeated to herself, in Polish, 'The sunny South, the sunny South. Good for consumption. The sunny South!' She beat down the misgivings that forced themselves into her heart.

II

Despite the discomforts of the overcrowded coach, the two days' trip down to the O. U. Oyster Cannery was of great interest to Mrs. Kazalski. She could not remember any previous two days of her life spent thus idly, except for her trip to America from the old country, nine years ago. It was pleasant to look from the train-window at the passing landscape; pleasant to talk with the other Polish women — a number of them, like herself, in the greenness of their grief, going to escape such poverty as attended widowhood in Baltimore. A few families were fortunate in having fathers, coming to work on the oyster- and shrimp-catching boats. The men, however, were few. Chiefly there were women and children.

The flaw was the changed attitude of Mike Salinsky, the row-boss. He

had no longer the suave manner of his visit to her home. Every now and then he walked through the train, looking over the 'bunch' he had rounded up, with an insolent air. Once, as he passed, Katie was coughing, and he told her sharply to 'hold her noise.'

At noon of the third day the train stopped at a small covered platform, and the passengers trooped out. No town, no stores, only a stopping-place for the train, and a signpost, on which a painted hand pointed the direction of the O. U. Oyster Cannery. The land about the platform was marshy, with low palms and bracken and other lush growth.

The large wagon that met the train could take only part of the crowd at one time. Mrs. Kazalski and her children and baggage were piled on with the first load.

When the road along which the wagon jogged turned away from the swamps, and into a lovely pine wood, Mrs. Kazalski felt reassured. It was a bright sunny day, and the air was soft and warm. She reproached herself for her fears. The sweet country smell made her think of the fields of Galicia.

A half-hour's drive brought the road to a turning; and suddenly there appeared the cannery, the 'camp,' and the blue sweep of the Gulf.

As the wagon pulled out of the wood, the sun was so blinding that the newcomers could scarcely take in the scene. The 'camp' had been built up on piles of crushed oyster-shells, bleached white and glaring in the sunlight. A single palm tree, close to one of the camp buildings, was the only growing thing near the O. U. Oyster Cannery. Several long, low, unpainted structures stood flimsily on stilts, above the shell-foundation. Everywhere flies buzzed, and mosquitoes whined.

'Hurry up, hurry up, pick your rooms!' said the driver, as he deposited

the families. 'All just alike. Does n't matter which you take. First come, first served.'

The women stood about, dazed. 'Is this where we — *live*?' asked Mrs. Kazalski, at last.

'Where the hell do you think you live? Of course this is where you live. Every room furnished. A room for each family.'

He turned his horses, and drove back for the second load.

Some of the women began running in and out of the various rooms, to see which were preferable. Mrs. Kazalski stood still. Her imagination had pictured a small cottage, with a garden. To be sure, the row-boss had not promised a garden and a cottage, but somehow she had pictured it so; and this long, narrow, flimsy, barn-like shack shocked her. The building was two rooms deep, and twelve rooms long. Each room had a door and a small window. A sagging uncovered porch, or platform, ran the whole length of the structure, front and back. To the right of each door, protruding from the wall of the house, near the low roof, was a stovepipe. Twenty-four families were to occupy the twenty-four rooms. A pump at each end of the shack supplied water.

Mrs. Kazalski chose the room nearest the palm tree. It measured twelve by fourteen feet. Its furniture consisted of a stove, a table, a bench, and a bunk built up about one foot from the floor — all made of rough, unpainted planks. Thin board partitions divided her compartment from that on either side, and from the one behind hers. The room lacked closets and cupboards. Rusty nails in the walls invited such clothing as the members of the family did not have upon their persons. A small shelf offered support for a few dishes and food.

She sighed. Then she said to herself,

'No matter. The climate is good for consumption.'

The cannery was not running on the day of her arrival. She settled her few belongings, carried some wood from the camp woodpile, and went to the commissary to buy food.

'How much?' she asked, having made her selection.

'Cash or book?'

If one had no cash the company allowed credit, its extent depending upon the number of working children in the family, and the experience of the mother. But articles cost about one third more on credit than when cash was paid. In either case, the prices seemed to Mrs. Kazalski exorbitant; but she could do nothing, no other store was available. Grateful that her purse still held two dollars, she paid cash.

After a dinner of bread and beans and coffee, she washed the clothes that the journey had soiled, and bathed the children. Then, while the clothes were drying, she sat on the edge of the platform in front of her door, nursing her baby, and blinking in the sunlight, content. This drenching, dazzling sunshine — nothing could exaggerate it. Surely it would cure Katie's cough. The children had run down to the water's edge, to the right of the cannery, to play. Yes, it was much better than Baltimore.

But that night it began to rain, and the dampness permeated everything. The roof leaked. The mosquitoes bit viciously. All the children were restless. Katie coughed almost incessantly, and the neighbors on all three sides protested. 'Shut up, you're keeping the whole camp awake,' called the neighbor on the right. 'That's right, she is!' responded the father of the left-hand family, and added, 'Damn these mosquitoes!' It was almost as if they were all sleeping in one room, so thin

were the partitions. Mrs. Kazalski gave Katie a double dose of the cough medicine.

It seemed as if she had hardly fallen asleep, when a shrill siren startled the night, and tore her senses awake. The baby and little Mary screamed in terror. Only Katie, drugged by the cough medicine, slept through the disturbance.

'There must be a fire somewhere,' was Mrs. Kazalski's first thought; for it was dark—it could not be four o'clock in the morning.

Soon a heavy knocking was heard next door, and then at Mrs. Kazalski's door came a pounding, and the voice of the night watchman: 'Get up, hurry up, the oysters are waiting. Everybody up!' He pounded with a heavy stick, and Katie woke, frightened.

'What is it, mother?'

'Come, we must get up and go to work.'

'But it's nighttime, and very cold.'

The damp wood smoked, but Mrs. Kazalski succeeded in building a fire; and after a breakfast of bread and coffee with condensed milk, Mrs. Kazalski and her dazed, sleepy children stumbled across the short stretch of crushed oyster-shells, to the cannery. She carried the baby in her arms.

The work itself was not hard, but Mrs. Kazalski hated it from the start. She hated the chill, damp, shucking-shed, the smell of steamed oysters, the dirtiness of the work. The oysters were unloaded from the boats into small cars out on the pier; the cars were run through a 'steam box' at the entrance to the shed, and then, steaming and dripping, traveled along tracks into the shucking-shed, where the workers clustered about them. Each worker was given a bucket, — called a cup, — a knife, and a glove to protect the hand from the sharp rough edge of the shells. It took only a minute to learn

the work. One attached one's cup to the side of the car, took a cluster of oysters from the car, broke it apart, opened the oysters, which the steam had already partly opened, and cut out the meat, leaving the eyes in the shells, which were dropped to the floor.

'A baby could do it,' said Mike Salinsky, no longer resplendent in city clothes, but authoritative. The owner of the factory came in to look about, and left. Mike and another row-boss supervised the work.

'There's no gloves for the children,' said one woman.

'You can buy some for them, tomorrow,' said Mike. 'You got to buy your own, after this, too. The company gives only the first glove. Hey, you,' — this to Mrs. Kazalski, — 'you can't work with that baby in your arms. Put it over there, with the other babies.'

'You should have brought something to put it on,' said Mrs. Kazalski's neighbor, who had been in the camp several weeks. 'I take a box along for mine; the floor's awful wet.'

Mrs. Kazalski looked helplessly about. Then she sent Katie home for a quilt.

'Here, where you going?' demanded Mike Salinsky, as Katie was slipping out of the shed.

'My mother wants a quilt to put the baby on.'

'Well, see you hurry back, and quit your coughing!'

About seven shuckers stood at each car. As they shucked, they dropped the shells to the floor, standing among them, and on them. As the piles of shells on the floor grew, and as the cars emptied, the shuckers had to bend over farther and farther, to reach the oysters. They worked with a swaying motion, to ease the monotony of standing. When a cup was filled, the shucker took it to the weigher, who gave her a

nickel for every two pounds. The mothers dumped the oysters their children had shucked in with their own, and received the money.

By noon, Mrs. Kazalski and her children had earned thirty-five cents. She was discouraged, she was wet and dirty, she was worried. Katie had coughed straight through the morning, and Dan was beginning to sneeze and snuffle. The younger children had once or twice fallen asleep on the floor, among the oyster-shells, and she did not disturb them, until she saw Mike Salinsky approaching.

'You make more, after a while,' encouraged her neighbor, Mrs. Oshinsky. 'And when you stop minding the smell, you eat more oysters, — they're real good, — and you don't get so tired. It's awful the first few days.'

Mrs. Kazalski thought she would never eat an oyster.

She determined not to bring the smaller children back to the cannery in the afternoon; but when she saw other children following their mothers, she changed her mind.

The children, however, worked only fitfully in the afternoon; and it seemed understood that they need not shuck steadily. At least, though Mike Salinsky shouted at them when he saw them idling or playing together, he did not drive them to work, as he had in the morning.

The first day finished at three o'clock. Counting the time off for breakfast at nine o'clock and dinner at noon, they had worked ten hours. The fastest shucker in the shed had earned two dollars. A family of a mother and four children had earned three dollars. The nickels of the Kazalski family added up to ninety cents.

Mrs. Kazalski went home, discouraged. She was strong, but the standing and stooping over the oyster-cars had tired her, had made her back ache. Her

clothes were wet and dirty. 'No use to wash them,' she said. 'They'd be as dirty after an hour to-morrow.' She changed the children's clothes and her own, and hung the dirty ones behind the stove to dry.

She recalled something Mrs. Oshinsky had said: 'This ain't nothing to shrimps. That's a stink to complain about. And the shrimp-juice eats the skin off your fingers, till they bleed. But you can get used to anything.'

That had been the beginning. Better days had followed, and worse — the day of the accident, for instance. A child had got in the way of an oyster-car. Mrs. Kazalski shuddered, remembering the crushed hand, and turned her thoughts away. Some days the boats brought in neither oysters nor shrimps, and then one could rest. But no work meant no money; and before the season was half over Mrs. Kazalski owed eighteen dollars to the company store. How could she pay it? She could never catch up. She bought as little food as possible, and tried to fill herself, and urged the children to fill themselves, on oysters. She could contrive no further economy, except that of buying less cough medicine. But Katie suffered, and could not sleep without the medicine. The sunny South had not helped her. She was worse.

Mrs. Kazalski struggled hard against despair. If only she had never left Baltimore!

And now the government, the government was sending inspectors, to fine them, to starve them, to take the work away from their children! Twenty-five dollars! Suppose they discovered that her children worked, that she had not the twenty-five dollars? Some of the neighbors might let it out. Well, the government lady would get nothing from her, not a thing. She would be civil, but not a word about the work!

III

The government lady was in the door. 'It's not a man, dressed as a woman,' was Mrs. Kazalski's first thought. 'Annie Oshinsky is a fool!' She responded, unsmiling, to the 'Good afternoon, Mrs. Kazalski. I'm Miss Egmont of the Children's Bureau. May I come in?'

'Sit down,' she said, in a dull voice. But she thought, as she looked at the short, slight, brown-clad figure, the pointed piquant face under the close-fitting little round hat, 'She looks — almost — as if she could be happy!' It came as a revelation to her that any adult could look like this.

Afterward, thinking of her, Mrs. Kazalski wondered why she had seemed so remarkable. She was not pretty, nor yet clever: apparently she had not noticed Mrs. Kazalski's hostility, had acted as if she were welcome. She had said, easily, 'May I take off my hat? It fits a little too tight'; and, without waiting for permission, had removed it and hung it on the knob of the chair.

Afterward, as during the interview, Mrs. Kazalski felt about in her sparsely furnished mind for a word to explain this visitor, so unlike anyone she had ever met. The Polish word for 'separate' kept coming to her mind; but, being unused to abstract thinking, she did not recognize it as exactly the word to express Miss Egmont's detachment, — detachment from herself, apparent freedom from problems of her own, — which was the quality that puzzled and attracted Mrs. Kazalski.

'Did you ever hear of the Children's Bureau?' began Miss Egmont. And when Mrs. Kazalski had said, 'No 'm,' she continued, 'Well, it's a part of the government that is trying to find out how children and mothers are getting along, and what they do, in order to learn what things are best for them.

Now we are visiting all mothers with children in these little canning camps. How many children have you?'

Mrs. Kazalski was immediately on her guard. Miss Egmont's pencil was poised over a large-card, on which Mrs. Kazalski could see irregular patches of printing, combined with blank spaces, and red-and-blue ruled lines. Miss Egmont was not looking at the card, but at her hostess, with half-smiling encouragement. And surely, thought Mrs. Kazalski, that was a harmless question. No harm, either, in giving their ages, and telling at what grades they had stopped in school. In fact, Miss Egmont turned directly to Katie and Dan, who stood by, their wide eyes upon her, and asked them questions about school. Katie, who coughed most of the time, coughed harder, now, from nervousness; and Miss Egmont's face clouded, as she asked about the cough.

Despite her resolution to be circumspect in her dealings with this intruder, Mrs. Kazalski scarcely listened to what she was saying, so preoccupied was she in her personality. 'If she had my life and my troubles,' she thought, 'would she be so — so different?'

'You 'Merican lady?' she asked.

'Yes,' said Miss Egmont, 'but my grandparents came from the old country. How long have you been in America?'

'Nine year. How old you are, lady?'

If Miss Egmont was surprised, she did not show it. 'Thirty-two,' she replied. 'And you?'

Mrs. Kazalski's eyes opened wide. Thirty-two! Why, she herself was only thirty. She would have guessed Miss Egmont fully ten years younger. Then surely this apparent happiness was not real. Why, she was not married: was an old maid. Mrs. Kazalski softened, with something like pity. So busy was she speculating about her visitor, that

she answered questions mechanically. But suddenly, one question brought her up short.

'Now tell me about the children's work. I suppose Katie can't help you very much at the factory, because of her cough?'

Mrs. Kazalski's face hardened. She made no answer. Miss Egmont might ask till doomsday, she'd get nothing out of *her*. Yet it was strange that she should ask the question so directly — not at all as if she were trying to surprise an answer from her.

'I'd like to know,' Miss Egmont went on, in her soft, even voice, 'about the work you and the children do in the cannery — just what you do, and how much you earn, and what time you go to work, and some other things. But first, are you sure you understand just why I'm asking these questions? Sometimes people are suspicious, can't understand why the government, far off in Washington, should send someone away down here to ask questions. Maybe you'd like to ask me some questions before you answer mine?'

'Mrs. Oshinsky says you come to collect the fines.'

'Fines?'

'The twenty-five dollars for people, if their children work. You inspector?'

'No,' said Miss Egmont, simply, and it surprised Mrs. Kazalski that the accusation did not embarrass her. 'There are inspectors,' Miss Egmont continued, 'and there are fines for employing children; but the bosses, not the workers, pay the fines. Only, my work has nothing to do with fines. The government is making a study of what's good for children and what's bad for children. You see, children are the most valuable things in the world; but it is only lately people have learned that, in order to make them healthier and happier, we have to study them, and see how things affect them. The

Children's Bureau is finding out how work affects them — how it affects their health and their chances of growing up strong and healthy and happy. What do you think about it? How do you feel about the work your children do, and the other children?'

Mrs. Kazalski had never thought of it. But the question turned her scrutiny back from her visitor to herself. It half flashed through her mind that she had never before thought of anything aside from how to get money for the next day's living; how to keep her children and her house clean; what to cook; whether the oysters would be large or small; how to pick out the wettest car and to work quickly, so that as much water as possible would get in with the oyster-meat, before it was weighed.

But now, here was a new thing. Her opinion was being asked. She shrugged her shoulders. What had she to do with these things?

Yet something quite strange and new seemed to be pushing up in her mind. A slow anger was part of it, but there was another element in it, too. She *had* an opinion, and she wanted, not to be silent and sullen with this government lady, but to talk, to argue with her. Presently she was answering: —

'I think too bad for children to work; but what you can do? It's better to work and live, than to starve and die. What would *do* poor people without husband, if the children don't work? Without the children, I no could make half to live on. Even with the children, I got a debt eighteen dollars, at the store. And you — the government — it don't give money, no? No, just questions it gives. How can help us — questions? The row-boss say you get money for questions, that's why things cost too much — for tax. You say it's good for children — questions. Will it help *my* children?'

This was a long speech for Mrs. Kazalski. She was breathing hard and perspiring with the effort of it.

Miss Egmont's face was thoughtful. 'I'm not absolutely sure it will help *your* children.' She spoke slowly, experienced in making simple people understand new things. 'I'm not sure the results of a study like this will come soon enough, though they may come in time to help the younger ones. Do you know,' she went on, 'that some states give money to widows, so that their children can go to school? And that, in some countries, fathers and bosses and the government together pay for insurance, so that, if the father dies, the mother will have some money every month, and won't have to put the children to work? Well, how do you suppose those countries and those states came to do these things? They sent people like me to go and study what the people needed, how they lived and how they worked; and then they planned ways to help them. But it takes time, and to learn these things we must depend on what the workers tell us, and what the bosses tell us. You, when you tell me about your children's work and about your work, are helping the government to make things better for all children, even though the changes may not come tomorrow or for several years. I believe they will come in your children's lifetime. Don't you want to help make things better for children?'

Mrs. Kazalski felt strangely moved. Only partly by the argument of her visitor, only partly by the visitor's personality. Mainly, it was the fact of this visit, the fact of this conversation, which had swerved her mind from its familiar groove into the rough vastness of new thinking. To think, for the first time in one's life, of anything outside the range of one's experience and observation, is a profound experience. As

Mrs. Kazalski's untutored but not stupid mind followed Miss Egmont's simple explanation, she forgot about her debt to the store, forgot Katie's cough (for Katie, listening intently, had not coughed for some minutes). A strange emotion welled up in her, a feeling of value, a feeling that her children were really important, not only to herself, but to the country.

She shook her head several times. 'It should be a good work,' she said slowly, at last. And when Miss Egmont took up her questioning again, with 'How did you happen to leave Baltimore, to come down here?' Mrs. Kazalski found herself wanting to tell the whole story of her hardships. It would be a blessed relief to talk about her troubles, to put them into words, to a person quite detached from her life, someone she would never see again. Never had she done this; never had it occurred to her. She had always thought of her burdens as inevitable, inflicted by Providence, goading her to laborious, irksome effort, which offered no reward. She was not a woman to pity herself, but now, as she poured forth her tale, it was as if she had been given the power to stand apart and see herself; and a rush of self-pity, the first she had known, flooded her for the moment — a strange indulgence of pain that was hotter, but softer, than the hard accepting silence of her many months. Yet there was nothing in her voice, no moisture in her eyes, to tell Miss Egmont, who listened with understanding, of her emotion. She had sent the children out of doors, and in a low voice — that her neighbors might not hear — she had begun: —

'Things were enough good with us, till the accident. After five months sick, my man die; and was left in the house only five dollar thirty-eight cents. Katie coughed bad. That night came the row-boss —'

She told of Mike Salinsky's visit, of her trip down, of her disappointment; of the draughty coldness of the canning-shed in bad wet weather; how the roof of her house 'leaked like a basket' when it rained; how she lay awake at night, too tired to sleep, worrying, waiting for the siren, yet dreading it; waiting and dreading the watchman's pounding on the door, which never failed to fill her with anger; hating to force the children from their beds at four or five or six o'clock in the morning — according to the size of the catch; how fast the shucking-gloves wore out — 'one glove a day, and we cut our hands yet'; how much worse picking shrimps was than shucking oysters, because of the acid in the head of the shrimps: 'After two days at shrimps, my hands look like butcher-shop, but that's the only one thing to make think there is in the world meat! And the stink! You smelt it once? So!'

But, worst of all, was the worry about Katie's cough. That kept recurring again and again in her outpouring. She talked with the simple vividness of a person unused to fluent speech. 'I no would care about work, I no would care for nothing, if Katie could get well. When I go away from Baltimore, I say, charity the Kazalskis no take. But now I think foolish to be more proud than to care of your child's health. It ain't proud, having them work over mud and wet, in clothes soaked and torn like noodles. And I think maybe oysters no good for the cough.'

'Did you ask the boss if he would send you back now, instead of waiting till the end?'

Mrs. Kazalski laughed bitterly. 'He gave me a mouthful,' she said.

'Excuse me, I tell you all this,' she went on, 'but you want to know why children got to work. That's why. But if Katie could get well, I'd give — I'd

give — well, I ain't got nothing to give. Excuse me, miss, your face looks very sorry. But you ask — and now you know.'

Miss Egmont was silent for a while. Then she said, 'Did your husband's boss do nothing for you when he died?'

'Why he should do something? It was no his fault — the accident. My man,' — she paused, — 'he good worker, nine year one boss; but he make himself the accident. Sixteen hours he work, and he was much tired. He was good worker, but we no could ask something from the boss, when my husband make the accident.'

'When you get back to Baltimore, what will you do?'

Mrs. Kazalski had asked herself this same question many times, and never had she found any answer. But now, miraculously, she discovered that she had a plan, a plan that sprang up of its own accord, that rushed forth, almost as a part of her outpouring.

'I go to a charity. I say, "Let me take money for rooms; I take lodgers, so I can get a doctor for Katie; I take in washings; I pay back the money." Maybe I pay neighbor to take care the baby; I go factory, maybe. But I send my children on the school; they should grow up, like you say, like people, not like pigs. What for I leave Baltimore, to come down to this pig-life, I don't know. If only,' she added, wistfully, 'if only Katie should live till we get back.'

Miss Egmont looked away, out of the open doorway, to the Gulf. The water was a deep blue. A white sail moved slowly, in the sunlight, along the horizon.

'Well,' she said, bringing her eyes back to Mrs. Kazalski, 'you have had a hard time. But there are only six weeks more, and you have been here, you say, nearly fourteen already. Six weeks is not so terribly long. About the

debt, I should not worry too much. Are you the only person here with a debt at the store?’

‘Oh no! All people got debt at the store!’

‘Well, surely the company won’t want to keep all of you here, for your debt. At the worst, they will take some of your bedding to pay for it. And there may be a heavy run of oysters. And thank you very much for giving me this information. Would you mind if I look over this card, to see that I have n’t forgotten to ask anything? I’m supposed to have an answer for every question.’

Mrs. Kazalski did not accuse her of indifference. Her mind was so occupied with her sudden, new plans for the ordering of her life on her return to Baltimore, that she was scarcely conscious of Miss Egmont.

Miss Egmont stayed a few minutes longer to get in detail the earnings of each member of the family since their coming, and the hours of work. Presently she left, hoping things would go better, hoping Katie would improve, suggesting a Baltimore clinic.

Mrs. Kazalski went back to her washtub. She could hear Miss Egmont making the same explanation in the next compartment, could hear her neighbor’s guarded, reluctant answers. She did not listen to the words, though she could easily have heard them — at first. But after a while her neighbor’s voice lowered. Then it occurred to her that perhaps her neighbor had some trouble as real as her own; perhaps — why, surely, every woman in the camp had troubles. Most of them were widows, most of them had children to support. And perhaps other women, all over the country! Why, of course, it was right that the government should send someone down to see how things were!

That night she went to bed with a

new feeling. It was as if, for the first time in her life, she was fully alive. Not happy, but awake. Sometimes, in her youth, — say fourteen years ago, — at a wedding in Galicia, after a peasant dance, she had a feeling akin to this, yet different. Then the dancing made one forget the hard furrows and the heavy plough. Now there was no forgetting, rather a full remembering, a coming alive of her mind. A full remembering of herself, and, therefore, of others.

Yet, she told herself, nothing had happened, really. A woman had come, had asked questions, had gone away. She had answered questions, had stated her situation. ‘Yet nothing has *happened*,’ she repeated to herself in Polish, ‘only a conversation. Talk, only.’ The debt was still unpaid, Katie was this minute coughing, and life in Baltimore, at the end of six weeks, would be a hard struggle, even though she now had a plan. Why then this new courage, this strange, warm feeling, which reached out, even beyond this roomful of her own family — which included even more than the whole camp? Was this, she asked herself, what they meant by *patriotism*?

The wind blew, and the single palm tree outside her door crackled. The sound was like the rattle of hard rain. Other nights she had hated it, had thought it mournful, but now she liked it. She raised her head from the bed, and through the window she could see the tree. The moonlight seemed to drip off the sharp fingers of the leaves. Splotches of light and black shadows made a grotesquery; and for the first time she saw a beauty in it. She could close her ears to the heavy breathing of her neighbors, and to Katie’s cough, and could listen to the orchestra of crickets and frogs, against the night’s outer silence, with — was it possible? — almost with happiness.

HAIL AND FAREWELL

BY CHARLOTTE E. WILDER

I HAVE stood with a deck under my feet and looked at many shores of many oceans. There was England, under a setting sun that threw low yellow beams over the green, close-cropped land's end; there was Boulogne, a blot of black in the night, sprinkled with silver points of light. There were the hundred isles of the Inland Sea, and the coast of China, with its beach on beach running in a chain down to the last high-tipped walled town.

When I set my face toward all that panorama, I turned my back on the one I loved most. It was inland, and a not particularly beautiful inland. Summer swept that Western state in a scorching way, and left its low foothills gasping for rain. And yet, up and down the soft, brown hills my memories walk, chasing the elusive beauty of earth, and of that particular soil.

So it is that the least becomes greatest in a disconcerting manner. I am convinced that Boswell's *Life of Johnson* is the most entertaining book ever written, and yet, when there is room in my pack for but one companion, I have slipped in *Lavengro* when Boswell was not looking. And as for home and favorite spot on earth: I stand on a peak of the Alps and think yearningly of 'Miller's Holler.'

This ache for a certain soil seems a thing grown more poignant with the new centuries. Perhaps it is that, as we lose the earth, — as things of utility and invention encroach on the soft wildness of country land, — we find it more precious.

All cities cling to their parks, round which crouches the line of shops, with yellow gleaming electric eyes, trying to press in over the wide, cool province. On clear days, there little children totter along, turning their heads with wide following eyes, watching a leaf blow, — it seems half a mile, — to light in a bit of glassy pool. And people with things to say to each other go there to be near the trees, and to mount a little hill in the centre, to be a twentieth of a mile nearer the moon, it may be. And even when winter comes, drawing its skin of ice over the water and the hard earth, we dip in at the openings in the encircling fence, to walk a way on a half-thawed path and throw peanuts to a desolate squirrel.

There should surely be a philosophy dealing with this single department of human whimsy. It would discover to us what is the particular revelation of the 'little, familiar, remembered spot'; in what consists its attractiveness and elusiveness.

Our minds and books are continually beating against the mystery, in language that can never give it adequate expression: —

There stood a Poplar, tall and straight;
The fair, round Moon, uprisen late,
Made the long shadow on the grass
A ghostly bridge 'twixt heaven and me.
But May, with slumbrous nights, must pass;
And blustering winds will strip the tree.
And I've no magic to express
The moment of that loveliness. . . .

One would suppose that, with Life as a common denominator to us both, we

would have some more intimate 'feel' for our background. Surely, with this kinship in our veins, it lies in us to understand the urge in the sap and the seeming futility of the recurring seasons. 'Come into the garden, Maud,' is the password for all of us to content; and yet we and the garden remain singularly alien. It is as if our created culture and dignity had robbed us of some perceptive finer sense. So that what is left is this tumultuous recognition of something beautiful; something wanting to tell us things, if we could hear the voice.

We come nearer to this intuitive recognition, I think, with the 'little, familiar, remembered spot,' and that is why it winds itself into our affections so delicately and permanently. Wide landscapes set us adrift in cold distance, somehow. We are nearer — in one flash of experience — when we put our noses almost through to the roots of wild flowers on a summer hill, or watch, in a still gray morning, mother Marmot and her seven stepping out of their hollow stump, passing in a fluffy file down to the river to bathe, coming back in a sleek file, ready for breakfast.

But even then, the intimacy passes in a moment. We intrude ourselves as Man, and they have disappeared; on our hill we thump the soil in chagrin: like the dead and God, it *does not answer us*.

The least bee, as it goes humming after honey, is comprehended in the ample lap of nature — it, at all events, moves in its own background, unquestioningly. No one, in all the jungles and deserts, sea and wilderness, however cruel or uncomprehending the fight, is alone, with his back to the distances of ether, but Man. He wanders through the forest 'sets' — an actor who does not know his cue.

He is an actor, not only ill at ease but

tormented. To right and left, luring him from before and mocking him from behind, are voices and laughter from ghostly, enclosed little gardens, where he played yesterday and the day before. At the cost of losing them, he has gained an understanding of them through Memory. For Memory, the ingredient, takes the scene and the actor, the bafflement, the intellectual interest, the imaginative passion, and fuses them to a complete and satisfying thing. The picture composes. But just as we realize it to be infinitely dear, we discover it irreparably lost.

This is the peculiar tragedy of the wanderer, and all are wanderers who cannot return on a moment of time. In each new garden we remember the last. From China we write: 'Would that I could be with you to share the weather round our valley.' In France we say: 'Do you remember the enticing flavor of those Oriental meadowlands?' In England: 'Why could n't we have stayed in that Fontainebleau village at the white crossroads?' In America: 'Oh, to be in England!'

And even though we may not travel at all, night and day flow by us, depositing on the earth the sediment of change, and on us the grains of time and age. England and New England, China and France slip past our touch. 'Miller's Holler' — brown and seamed with cattle-trails, with a brook that sang all night in my ear — grows more imperishable and unattainable as it recedes.

We wanderers grow to fear and love, in each new flowing moment, memories of the old. If we would greet these multiple gardens, we must make at once our bow and our parting salute:

'Hail — lovely spot. Shadow of the one I have just left; foreshadow of the one I am soon to meet. Individual and enchanting bit of earth — Farewell.'

THE GHOST-PLAYS OF JAPAN

BY L. ADAMS BECK

I

A DAY in Kyōto — the ancient and most beautiful City-Royal; an autumn day, the splendor of the maples dying down as if the lights were extinguished one by one before the quiet coming of the night of the world; the Kamo River flowing silently through its broad banks, and a mild gray sky leaning tenderly over the great hill of Hiei: that was the day when I saw my first Nō play in Japan, and received the gift of a beauty so strange and insubstantial that it can hold words but as lightly as the cobweb holds its strung diamonds before the sun vaporizes them into nothingness.

I had accepted an invitation from a society in Kyōto which exists for the purpose of producing these austere beautiful plays. They are one of the great arts of the world; no past dramatic experience can in the least prepare the mind for them, and there can be no place so good for initiation as Kyōto, because Kyōto is the home of faithful tradition, of dignified reverence for the noble gifts of the past. City-Royal is a precious casket wherein many jewels lie in safe-keeping; and of these, many and glorious, not the least is the ghost-play of Japan.

So I went into the quiet dark hall, where the stage was stiffly set forth with minutest attention to traditional law. In ancient times the audience surrounded it; but, since the day of the great Shōgun Ieyasu, it has faced it as in the West; and it is said that be-

neath it are fixed large hollow vessels of earthenware, that the movements and the singing may have a deep resonant quality.

A small bridge — the famous 'Flower-path' — is placed that the actors may thus approach it; and on this are set three small pine trees in pots, the symbols of heaven, earth, and humanity. At the back of the stage is painted a pine tree — here symbolizing faithful endurance. This is all the scenery, and everything done is in full sight of the audience, which sits in the low enclosures that are the stalls of Japan, quiet, attentive, many of them studying the play in books brought from the treasured libraries of noble houses: each one an acolyte at a beloved ritual; and not only this, but a keen critic of any variation from a standard that the centuries have made immutable.

No atmosphere can be more favorable. There is nothing to distract eye or thought from the drama to be presented. Before us were only the symbols which represent the eternal verities of God and man; and the priest, spirits, and the young men who take the parts of women, are all masked in the historic masks designed by great artists for the parts they fill.

I am very certain that it is impossible to comprehend the deepest meaning of these ghostly Nō plays, and therefore to enjoy them to the full, unless the spectator has a real knowledge of the spirit and literature of Buddhism; and

it is my object to give a hint of this in what I write now. For I cannot recall, in anything that has been written of these plays by those Occidentals who have studied them, more than a very passing reference to what really is the soul of the play. That there is a beauty which must appeal to any who can feel deeply, I do not at all deny. There is the strangest intellectual charm also — elusive, exquisite, a faint rainbow, smiling, weeping, fading on gray skies; but there is more than this — a theory of life and death. While it is true that the inception of this unique drama was probably the god-dance of the Shintō temples, the Nō play, as it has come down to us, owes all to Buddhism; and the better the Buddhist attitude to life and death is understood, the more certainly will this be felt.

This perhaps is the reason why the Nō plays, like all Far Eastern art, appear so strange to us at first. The belief at the base of them is alien — we do not know what they are driving at. We depict life in the studio, or on the stage, in relation to ourselves. To our minds all beauty exists for man. It pleads at his judgment bar — it is his lovely slave. But to the artist influenced by Buddhist teaching, man himself is but a small part of nature — a part of it only in the same sense as a tree or a flower; animated by the same spirit, no more, no less; passing to the same goal; subordinate, subjected to Law, as is a bough waving in the wind; a mountain-peak lost in drowning vapors. This belief has, of course, made the Far Eastern artists the greatest landscape and flower artists of the world, for they have recognized that the essence of nature differs in no kind from their own, and have therefore painted as they knew.

But all this will be clearer as I describe some of the plays. I will choose some of the less-known ones, using the

beautiful renderings of Professor Fenollosa, Mr. Pound, and Mr. Waley, and premising that the ghosts are not the somewhat solid spirits to be found in Elizabethan drama and elsewhere in the West: they are emanations of memory, of sorrow, of fear. They rise like a ghostly perfume, intangible, illusive; they are dead persons, but living passions, visualized for a moment before passing away into union with the Eternal. Their influence on earth, or on men, is no more than the fall of a dead leaf in a frost.

II

Let me take first the *Nishikigi* — little known in the West. The characters are few — that is almost always the case in a Nō play, and in this they are but three: a wandering Buddhist priest and two ghosts; not armor-plated ghosts, like him who walked at Elsinore, but dim wistful voices, wandering unsatisfied in lonely air; two lives which, having never reached fruition on earth, have now become a sick craving for what life and death alike withheld. It is a story of love that never reached its earthly close.

Picture the deep, deep quiet of the listening audience, in an old hall in Kyōto, the shadows about it, the dimly lit stage, the wailing music of the orchestra, the rigid Chorus — for there is a Chorus, as in the Greek plays, but more quiescent and, at the same time, more personal, taking up the actual words of the speaker and continuing them as if thinking aloud on his behalf; becoming as it were an orchestral representation of his thought — picture that setting — and this: —

A priest is wandering about the country that lies around Mount Shinobu; and now he is not far from little Kefu near the sea, and the evening is coming down upon him. He has been

traveling long — perhaps his feet are a little weary. It seems that, when the body is weary, the defenses that guard it from the unseen are weakened. The spirit-lore of all the world testifies to this. At all events, he sees a man and woman coming toward him, apparently together, but, in truth, worlds apart. They speak to each other, but he does not hear. If he did, how could he understand that melancholy music?

The man speaks: 'Tangled — we are tangled. Whose fault was it, dear? We neither wake nor sleep. In our hearts there is much, and in our bodies nothing, and we do nothing at all, and only the waters of the river of tears flow quickly.'

And now the Chorus supplies the story.

Long, long ago these two were lovers. Nightly, according to the custom of Kefu, he brought to the door of the beloved the lacquered wands with love-signs painted upon them (*nishikigi*), the love-charm which, it was believed, no woman could resist. Every night, for three years, the passionate lover brought his wand and laid it by the rest, hoping, hoping — at last, despairing. And every night the maiden sat weaving the narrow cloth known as *hosonuno*. Her door was shut against him. Was it fear, or modesty, or the tremulous holding-back from delight? Perhaps she herself did not know.

But he died, and they buried him in a cave with all his vain love-charms about him; and as for her — her weaving was all done, and the loom set aside, and her thwarted passion also drifted out into the void.

It was so long ago that now even the old custom of Kefu is forgotten; and death stepped tacitly and blotted them out like water spilt from a broken jar. Into the sand? No — for man is desire, limitless desire; and, when the brain no longer bounds it, it flows abroad and

grows stronger: a crying in the wind, a moaning in the sea.

But now they draw nearer to the priest, and he wonders to see them in these lonely ways. It bewilders the old man a little. He says: —

'It is strange, seeing these two people here. I might suppose them two married people. The lady carries what might be a piece of cloth woven from bird's feathers, and the man a wand painted red. Strange merchandise!'

Stranger than he knows, for these are the symbols of their pain, the merchandise of broken lives.

So, pausing in the dusk, they tell him their story — not as if it were their own; only a sad old tale that haunts the countryside.

'We know the funeral cave of such a man,' breathes the woman; 'one who watched out the thousand nights; a bright cave, for they buried him with all his wands.'

The priest is interested. He would like to see that cave. It would be a tale to tell his village when he returns. Will they show it?

So they wander on together — he himself becoming somewhat changed and ghostly under their weird influence, as they go. Night is coming; the air is cold with more than frost. Oh, bitter cold of the lonely heart wandering in desolate places! The Chorus, the thought of the play, cries aloud: —

'Autumn. Our feet are clogged
In the dew-drenched matted leaves.
The perpetual shadow is lonely.
The owl cries out from the ivy
That drags its weight on the pine.
The hiding fox is now lord of that love-cave.'

The wanderers stand at last before it — the place the two must haunt, the focus of their spiritual being. And now they have vanished. The force that materialized them for vision is very slender: it can sustain them no longer; and the priest stands bewildered and

alone. The place is strange; he knows not where to turn. He would sleep beside it, and cannot, for the cry unsatisfied is heard in his heart also — it stirs, it calls him.

'It seems that I cannot sleep
Under October wind, under pines, under night.
I will do service to the Blessed One.'

And, rising, he performs the peace-giving ritual of the Lord Buddha.

But what is this — a cry of joy from a woman's voice, she herself invisible.

'Aie, honored priest,
Hear soothsay!
Now there is meeting between us,
Between us who were until now
In life and in after-life kept apart —
A dream-bridge over wild grass.
O Honored, do not awake me by force;
I see that the Law is perfect.'

Perfect. This they had not known before — the Law had seemed a thwarting, a binding. Now the cravings of broken desire are stilled; and because they are stilled, the two are united with the Whole, and therefore with each other, and melt into perfect union — according to the Great Teaching. It is a Far Eastern rendering of 'In his Will is our peace.'

The Law is perfect. The quiet of the Blessed One submerges them like an ocean. And now the man's voice is heard: —

'It is a good service you have done, Sir —
A service that spreads in two worlds
And binds up an ancient love.'

And she: —

'The meeting comes now.
This night has happened over and over;
Now only comes the tryst.'

But what is happening? Slowly a warm light fills the funeral cave; shadows pass before it, as they might before a household fire seen from the cold without. It seems to become a happy home in the waste.

'Strange! [cries the priest] what seemed so very
old a cave
Is all glittering bright within
Like the flicker of fire.
It is like the inside of a house.
They are setting up a loom,
And heaping up charm-sticks. No!
The hangings are of old time —
Is it illusion — illusion?'

He is not able to tell. It shifts and changes, dreamlike. The spirits themselves cannot tell. The man's voice says slowly: —

'Our hearts have been in the dusk of the falling
snow,
We have been astray in the flurry.
You should tell better than we
How much is illusion.
We have been in the whirl of those who are
fading.'

But the priest cries aloud, passionately aroused now: —

'Let it be a dream or a vision —
I care not!
Only show me the old times past and snowed
under,
Now — soon — while the night lasts!'

And so he sees.

The loom is set up in the cave, as it might be by their fireside. The lover knocks with his wand upon a door whence, in the dead past, he had no answer. But now — now — the Chorus chants softly: —

'There he is carrying wands,
And she has no need to be asked.
See her within the cave,
With a cricket-like noise of weaving.
Churr, isho, like the whirr of a loom; *churr!*'

The lover, speaking through the Chorus: —

'I lie, a body unknown to any other man,
Like old wood buried in moss.
We had no meeting;
But tears have, it seems, brought out a bright
blossom
Upon the dyed tree of love.'

At last the priest may see into that strange secret bride-chamber of the tomb, where the joy that lies at the

heart of the world's pain has conquered.
And the man's voice comes again from
a great distance: —

'Happy at last and well-starred,
Now comes the eve of betrothal.'

And the Chorus: —

'How glorious the sleeves of the dance
That are like snow-whirls!'

And the man: —

'Tread out the dance.'

And so it proceeds, with music and
light and rejoicing; and suddenly —
suddenly all stops. What is this?
Darkness — faint light in the east; and
now the Chorus, a wind shrilling in a
waste place: —

'The dawn!
Come, we are out of place.
Let us go ere the light comes.
We ask you — Do not awake.
We all will wither away,
The wands and this cloth of a dream.
There is nothing here but this cave in the field's
midst;
To-day's wind moves in the pines;
A wild place, unlit and unfilled.'

That is all. Were they happy? Did
it all come right? Or was that, too,
dream within dream? We cannot tell.
The audience goes silently away, and
the hall is left to the ghosts.

You see? For, says the Scripture of
the Good Law, just as a man adds oil to
a lamp and so renews the flame, so
grows craving in the man who sets his
heart on the things of this world. He
cannot die, in the true and lovely sense.
He can only live to mortal and immortal
pain. But the desire relaxing its
clutch, the oil emptying in the lamp —
there is the peace of the Nirvana,
whether in life or death.

III

In the *Kakitsubata*, the cast is even
smaller — a traveling priest, the ghost of
a girl, and the Chorus. This is a very

beautiful and colored play. You are to
remember Narihira, a great man in
the ancient Japan — noble, splendid, a
great courtier, musician, and poet, and,
later, wise among the wise; the light
and love of many women; beloved,
indeed, by the august Empress Takago
— wife of the Emperor Seiwa — a
thousand years ago. He has passed
through so many women's lives, care-
lessly, lightly, as a man may gather an
iris in a stream and cast it aside.

But there is one who remembers him
— whose whole being has become a
fixed passionate memory. She does not
remember — she *is* memory, and noth-
ing more. How then should she pass
into the Peace?

So the priest — he might be the
priest of *Nishikigi* — wanders through
Mikawa to see the flowers of the iris in
all their glory; for it is the season. They
stand in noble ranks, and he muses be-
side them, he too not exempt from 'the
old urge of sorrow' within him. And
as he stands, he becomes aware of a
young girl in the simple dress of the
country. She asks what he is doing in
that swamp — just as any girl might
ask in passing. He is looking at the iris
— what else? Where has he come to?

She tells him — to Yatsubashi of
Mikawa, and adds: 'You have the best
flowers before you there, those of the
deepest color, as you would see if you
had any power of feeling.'

Yes, the priest can see that. He be-
lieves these are the iris of an ancient
legend. Who wrote the words? She
knows. She replies: —

'By Yatsubashi, by the web of cross-
ing waters, the iris scatters its petals.
It was Narihira who said: "These
flowers brought their court dress from
China."'

The priest ponders: 'Then Narihira
came here?' That is of interest — he
was so great a man. 'What place was
nearest to his heart?'

'This place,' the girl replies, and then:—

'The man who bound himself to me
Returned times out of mind in his thought
To me and this cobweb of waters.'

So you see—because he had remembered the iris and loved them a little for her sake; because she remembers nothing but that passion and loss, she is now a part of the flowers. They are the clothing of her spirit, and she can manifest herself only beside them; and this will be until she has rent the veil of illusion and is absorbed in the reality that lies behind it.

She bids the priest spend the night in her poor cottage—a very lowly place, but still a shelter. He accepts, little knowing what he is to see, and that he is stepping through the broken shell of one world into another. For the lady returns, no longer deceiving his eyes as a country maiden, but dressed in splendor, now her true self and the greatest lady of all that Narihira had loved in the vanished days. Her dress is symbolical, as dress in the *Nō* is, more or less, always. She wears an overdress of gauze, purple with golden flowers, an underdress of glaring orange, with green and gold pattern. She is now the spirit of the iris and also the love of Narihira—about her is the perfume of his memory of her.

The priest says in amazement:—

'How strange—in this tumble-down cottage, a lady in bright robes! What can this mean?'

He shall know. The spirit speaks:—

'This is the very dress brought from China
(The court dress of the iris also!)
The gown of the Empress Takago.
She was Narihira's beloved.
At eighteen she won him.
She was the light of his youth.
I come, clothed in a memory.'

And the priest: 'You had better put this aside. Who are you?'

'I am the spirit of the iris. The spirit of remembrance. And Narihira was the incarnation of music. Holy magic ran through his words, and even the grass and the flowers pray to him for the blessings of dew.'

And then the Chorus recites the glories of Narihira, in the old days that are dead: the Emperor's favor, his pomp and splendor. They speak for the man himself:—

'The waves, the billows return,
But my glory comes not again.'

They proceed:—

'He was pledged with many a lady.
The fireflies drift away,
Scattering their little lights,
And then flying, flying,
Souls of fine ladies,
Going up into heaven.
And here in the underworld
The autumn winds come blowing—blowing,
And the wild ducks cry, Kari—Kari!'

So one sees it, like an illusive Chinese landscape: whirls of ghostly snow over the white plain; ghostly torn peaks showing here and there through clouds, and a sense of loss irreparable, weeping and crying in the wind. Is it a spirit, a form impermanent, drifting, or only a flurry of rain in the night?

And now the Chorus chants a song of Narihira's own:—

'No moon!
The Spring is not the Spring of the old days.
My body
Is not my body,
But only a body grown old.
Narihira, Narihira,
My glory comes not again.'

But from the Chorus, from the priest, from the power of the memories thus evoked, the spirit of the lady has gathered power. He made these verses for the Empress. She will dance the dance he loved.

'Narihira knew me in old days.
Doubt it not, stranger.
And now I begin my dance,
Wearing the ancient bright mantle.'

And the stately dance begins, holding all the past for her. She and the Chorus describe it alternately. And gradually, slowly, while you watch, the gray- and olive-robed Chorus obscures the bright dancer — the passion is dying down, the memory is fading, the essential falls out of the apparition, saying: 'It is only the cracked husk of the locust.' And the Chorus closes the play: —

'Day comes; the purple flower
Opens its heart of wisdom;
It fades out of sight by its thought —
The flower soul melts into Buddha.'

Even the perfume of the iris dies on the air; it is absorbed into the Passionless.

IV

Of course, by no means all the Nō plays are the habitations of ghosts; but many are the haunt of strange intuitions, of fallings from us, vanishings, worlds not realized; the moving within us of spirits who have moulded our being and whom we have never known. It is a twilight world, lit by waning moons. The ghosts who dwell there have been given over into the prison of their own Selfhood; their passions and memories have made their cage; and they have no escape, in life or death, until they accept the law of self-annihilation.

This is the Teaching. No doubt we have an echo of this in the West, where the miserable spirit lurks forever amid the pain it inflicted or received, bound on the wheel of its own torment; but in the Orient they understand, they have unraveled cause and effect; and it is a hard task for us to learn who, as the Buddhist Scriptures say, 'belong to another sect, to another faith, to another discipline, and sit at the feet of another Teacher.' Yet it is surely a true teaching of the binding of the spirit, whether in life or death.

There is one very touching Nō where the brilliant Prince Genji, the Don Juan of the most famous ancient romance of Japan, adored of many women, returns, an empty ghost, to the seashore at Suma. He is there because it was to Suma that he fled from the Emperor's anger at a gross intrigue, knowing that banishment awaited him. There he had known sorrow for the first time in his shining life, and the shadow of sorrow is a sickness, an insanity that holds the soul captive, apart from the processional joy of the universe. He is dressed in poor garments, he who went so splendid in life; he manifests as a woodcutter of Suma. Suddenly, in the second scene, blooms out the old glory; the beauty of the rushing billows flows like wine in his veins; for a moment he forgets his grief and recalls the old splendor of the Court when before the Emperor he trod the measure of 'The Blue Sea Waves' crowned with maple leaves, himself 'a bright flower' as the ancient story of his loves describes him.

'How beautiful this sea is! When I trod the grass here I was called "Genji the Gleaming." I will dance the blue dance of the sea waves!'

And he dances, that the priest may see even in a vision the beauty lost in the years.

There is a strange and horrible Nō about the wife of Prince Genji, the most unhappy Lady Awoi — one of the heroines of the thousand-year-old novel which records the loves of the Prince and is a classic in Japan. With a heart for so many, he had none for his wife, and she died forsaken. Such a disease of the soul as hers could not escape the Nō, for it gives the woman chained to her misery, as Prometheus to his rock. What is very singular is that she never appears in the play. She is represented by a red-flowered kimono, folded and laid at the front of

the stage. You are to consider that her very garment is saturated and infected with the poison that is destroying her body as she dies.

What is seen is the spirit Princess Rokujō, whose liaison with Prince Genji is driving his wife to death; and yet, — most strange, — this is no fetich of the Princess herself: it is Awoi's jealous agony taking the shape of the woman who is killing her. That thought possesses her mind — it materializes in the loathed shape.

The scene is opened by a great Court official, the Daijin, who relates that the priest and exorcists have been called to aid the great lady and drive forth her disease; and immediately upon this appears the visible Jealousy — which yet will not speak the truth, but declares that she is the spirit of the Princess. She is splendidly costumed — the under kimono of black satin, embroidered with small, irregular, infrequent circles of flowers; the upper part of stiff gold brocade, shot through with purples, greens, and reds.

She speaks of her glories: —

'I had the moon for a mirror. I was drunk with color and perfume.'

Suddenly she sees the dying woman and rushes to attack her.

'This woman is hateful. I cannot keep back my blows.' And she strikes.

It is Awoi's own jealousy wounding her; she is her own destroyer.

'The flame of jealousy,' says the apparition, 'will turn on one's own hand and burn.'

And the exorcist advances, clashing and striking his wooden beads; and now the passion leaves the shape of the Princess and takes a more horrible shape. It is a *hannya*, a demon, a terrible mask with golden eyes, clothed in scarlet and white, faced by the exorcist, who thus describes himself: —

'Then he hung about his shoulders a cloak that had swept the dew of the

seven jewels in climbing the peaks of Tai Kou and of Kori in Riobu. He wore the cassock of forbearance, to keep out unholy things. He took the beads of red wood, the square beads with hard corners, and, whirling and striking, said prayer.'

The *hannya* threatens him with worse than death. Awoi is possessed, indeed! But still he persists, he cries out the sonorous spells, the strong clashing names of the protecting spirits; and at last the horrible possession relaxes — the *hannya* totters, overcome.

'O terrible names of the spirits! this is my last time. I return here no more.'

And now Awoi nō Uye is sinking — sinking gently into the quiet of death; and the Chorus concludes the play: —

'By hearing the Scripture, the evil spirit is melted. The Blessed One came hither; his face was full of forbearance and pity. Pity has melted her soul, and she has passed into the Buddha. Thanksgiving!'

She will not dream of Genji any more in that translucent calm. She has outsoared the shadow of her hate.

There is another fearful Nō mentioned by Professor Fenollosa and Lafcadio Hearn. It is the story of a woman who inordinately desires the love of a young priest. He rejects her, flies from her, and hides under a great bronze temple-bell, such as may be seen at the Chion-in in Kyōto. She pursues, her fierce desire sweeping the woman out of her. It expresses itself as a raging dragon, glowing and spuming fire. As a dragon, she coils about the bell, biting the metal savagely in her madness, and the bell glows incandescent from the fire that is in her; and the wretch beneath is calcined into ash. For, in the Nō, thought is a creative thing, and therefore the dragon soul animates a dragon body.

But not all the spirit Nō plays are

like this. There is *hagoromo* — pure delicate beauty, and rendered into accessible loveliness by Mr. Waley. A moon-maiden has been dancing in lonely delight, on the beach by the pine woods of Mio — scarcely less lovely than her own aerial world. Like the swan-princess of Morris's 'East of the Sun, west of the Moon,' she has a magic robe of feathers, and this she has hung on a pine tree. The fisherman Hakuryō enters and sees it — wafting immortal fragrance. He seizes it, and the moon-maiden cries for her cloak — the wings by which alone she can climb the blue heights.

'How shall I tread
The wing-ways of the air?'

But he hardens his heart against her pleading; and before his very eyes she droops like a dying flower. At last he softens: if she will dance for him the dance that mortal eyes have never seen, he will restore the cloak. Life radiant and shining flows in her veins again.

'I am happy, happy!
And for thanksgiving I bequeath
A dance of remembrance to the world.
Give back my cloak.'

He refuses. The bird of heaven may fly away without the longed-for dance. She rebukes him with gentle dignity,

'Doubt is for mortals.
There is no deceit in heaven' —

and he restores it. Then she begins the stately dance, and the Chorus accompanies it with a chant as lovely — recounting the ritual of the moon's changes: —

'In white dress, in black dress,
Thrice ten angels,
In two ranks divided,
Thrice five for the waning,
Thrice five for nights of the waxing moon.
One heavenly lady, on each night of the moon,
Does service and fulfills
Her ritual task assigned.'

The Chorus calls on the wind to build cloud-walls about the sky, lest the vision leave the world to empty day. Can thought or words be more beautiful? I can never see the waxing or waning of the moon consciously, without recalling the gladness of these fair spirits who direct it. Every word of this *Nō* is exquisite music, and should be read, either in Mr. Waley's, or in Mr. Pound's and Professor Fenollosa's, translation.

'She is robed in a garment of mist, of spring mist,' says the Chorus; and now she rises, rises into the blue of the air, faintly seen over the pines of Mio, past the floating islands, through the lower clouds; then higher still, over the mountain of Ashitaka, the silver peak of Fuji; and again, but very faint, her form as heaven resumes its own — the mists receive her. And now — she is a lost star. It is over.

These Japanese ghosts are the most insubstantial in all the world. They can hold human shape with difficulty. Homer's ghosts, blown like dead leaves in hell, drinking the blood of beasts, are tangible in comparison. Dante's, suffering in singing flames and glacial hells, are solid beside them; for these are the tortures that conquerors inflict and the reason of man denies; but the *Nō* ghosts, inexpressible as an odor, — a faint dream gone with the dawn, — are to me the most real and terrible ghosts I know. For we have all felt them; we carry them, each of us, in our own bosom.

Who that has known the gnawing possession of jealousy, cruel as the grave, but must understand when the Lady Awoi's hate and agony take the visible shape of her rival, and so hunt her to death? What pangs of love denied but repeat themselves in the lonely wandering ghosts of *Nishikigi*? Is this wretchedness to be prolonged beyond

death? Yes, the Nō replies, unless this knowledge is gained: —

As the fiery sparks from a forge are one by one
extinguished,
And no one knows where they have gone;
So is it with those who have attained to complete
emancipation,
Who have crossed the flood of desire,
Who have entered upon the calm delight —
Of these no trace remains.

Theirs is the untracked path of the bird in pure air. Otherwise — there is no fever of longing and memory and sorrow that does not confront us in the Nō, and, as we look, they are the ghosts of our own hearts that meet us. There is much to think of in the Nō I have given, and in the many more of which I might write. Some noble, ringing with gallant courage and high instinct; some wistful and strangely beautiful, the flower of a faith that has moulded great nations, and must do it to the end of time.

These plays demand as much as they give: the audience must bring its gifts of imagination, intellect, knowledge, and poetic insight, and lay them before the stage, or the actors can do nothing for them. It is not so in other parts of the world, so far as I know. I see a Western audience; the glaring obvious stage, tricked out with decoration that overpowers the story; the players; the very thought (if there should be such an irrelevance!); every shade of feeling expressed in black and white before it can be absorbed by the heads that crowd the place. What does that audience bring? It has paid its money to be amused, thought for, taken in, and done for.

But why dwell upon what all know — the theatre of a commercial civilization throned in the midst of its dying arts. It may be said that the Nō was and is the pleasure of aristocrats of birth and intellect. Possibly. Our aris-

tocrats, at all events, seek nothing like it; and in Japan true art in any of its branches has never been the monopoly of the great.

I think it was Mr. Gladstone who once drew the pitiful comparison between what pleased an average audience of ancient Athens — the mighty Æschylean or Sophoclean drama, the clash and glitter of Aristophanic wit — and what pleases a modern audience. He made it his thesis that in the higher intellectual qualities man has degenerated since those great days; that the race then touched its high-water mark, and that ever since the tide has slowly ebbed. I should not say this myself. Knowing a little of thought that as yet is slightly considered among us, — the thought of the Orient, — I should rather say that the weeds of a gross civilization have choked the beauty which will grow only in conditions we no longer fulfill — no longer think even desirable.

‘Ephraim is joined to idols: let him alone.’ It remains to be seen whether we have lost the power as well as the will to learn.

So in memory I hold a quiet hall in old Kyōto, a little stage, grave and archaic in its setting, a few strange figures, and a stilled, waiting audience, some, book in hand, following spell-bound a drama of the soul of man in life and death.

The night comes, soft-footed, outside; the lamps are lit; the Kamo River ripples softly beside the palaces and temples of the mighty dead who have made Japan’s great present. She is great by reason of the faith that was in them. If the people relinquish this, and take for their god the golden idol of our market place — But the future is unknown to us. It is only the Great Gods who see it as one with the past and the present.

THE RETURN OF THE TURK

BY CHARLES F. G. MASTERMAN

I

THE Turk has returned to Europe. His return will mean the despair of all those who are working for permanent peace. His return was unnecessary. He could have been kept out of Europe by treaty. But Mr. Lloyd George and his Government refused, first, to assist the Republic of Armenia with the stores and guns which they swept over from the Black Sea ports to carry out a war against the Bolsheviki in Russia. This enabled the Turks to concentrate against the European forces. Secondly, they encouraged a Greek expedition to advance two hundred miles into purely Turkish territory, supplying them with rhetoric instead of with guns, and failing to accept the warnings of everyone who was familiar with the Eastern question, that, as soon as the Nationalist Turks under Kemal obtained arms, the far-flung battle-line of the Greek army would be swept into hopeless defeat.

I remember, when the issue of peace or war seemed to be in the balance, in 1914, and the Cabinet were discussing whether they would join with Russia in offering a joint guaranty for the then boundaries of Turkey for fifteen or twenty years, being rebuked by Lord Grey for what he assumed, I suppose, to be the blind fury of a member of the Balkan Committee who had seen what the Turks do when they go into war or suppress an insurrection. I said that, if Turkey wished to go into war against the Allies, it was better that she should

do so, in the interest of the permanent peace of the world; for almost every European war — 1827, 1854, 1877, 1885, 1912, 1913, and the Great War of 1914 — had grown out of the inability of the Turks to rule, the ability of the Turks to massacre, and the impossible attempts made by governments with rival ambitions to obtain portions of that Turkey whose capacity for governing or even for work had vanished in a hundred years.

I asked that a clean job might be made of it all. Lord Grey, not unnaturally, asserted that we had enough nations to fight at present without adding to their number; and if I could have forecasted the tragic slaughter of Mr. Winston Churchill's expedition at Gallipoli, I might have been in accordance with him. In any case, the Turks came into the war under their secret treaty with Germany, which was made before the war began. When the war was ended, we succeeded in slashing them to pieces, and we could have prevented any capacity for their recovery. Their representatives agreed to the Treaty of Sèvres. We have not carried out its provisions, and it has been kicked into the gutter.

And now the Turk stands triumphant, with England and Europe almost begging for satisfactory terms, and with the whole Moslem world rejoicing at the defeat of the Greeks, which they regard as the defeat of England; and, in order to prevent a

greater catastrophe than that which we ourselves have created, we have promised them the rulership of Constantinople and the return of Eastern Thrace, thus thrusting this barbaric race once more into the heart of the Balkans. It is a dreadful ending to one of the most deplorable pieces of British 'diplomacy' ever known.

A distinguished soldier, who has just come back from the Near East in the midst of these desperate times, told me that there was no alternative to this promise; but 'of course,' he added, 'it is certain to lead to another war within ten years.' Such is the result of the stupidity of Britain and the cleverness of France, and, if I may say so with respect, of the deliberate refusal of America to have anything to do with the subject at all.

II

The Turk never has had and never will have a 'homeland' in Europe. He entered it a barbaric tribe, like a scourge or a plague. He stormed up to the gates of Vienna. At one moment it seemed as if all Christendom might be destroyed by this band of savages. It was saved by a great battle under the walls of the capital, led by the King of Poland, and the people sank down to a comparative peace, with whole nationalities being submerged for hundreds of years and even their names forgotten. The comparative peace meant, of course, a long system of oppression, combined with total inability to rule, or to make anything, or to encourage any trade or commerce. Slowly the Turkish Empire rotted with internal decay. Gradually these nations, which had been inarticulate perhaps for hundreds of years, came to realize their nationality; and as the Turk was dying, they were achieving a new birth. For there seems to be in this strange tribe

an unalterable and inexplicable element of blight after victory, in the very centre and core of the people. The Arabs once established a magnificent civilization; the Moslems of India possess culture, knowledge of the world, and capacity for work. Even in Persia there is a constructive element in the arts; and in Morocco a chivalry which has earned the respect of foreign observers.

But this tribe did nothing. They lived on fighting and, in their own homeland of Anatolia, to a small extent on peasant cultivation. They raised the money that they required from the Christian populations over whom they held overlordship; and these Christian populations paid, through taxes, the cash required to keep the Turkish governors in idleness; while for all financial complications they invariably turned to the Jews, who were very friendly to the Turks, and who to-day, even in England, are appealing for 'fair play' for the Turk. He has had 'fair play' for nearly three hundred years. He has produced nothing in literature, music, art, science, or any of the prominent elements of civilization. His conduct of affairs has been a peace with oppression, varied by risings against that oppression, or a fight with some of his subordinate nations, backed by one or more Christian powers. He is alien to everything that Europe regards as legitimate methods of treating people who are subject to another's sway. And he has now grown so tired of the continual interference of Europe with his periodical massacres and atrocities, that he has made up his mind to avoid the necessity for such interference in the future, by the simple method of extermination of all the Christian people under his control. By so doing he has committed suicide; for he is killing in every town and village, or putting to

flight by the fear of his advent, all the artificers and makers of anything in the way of manufacture, and is leaving nothing but a bankrupt nation of men who appear to have no capacity but in the carrying-on of war and, to a limited extent, in the work of agriculture. But he will keep the Jews with him; and I suppose he hopes that, by giving concessions of great wealth in Asia Minor to various competing European financiers, he will obtain the money that is necessary for his own desire to live on easy lines, doing no work at all.

III

Three times the expulsion of the Turks from Europe seemed inevitable, and three times they have retained their position through the folly of Christendom. In 1878, the Russian armies were encamped at San Stefano, under the walls of the most famous city of the world. The grand duke who was in command of the armies sent back to the Tsar a message that, with the loss of not more than 20,000 men, he could storm these ancient historic walls and be in Constantinople within twenty-four hours; and he asked for an answer, yes or no, to the question whether he should conduct such an enterprise. No answer, either yes or no, was returned. It was quite obvious that the Tsar wished this action to be taken, but knew that he would have to disavow it to the Great Powers. But, as Sir Edwin Pears told me, the commander was not a man but a grand duke, and the Russian army never moved.

In the meantime, the English Ambassador found the Sultan packing up his wives and luxuries, with the determination immediately to ferry off over the Bosphorus and retire into Asia. The Ambassador said to him: 'This may be the safest way of protecting your possessions, but be sure of one

thing: if you once cross into Asia you will never come back to Europe again.'

That reply prevented his departure. If Russia had once got into Constantinople, she would never have been turned out. Disraeli went to Berlin, where, in conjunction with Bismarck, he tore the San Stefano Treaty to pieces and substituted the Treaty of Berlin, which was the legitimate father of the great European War.

On Saturday, June 22, 1878, the aged Jew statesman telegraphed to the aged woman Empress, whom he delighted to call 'the Fairy': 'Russia surrenders and accepts the English scheme for the European frontiers of the Empire, and its military and political rule by the Sultan. Bismarck says there is again a Turkey in Europe.'

'It is all due to your energy and firmness,' was the exultant Fairy Queen's reply.

Later, when Beaconsfield had further conversations with Bismarck, 'You have made a present to the Sultan,' he asserted, 'of the richest province of the world; four thousand square miles of the richest soil.'

'When he heard that we had annexed Cyprus,' notes Disraeli with his usual cynicism, 'he said: "You have done a wise thing. This is progress. It will be popular; a nation likes progress." His idea of progress,' so Disraeli comments, 'was evidently seizing something. He said he looked upon our relinquishment of the Ionian Islands as the first sign of decadence; Cyprus puts us all right again.'¹

¹ Incidentally it may be noted that the deposition of Turkish rule in Cyprus need not have provoked any 'fond, unnecessary fears.' Here is the report of the English Consul, exactly two hundred years ago:—

'CYPRUS, 11 August. — Sixty-two towns and villages of this unhappy island have entirely disappeared. Only their ruins remain to attest the barbarity of their destroyers! And yet the rage of these bloodstained monsters is not yet appeased.

The second occasion was after wars and rumors of war, and the yearly affirmation of unrest in the Balkans 'in the spring.' In 1912, the Balkan States, defying the veto of the Concert of Europe, — *les grandes impuissances*, — fell like a hammer upon the Turk, and, in violation of every judgment of every so-called military expert, shattered his armies into fragments. Once more the Bulgarian army stood outside the walls of Chatalja, with the great prize of Constantinople just before them. But they had been exhausted by the tremendous conflicts at Kirk Kilise and Lüle-Burgas, with weeks of continual fighting. They attacked in a fog, where no positions could be ascertained, and found themselves killing their own men, firing on each other; and in the evening, after enormous losses, the lines remained unpierced. Had the result been otherwise, they would have been in Constantinople in twenty-four hours, and nothing could have replaced the Turks there. A few months after, amid the intrigues of the Great Powers behind, egging on one against the other, they found themselves hopelessly defeated by the combination of all their allies, and Turkey again in Constantinople and in occupation of Thrace and Adrianople and once again the power for evil in the politics of Europe.

The last, and greatest, opportunity was after the World War. At the conclusion of the Armistice, Turkey lay

A band of wretches very lately repaired to Morphon, where they destroyed everything with fire and sword. The women and children were for the most part taken and confined for several days in private houses, without food. Those who were not destroyed by hunger were burnt, together with the houses.

'Every hour is marked by murders in all parts of the island. The Christians are hunted like wild beasts.'

Multiply these incidents by thousands, and you will understand what has happened in Anatolia during the past eight years.

hopelessly defeated, with no resources for resistance. The Treaty of Sèvres, which was accepted by Turkey's representatives, drove them from Thrace, gave them a mere titular rule in Constantinople, established a neutral and Greek zone round the Christian populations of Smyrna, and created an Armenian Republic, which might have saved some portion of that unhappy nation whose men, women, and children had been massacred deliberately by hundreds of thousands during the war. Eastern Thrace was given over to the government of Greece, and, although I have no love for the Grecian Government, I think, on examination, that it governed there without tyranny and without undue oppression of the Turkish population. Constantinople was occupied by military units of all the powers. The Greeks were encouraged to enter Smyrna, where they massacred some of their own enemies. But, instead of remaining there, they were encouraged to make an expedition two hundred miles into the interior, into specific Turkish territory, to a position which no military expert of any kind would recognize as a possible line of defense, if the Turks once again acquired the power to strike.

What has been our policy since? We had piles of stores and guns at the southern Black Sea ports, which, if given to the new Armenian Republic, would have enabled it to preserve its existence. A friend of mine, who was present at that time in those regions, has described the despair and terror of the Armenian representatives as they saw these guns and stores being swept across the Black Sea to the Crimea, to be used as gifts from England to the adventurers who were creating civil war in Russia, and who, one after another, went down before the Bolshevik attack.

It is said, although I have no actual

evidence of it, that guns and stores thus captured were sent round by the Bolsheviks to Kemal and his army at Angora, and that the Greek army was broken by British guns. However that may be, after the mandate for Armenia had been offered to America and refused, and offered to the League of Nations and refused, on the ground that it could not provide a dollar or bestow a rifle, that republic was wiped out; and with it the last hope of the Armenian race.

A Turkish envoy came to Europe, to see if a new peace could not be made, containing indeed many things unpalatable to British ideas, but also things that would have averted the madness and massacre of war. The British Prime Minister refused to see him, as did also the Foreign Secretary. He went back with the impression that only force would prevail. The Turks threw themselves at the centre of the Greek line, and broke it in a day. The Greek army fled to the seacoast, without any remarkable casualties, and after them fled, as fast as was possible, the Christian population of Western Anatolia, although a considerable number fell into the hands of the Turks, especially the women and children, and received the treatment which the Turk has invariably given to a conquered race after victory.

Smyrna, the 'infidel city' of Turkish tradition, was burned to the ground. The whole Christian civilization of Asia Minor was scattered in hopeless confusion among the islands and ports of the new Greek homeland and Western Thrace. The British Government, which had previously forbidden the Greeks to end the war by themselves entering the capital, and threatened to send British soldiers against them, could prevent the actual occupation of Constantinople only by promising that, in the forthcoming conference, they

would support a return of Constantinople to the Turks, and the return also of Eastern Thrace. Turkey would again enter Europe as a European power.

The whole prestige of England and the larger prestige of Christendom has been shaken to its foundations, from Adrianople to Agra. The East believes that it has conquered the West; and it will remain in that belief, with the determination to conquer more, until a new war shows it that it has lived in illusion. No more disastrous record of the combination of diplomacy, war, and the fear of war has ever been recorded in history, since the treatment of the then American Colonies by the Government of Lord North, which rent asunder two peoples who, at the first indeed, never desired to separate, and produced a seven years' war which even now is not forgotten.

IV

It would be impertinent in me to criticize any action the American Government has thought fit to take in connection with these measures. America has shown an enormous compassion, not in words only, but also in deeds, in connection with the horrors which are devastating Europe; and perhaps she is right in refusing to entangle herself in the questions between France and Germany and the interminable wrangles of the Supreme Council. But what I must confess to be surprised at is, as I seem to see it, the comparative indifference of America, and especially of the American churches, to the doings of the Turks in Armenia, and to the present hideous situation. No nation can protect those missionaries who go forth under the recognition that their lives may be jeopardized; and if the Americans had confined themselves to endeavoring to convert Mohammedans

to Christianity, America would have a just right to claim that those who did so did it at their own risk only. There has been too much truth in the gibe that, while the missionary has said, 'Let us pray,' the Union Jack has been run up on the flagstaff.

But America in Turkey and Asia Minor was in a different position. She was not out to convert Moslems to Christianity. She was out to assist, educate, and civilize the great mass of Christian populations suffering from the Turkish tyranny. It was an educational rather than a theological work. Standing high over the Bosphorus is the great Robert College, in which were educated almost all the men who, when the time came, were called to be leaders and rulers in Bulgaria.

I visited at Scutari the training colleges for Armenian women teachers, run by efficient American women, and I found myself, in the intolerable squalor of that suburb of Constantinople, in the presence of clean and decent human life. In every town in Anatolia there was an American teacher, training up the Armenian girls into conditions of purity and decency and repudiation of the normal treatment of women by the Turkish harem system. During the war the Turks wiped out the whole of this American civilization in pursuit of a policy of murder and torture, when it would have been better, for the most part, that their victims had been killed outright.

Under my supervision we compiled a record of these hideous stories, with Professor Toynbee, the historian, sorting and collating the evidence for over six months. We threw out for the most part evidence which could not be corroborated, and we threw out most native evidence. The book is a record of testimony from European and American men and women, who actually saw the things happen, and who

were impotent to prevent these hideous happenings. They caused the considered judgment of Lord Bryce to condemn them as an effort to exterminate the whole nation, without discrimination of age or sex, whose misfortune it was to be subjects of a nation devoid of sympathy or pity; and the policy they disclosed as one without precedent even in the bloodstained annals of the East. There is even, in this volume, evidence of German missionary residents with records of events surpassing human imagination. The evidence was submitted also to Mr. H. A. L. Fisher, late Minister of Education in Mr. Lloyd George's Government, Professor Gilbert Murray, and Mr. Moorfield Storey, ex-President of the American Bar Association.

The report was published as a British Government document, entitled 'The Treatment of the Armenians in the Ottoman Empire,' and I scattered thousands of copies among the leaders of public opinion in America. It reveals an attempt at the extermination of a race. The men suffered least. They were taken out at the port of Trebizond and sunk in the Black Sea; or were carried up into the valleys, separated from the women and children, and there slaughtered by bayonet or rifle. The most terrible fate was that of the girls brought up in the American colleges and schools, as delicate and refined, and often as distinguished in intelligence, as the girls of London or Boston or New York. Many of these were outraged and then had their throats cut; many were outraged by many Turkish soldiers each, and committed suicide or went insane; others were taken after this experience into Turkish harems, where they still remain. The old men and women and the children were driven in great battues through the desert, without food or water, flogged when they rested or lay

down exhausted, until hunger or disease, or some kindly bullet of their escort, put an end to their misery. That was done during the war by direct command from Constantinople itself, especially by Talaat and Enver Bey. Talaat was subsequently assassinated in Berlin, by an Armenian whose family had suffered under this policy of devilry; and it is to the honor of the German court that the assassin was acquitted. Enver Bey is supposed to be dead, but is probably alive somewhere in Eastern Caucasia.

But in the whole process, not only Armenian, but all the American, civilization was completely annihilated. And the record and memory of such a gigantic outrage upon common humanity, in which no religious question between Moslems and Christians entered into the matter at all, resulted, first, in the panic-stricken flight of all men, women, and children who could escape in Western Anatolia, when the Turks broke through at Karahissar; and secondly, when England had declared that she would support the giving-back of Thrace to Turkey, in a similar panic-stricken flight from Thrace, to escape anywhere from the treatment that all men and women fear. And I must confess to a certain wonder that, so far as I have been able to read, the churches in America have not risen up and, with their enormous forces of organization and influence, declared that, however squalid may be the squabble between France, England, and Germany for booty, at least the maintenance of these gigantic slaughterhouses must cease.

In 1877, over a tiny massacre at Batak in Bulgaria, which would be hardly noticed in comparison with the present outrage, Mr. Gladstone aroused the whole moral forces of England, in the determination that we would no longer support, as we had done some

twenty years before, the continuance of the rule of the Turks in Europe. Scarcely twenty years afterward, in the last speech he made at Liverpool, his attack on the Government for not attempting to restrain Turkey from massacring Armenians led to Lord Rosebery's resignation.

John Ruskin, when Mr. Gladstone was pronouncing his denunciation in the name of common morality, said that his solution of the problem was 'to blow the Grand Turk compendiously into the Bosphorus.' All that was admirable in the British nation rallied round Mr. Gladstone's denunciation of the Bulgarian atrocities, and prevented England from going to war. Bulgaria was freed, and any Englishman who visits Bulgaria to-day, as I have done, finds that that great spirit, who proved that thus would we resist her oppression, is still walking up and down the mountains and plains, fast in the memories of a people who will no longer be subjected to alternate massacre and oppression.

In John Morley's *Life* of that great practical idealist he inserts a quotation from his diary: 'On Monday morning last, between four and five o'clock, I was rattling down from Euston Station through the calm and silent streets of London when there was not a footfall to disturb them. Every house looked so still that it might well have been a receptacle of the dead. But, as I came through those long lines of streets, I felt it to be an inspiring and noble thought that in every one of these houses there were intelligent human beings, my fellow countrymen, who, when they woke, would give many of their thoughts, ah! some of their most energetic actions, to the terrors and sufferings of Bulgaria.'

Could the same be said to-day of any statement by any statesman 'rattling through the silent streets' of Boston or

New York or Philadelphia or Washington? And yet, the terrors against which Mr. Gladstone protested were terrors in a country in which we had no direct interest, to which we had sent no missionaries, in which we had not attempted to build up an English civilization. The terrors which, as Lord Bryce says, rivaled the adventures of Tamburlaine, and have cost at least two million lives (for most of the fugitives will die this winter), are terrors inflicted upon a people organized into civilized and decent life by America herself, and of whom the Christians of America might say, as Cromwell said of the slaughters of the Waldensian Valleys, that they came as near to his heart as if his own nearest and dearest had been concerned.

One American battleship might have 'compendiously blown the Turks into the Bosphorus,' or a threat of it might have stayed the plague of slaughter and outrage. The influence of America, with her amazing power in finance and determination, might have arrested the whole movement. The threat was not applied; the influence was not exerted; Robert College is again in Turkish territory; and a Turkish horde, more animated with fanaticism and fury against the European compact, is now to be allowed by treaty to storm over into Europe again, and make the Balkans once more a plague-spot which will arrest all hope of the immediate peace of the world.

V

'The Turk,' said a representative of Greece to-day in London, 'never changes. . . . Where Turkish feet tread, the grass never grows. . . . Turkey in Europe is not an empire; it is a disease.' These are not efforts at epigram. They are examples of the philosophy transmitted throughout

the East; and they are literally true. The Turkish invasion has welled back throughout the centuries; and gradually, one after the other, Hungary, Rumania, Serbia, Greece, and Bulgaria have been freed from Turkish sway. In every case, nations of peasants or of brigands have fashioned themselves into civilized people; and in every case the Turk, when he has not departed, has been treated with as much religious and social toleration as the Germans in Bohemia, or the Poles in Germany, or the Rumanians in the Austro-Hungarian Empire.

Many people assert that there is no difference between the one and the other, and that they are all barbarians, each delighting in promiscuous massacre of its enemies. The statement is absurd. Most armies burn, outrage, and slaughter the land they invade; and the Greeks have been no exception to the rule. But the whole system and keynote of the Turkish method is to live on the taxation of Greeks and Armenians; and when these appear to be getting too strong, as they rapidly get rich, — having all the trade in their hands, — to wipe out a portion of the people by systematic massacre. You have not, therefore, to choose between allegations made by one against the other. You have to choose between two normal and recognized systems of government. In Palestine, before the war, the Turk was hated by the Mohammedan Arab at least as much as by the Christian or the Jew.

When I was in Constantinople before the war, the Turkish Governor, who was subsequently deposed by the young Turks, maintained a pleasant system of government, against which even the European ambassadors issued a protest. If he wanted a pretty girl, he sent and took her for his harem. If he wanted money, a rich Armenian merchant would receive a note saying that

his contribution to finance was, say, £10,000, and if that money was not forthcoming by to-morrow, the amount would be raised to £20,000. He generally paid at the first demand. If the methods were criticized the critic would some day disappear, and his body be discovered later in the Bosphorus. Such was the accepted method of Turkish rulership, in a city which was not Turkish at all, but had an overwhelming majority of non-Turkish residents.

The only semblance of rule of this dying empire was provided by the enlistment of foreign administrators, many of them renegades from their own faith and nation.

When I was journeying through Macedonia, after the insurrection had been suppressed with every accompaniment of outrage, violence, torture, and murder, the Governor was an Arab, Hilmi Pasha, who, I am confident, was endeavoring to arrest the orgy, which was inflamed from behind his back by Abdul Hamid, the Red Sultan.

The new Turks were largely Jews, or of Jewish origin. We were passed from one governor's house to another, and royally entertained, in Eastern fashion, by men who were mostly Albanians. The Red Sultan himself, who conducted the Armenian massacre, was half Armenian; and it was the new Turks who adopted the policy of systematic annihilation of the Christian population, in order that in future they should be bothered no more by European protests on the subject of their illtreatment. In doing this, they have, of course, committed suicide as a trading and commercial power; and, except for a scattered Turkish peasant population, the whole land will fall into decay. But this is a rich prize for one of the competing peoples of Europe, if self-government is abandoned, and the question of its future is thrown, like a torch, into a powder magazine, so far

as leagues of nations or supreme councils are concerned.

And now in Europe a rich province awaits some conqueror — that Thrace from which all the Christians have fled, including Adrianople, with its deserted shops and empty houses, and reaching down to Gallipoli and the Sea of Marmora, and even to the command of the Great City itself, the prize of all the world. What stable conditions can be established under such circumstances? Thrace in itself, empty now except for the Turk, has lost all the material which made it a civilized state. It is a menace, because behind it is the Turkish army, and behind that all Anatolia, and the more developed pressure from that country by those Turks who have been left there, with all their commerce and trade willfully destroyed. The temptation is keen for men who have no other means of support to enter the armies, and for those armies to attempt to reconquer the European lands they lost only a short while ago.

The boundary is as clean as the cut of a knife. Coming down by the Orient Express from Bulgaria, you pass through a region which, before its liberation, consisted largely of waste and marshes, and which has now become a kind of garden-land of peasant cultivation, looking like a variegated chess-board of fruit and flowers and corn, because to-day 'each man can eat of his own labor and be satisfied; and none can make him afraid.' Directly you are over the border, you find squalor and filth, untilled land, uncared-for forest, a rich soil, but half-developed because no one would work when he knew that the fruits of his labor would go to the local governor, or into that cess-pool of ineptitude and villainy which represented the Court of the Red Sultan in the capital city.

But it is difficult to imagine that Europe will tolerate the continuance of

such desolation, while the Greeks and Armenians, and all Christian peoples who live under Turkish rule, are now scattered literally by the million in uncertain centres of security; with most of them piled on Greece, which has been so scandalously let down by British diplomacy, and which has no money at all to provide food and shelter and a new start in life for the refugees.

The situation is desperate, and it is Britain which is largely responsible for it. We could have compelled the Greeks to keep to the limitations laid down by the Treaty of Sèvres; and, in combination with our allies, France and Italy, have ensured that that treaty should not be broken. We made no attempt at this firm action, but encouraged the Greeks to give way to wild expectation, by the provision of oratory instead of war-supplies; by announcements made by Mr. Lloyd George — quite untrue — that the Greeks had won every battle; and by the suggestion that they should not stop until they entered triumphantly Angora itself. We were left to clear up the mess alone; our allies, finding that we had refused all advice on the subject, refused to fight on the Asiatic shores of the Straits. As Franklin-Bouillon himself warned me, France was convinced that we intended to turn Constantinople into another Gibraltar.

We boast now that we have saved the Christian peoples, whereas we have saved none of them, and the whole American civilization in Anatolia has been utterly destroyed. We have declared in conference that we will support the return of the Turks to Europe; only the judgment of a great general, who refused to present an ultimatum to the Turkish commander, saved us from actual warfare with Turkey, without the support of a single other nation.

This mad diplomacy has brought Mr. Lloyd George and his Government

tottering to the ground, when it seemed as if they were secure forever. He claims that he has assured the freedom of the Straits. The expression is meaningless; the Bosphorus, a swiftly flowing salt river, so deep that ships cannot anchor in it, runs clean through the heart of Constantinople, and, to whatever power controls it, 'the gates are theirs to open, and the gates are theirs to close.' There has never been anything but freedom for commerce and all peaceful shipping, and that freedom would continue whatever power or league was responsible for the control of the city. But if freedom means the opening of it to vessels of war, the Turks could prevent it in a moment; for one torpedo discharged from the broken-down buildings along its shores could sink the largest battleship in the world to the bottom of the sea.

'We are apparently to fight,' said a cynical soldier to me, 'in order that Russia may be allowed free access for its submarines in the Mediterranean — an enthusiastic programme for another European war.'

There is no way of getting out of this hopeless mess but by a conference of all the nations, or of the League of Nations. It is profoundly to be hoped that America will take a strong lead when any decisions come to be made; for America almost alone is disinterested so far as Constantinople is concerned. In the 'wealthy homelands of Thrace and Anatolia,' meanwhile, the Turk is back again; happy in being restored to power in Europe after four attempts have been made to eject him, and after he has slaughtered perhaps two million lives. He believes again that he can always trust to the foolishness of those who had declared that they would protect his subject peoples, because in the end each would seek his own material interests, regardless of the claim of the ideal.

THE EUROPEAN CHAOS

BY GUGLIELMO FERRERO

I

FROM month to month the condition of Europe continues to grow worse. The effects of a monstrous war and an unhappy peace make themselves felt with increasing force. Confusion multiplies. Nations are wrangling with each other, and are crushed under the burden of their debts. Distrust spreads apace. Capital is being wasted, or concealed. Governments are losing what little authority they still possess, and are headed toward bankruptcy. Misery, unemployment, and the sullen discontent of the populace are growing. Peace is preserved only by general prostration. We are not even assured that famine, that ancient scourge of humanity, long exiled to the remote places of the Orient, may not lift its head again in Central and Southern Europe.

Out of this disorder a new order will some day be born. But as yet we do not know how or when. The reconstruction of Europe, of which we hear so much, has not even begun. We are still in the process of disintegration. We have not yet reached the point where we can even discuss measures and methods for converting chaos into order. We must content ourselves for the time being with examining that chaos, in the hope that we may analyze its elements, and prepare ourselves to understand its coming phases. Therefore, I propose to point out the three principal causes of European chaos — causes that we must not lose sight of, if we aspire to under-

stand what is now occurring, and what is still to occur, in Europe. These three causes are: the instability of Eastern Europe resulting from the Peace treaties, international indebtedness, and the growing tension between Germany and France.

II

No one imagines that Eastern Europe will retain permanently the form imposed upon it by the treaties. Daily alarms sound from that part of the world, sending a shudder through all Europe. Why? What is the danger that glares at us from that threatening quarter of our continent? It is the precarious situation of Poland, Czechoslovakia, and Rumania, between Germany and Russia. Are these countries to be friends, or enemies? Is it to be peace, or war? No man knows. And whenever their fear of Germany and Russia subsides for a moment, Poland and Czechoslovakia let their latent hatred for each other flare up.

Poland, moreover, has seized territories that Germany and Russia, whether rightly or wrongly, still believe justly belong to them. Czechoslovakia nourishes an inextinguishable distrust of Germany, which for centuries oppressed the Slav population of Bohemia. What wonder if the Germans in turn regard their new neighbor with an evil eye! Rumania has invited a standing quarrel with Russia, by seizing Bessarabia. The Little Entente, there-

fore, must always be prepared to repel attack from two directions—from Russia and from Germany. And meanwhile Hungary lurks at their gates, eagerly awaiting an opportunity to avenge herself for the loss of the territories which, she is persuaded, were unjustly torn from her.

In a word, the new frontiers that the Allies have drawn in Eastern Europe, crisscrossing the ruins of the Muscovite and Austro-Hungarian Empires, are not recognized by Germany, by Russia, or by Hungary; precisely as, after 1870, the annexation of Alsace-Lorraine was not recognized by France. Consequently, the new order established in Eastern Europe by the Peace treaties of 1919 is based on rights recognized only by the victors. That means, in other words, that it does not rest on right, but solely on force.

How, then, does it survive? It survives because, for the time being, Hungary, Russia, and Germany are enchained. Hungary alone is powerless to overthrow the Peace treaties; Russia is powerless because her sword, already blunted by the Tsar, has been broken by the Bolsheviki—the only service (but that no small one) that they have rendered the Entente. Germany is powerless because she is exhausted by the war, disarmed by the treaty, and threatened at her most vital point by the great armies of France and Belgium.

But the chains that bind Hungary, Russia, and Germany to-day will not prove eternal. If these three nations are to-day powerless, how long will that condition, so fortunate for the Entente, continue? This is the pith of the problem. It is folly to dally with delusions. The victorious powers may be able, perhaps, to give the world peace for the moment; but they will not be able to sustain by force the governments which they have created, or to which they

have given wider territories, in Eastern Europe.

England and Italy have already reduced their armies to the minimum indispensable for defense. France will soon be forced to follow suit. She is already pawning her last garments, so to speak, to pay for the huge army that now does service as the policeman of the Entente and the guardian of the treaties; and for this she is repaid by the hatred of the world. She will ultimately weary of this ungrateful and ruinous task. What then? What will happen when Poland, Czechoslovakia, and Rumania are thrown upon their own resources? Especially if the Muscovite Samson begins to grow his locks again?

What is incubating in Eastern Europe, no man can predict. At present we see nothing ahead but incurable instability in that region. The victorious powers are themselves responsible for this instability, of which they are now the victims. They deluded themselves with the foolish fancy that they could remodel Eastern Europe all alone, against the will of Russia and Germany. Their task was one that required the aid of either Germany or Russia; and presumably of Germany, because Western Europe has indignantly turned her back on Russia since the Bolshevik Revolution.

One capital blunder in the Peace Treaty was the failure of its makers to understand that the Bolshevik Revolution, the greatest victory that Germany won during the war, made it imperative for the victorious powers, if they were to avoid plunging Europe into chaos, to impose mild conditions upon Germany; because, although Germany was conquered, she was not reduced, and could not be reduced, to a condition where she might not revenge herself for too harsh a peace. I am saying now only what I said and wrote in 1919. But who, at that time, in Italy, in France,

or in England, thought I was right? The moment you mentioned Germany, the truculent frown of a Brennus darkened the countenance of the victors.

What we needed then was the smile of an Alexander I, of a Talleyrand, of a Metternich; because, just as Europe could not be saved in 1815 except with the aid and consent of France, so, in 1919, she was predestined to ruin without the aid and consent of Germany. I appreciate the facts. In 1919 it took superhuman wisdom for men still bleeding from their wounds to smile upon so hated and so cruel an enemy. The resentment that dictated the Peace treaties was human, but that does not make its results less tragic. The blunders committed in the intoxication of victory, when men sought to reconstruct Eastern Europe against both Germany and Russia, are errors that will long haunt us, and that cannot be repaired until we have paid a heavy price for them in suffering and sorrow.

So there is nothing to do but wait for time and events to heal the consequences of this immeasurable mistake.

III

Europe's second plague is the burden of international and national indebtedness which victors and vanquished alike have inherited from the war. Europe is imprisoned in an intricate network of credits and debits, the puckering strings of which are held by the hands of America, across the Atlantic — America, the creditor of all. Confronting the United States, which owes no one, but has claims against all the world, stand Russia, Germany, Austria, Hungary, and Bulgaria, as exclusively debtor nations; and England, France, Italy, Belgium, Rumania, Serbia, and Portugal, as both creditor and debtor nations, intermediate between America and the conquered powers.

What is the attitude of America, this universal creditor? She insists that her debts must be paid. To this those nations that are crushed under a burden of debt and possess no credit reply that they cannot pay. The intermediate nations, which are both creditors and debtors, are inclined to take a double attitude: to insist that what is owed them be paid in full, but to default on the debts they owe others. Where shall we find, in this confusion of tongues, a language that all understand?

The American theory, that all debts, old and new, war debts and reparation debts, should be paid in full, is self-consistent and logical. A nation that makes a monetary promise and does not keep it commits a hostile act, because it arbitrarily defrauds the creditor government. How can we have mutual confidence and coöperation among nations, when some governments threaten others that they will erase the accounts these hold against them, with a mere stroke of the hand? A bond is a bond, and not a scrap of paper!

But, while it is true that debts must be paid, it is equally true that these debts cannot be paid in their present form. Russia can do no more than recognize her old indebtedness and her war debts on paper; Germany cannot repair the damages that she wrought, to the extent and within the period for which she obligated herself in the peace treaty. France and England cannot pay what they owe America — and so on, to the end. This is not so much an arithmetical impossibility, as a moral and political impossibility. No government will ever be able to extract from its taxpayers the sums required to fulfill its obligations. Germany and Italy prove this.

A person who knew Germany before the war, and who visits that country now, discovers at once that she is seri-

ously impoverished. Impoverished — not pauperized! please understand me there. But if she were to fulfill her treaty obligations, she would be pauperized in the full meaning of the word. Some argue that Germany should have a government strong enough to exact from the middle and lower classes, for thirty or forty years to come, and without giving them anything in return, the enormous sums necessary to rebuild what her armies have destroyed in France and elsewhere. As if Germany, where the monarchy has fallen, where the government is now chosen by universal suffrage and is itself flesh and blood of the middle and lower classes, could be expected to strip those classes to the bone! This is asking the voters themselves to put in power a government that would reduce them to despair; to expect the German people to imitate those ascetic hermits of ancient times, who flagellated and tortured their flesh! Dreams and chimeras!

Italy has not been so seriously impoverished by the war as Germany and Austria. But why? Because she was not forced to pay the whole cost of the war out of her own wealth. She was able to secure assistance from abroad. Those twenty billions of francs in gold, which Italy owes France, England, and America, measure the difference between her present state and the poverty of Germany and Austria. But, if we have to pay back those sums, we shall reduce ourselves to the same level as that of Austria to-day; and our nation, too, will become a walking skeleton. The Hapsburgs managed, during the war, to wear their Empire down to skin and bone, but they fell precisely for that reason. No government can repeat that cruel operation in times of peace. A cabinet that tried to do so would not survive three days.

There is but a single way out of this difficulty. Not *tabula novæ*, as the

ancients said, not a general cancellation of debts, but a general reduction of all debts — Russian, German, Austrian, Rumanian, Bulgarian, French, Italian, and so on.

It is necessary for the creditors to reduce their claims as much as possible; and for the debtors to exert themselves to the utmost to pay their debts upon this reduced basis. America, who will sacrifice most by this arrangement, should be compensated by political advantages.

Is such an act of generous wisdom possible? I do not know. But it seems to me obvious that, unless this remedy is agreed upon, we cannot escape a moral cataclysm of Europe, far worse even than our present debacle. The universal bankruptcy that threatens most governments to-day would leave behind a harvest of hatred and incurable distrust. Every nation would consider itself the victim, regardless of whether it were a despoiled creditor or an insolvent debtor. The justice to which the creditor nations would appeal, in denouncing the fraud from which they had suffered, would be repudiated by the debtors as monstrous — unrighteous! In any case, the peoples of the earth will never agree on such an act of generous wisdom, until each nation has put its own house in order.

How can we expect one government to forgive the debts of another so long as the debtor country continues to lavish money at home with the reckless hand that every government in Europe is using at present? And when shall we see the reforms of domestic finance that every country must carry out before it can begin to discuss its international indebtedness?

No hint of such reforms is in sight at present. So here, too, we are facing questions, the date of whose solution no one can predict. We can merely sit and wait.

IV

This question of debits and credits is particularly serious in the case of France and Germany, because it is associated with one of the most critical issues in European politics — the relations between the two greatest military powers in the world. Let us get a precise idea of the situation. I think that I was one of the first to point out that Germany will never pay more than a small part of the indemnity imposed upon her by the Versailles Treaty. I said in 1919, and I have repeated many times since, that Germany would not fulfill her obligations, because no government would ever exist in that country strong enough to extract from the lower and middle classes the huge sums required. Justice is powerless to deprive Germany of the immunity she has secured by the very vastness of the ruin she has wrought. But though I realized that this was the truth, I recognized that my opinion was a conjecture, and that a conjecture does not bind the reason until it is confirmed by facts. So I was not in the least surprised because others refused to believe what seemed to me self-evident.

And that has been the outcome. While a majority of the people of England and Italy are now convinced that Germany cannot pay, there are many in France who, either rightly or wrongly, are persuaded that she can. Any person who has spent even a brief period in France, and has discussed these subjects with people there, knows that this is the case. Almost any Frenchman will give you a brief, but fairly accurate, enumeration of Germany's resources as they were before the war; he will argue that Germany could pay even more than is demanded of her; and he will conclude from this that Germany is defaulting upon her obligations because the Allies are not

doing what they ought to do to force her to fulfill them. This is the general opinion in France to-day.

This opinion also is a mere conjecture, of course. I believe it a disproved conjecture, but I am not surprised that many people still cling to it. Not all heads are made alike. Human interests diverge more than human minds. Therefore, how can a government that derives its authority from public opinion, and that is invested by one of the most solemn treaties in history with a gigantic credit, renounce even part of that credit simply because English and Italian newspapers are persuaded that it is uncollectible, while its own citizens believe just the contrary? Right here is the noose that threatens to strangle Europe.

When several powers are bound by a treaty, they can observe it to the letter, or modify it by unanimous consent, or fulfill it. There is no other possibility. Italy and England, however, are eagerly searching for a fourth possibility that does not exist.

These two countries delude themselves with the idea that they can, by diplomatic pressure and shrewd international practices, compel France, against her will, to consent to revise the treaty. But diplomatic measures are not enough in this case. The only recourse is war. If treaties of peace are partially impossible of execution, and it is desired to revise them instead of denouncing them, the revision must be by unanimous consent, because an enforced revision is an outright act of war. So the task at hand is to convert France — not only her government, but the rank and file of her citizens, who actuate and guide that government. Unless this is done, conferences and conventions, diplomatic mines and countermines, newspaper campaigns, and books like those of Keynes, amount to nothing. We are headed toward

chaos. Wars and revolutions menace Europe like angels of wrath.

But, the reader inquires, what shall we do? Enforce a treaty that is unenforceable? Square a circle? In truth, I do not know what an honest and informed adviser can suggest to our governments, in this most terrible crisis that Europe has confronted for centuries. The inextricable embarrassments in which every nation that placed its signature to the Peace treaties finds itself to-day are so tragically hopeless that it seems to me one of the greatest blessings conceivable

just now to be a private man. And when I think of the presumption and frivolous recklessness with which governments and newspapers, rhetoricians and diplomats, have led their people into this second ruin following the war, I am tempted to believe that our statesmen well merit their fate, until I recall that the innocent suffer worse than the guilty. *Plectuntur Achiivi* proves only too true again.

So in this case, also, we must wait, and trust to the healing hand of time, aided by human wisdom, if any trace of that is still left in the world.

THE DRUG HABIT IN FINANCE

BY H. H. POWERS

I

AUSTRIA is the land of millionaires. I have heard my own country so designated, but it is an exaggeration. I have never become a millionaire in my own country, and my observation is that millionaires are the exception in our population. But in Austria even I am a millionaire. It cost me fifty-six dollars and eighty-two cents. A week earlier I could have secured the patent of plutocratic nobility for forty-eight dollars; but I came a little late.

I remember, however, to have heard that there is not so much in being a millionaire as men think. Reminders that riches have wings are also bore-somely familiar. I can now better appreciate the truth of these sayings. I hired a porter to take our hand bags (there were nine of us) across to the

hotel, and he charged me three thousand crowns. I gave him thirty-five hundred, for millionaires must be generous. Our dinner cost fifty-nine thousand crowns, and we gave a tip of six thousand. We hired a couple of automobiles for the afternoon for four hundred and eighty thousand and tip. Brewster's millions would have caused him no embarrassment in Austria.

Here, as elsewhere, wealth seems to induce carelessness. There is a general indifference to small change—that is, anything less than thousands. Quotations, too, are most uncertain. Coming up from Italy, we could buy our tickets only to the Austrian frontier. There remained a distance of fifty-two miles, for which we had to pay our fare in the train and with

Italian money. The price was forty-four thousand and odd crowns. I asked the rate of exchange in Italian currency, and the conductor, a novice who was being initiated into the mysteries by an old hand, said the rate was five hundred and fifty. That relieved me greatly, for forty-four thousand divided by five hundred and fifty gives a very modest quotient. I was getting out my money with alacrity, when the old conductor came along and sternly rebuked the novice for cheating me. He told him to give me six hundred and eighty, which he assured me was the true bank-rate of the day. So I received in exchange for my sixty-five Italian francs (about \$3.25) nine first-class tickets and a balance of one hundred and forty-six crowns.

I thought it very good of the old conductor thus to protect my interests and give me the full rate of exchange. I marveled, too, at his honesty, in these distressful times; for I had not found it characteristic of his kind, even in better days. When I came to pay for our dinner, I still had only Italian money, and I presented it, with the firm demand that I be allowed the full rate of exchange, six hundred and eighty. The cashier ignored my demand and quietly handed me seven hundred and fifty. Then I knew both conductors had robbed me, and only the cashier had been really honest. To protect myself from further extortion, I exchanged the rest of my money at a bank. They gave me eight hundred, which I later found was a most leonine rate.

But it does not greatly matter. My baggage porter's thirty-five hundred crowns cost the nine of us two and a half cents apiece. For this sum he carried our baggage to a hotel across the square, waited half an hour, and then carried it to another, four blocks away. Our first-class tickets for the before-mentioned fifty-two-mile ride cost us

thirty-eight cents apiece. Our dinner in the best hotel in Innsbruck, the capital of the Tyrol, cost us, including a liberal tip, an even fifty cents per head. On another occasion, I rode a hundred and fifteen miles in a fine car and a fast train for fifty-one cents. You can live comfortably in the plainer hotels of Innsbruck for a dollar a day. I am told that in out-of-the-way places you can live for twenty cents. And the cost, though ever increasing in crowns, is falling in terms of the world's more stable currencies.

How do they do it?

First of all, it must be remembered that a very large part of the population of this and other European countries is comparatively independent of price-relations. Their contact with nature is direct, and uncomplicated by exchange. The peasant is raising on his land much the same crops as of old; is living on what he raises; and is exchanging the rest with others similarly situated, and for articles produced under similar conditions. It matters little to him that prices cannot keep pace with the headlong depreciation of the crown, and that the price of his product is ridiculous as measured by foreign exchange. He is concerned with domestic exchange. He is apathetic toward the whole matter of price-adjustment, and contributes to the general sluggishness of the process. Of course, the moment he has to buy an imported article, he is stung, but his remedy is the simple one of curtailing this limited class of his purchases.

More serious is the embargo laid upon the saving of money. Savings hoarded in the form of money (paper, of course, for gold and silver are gone and forgotten), or deposited in the savings bank, rapidly become worthless. But the peasant, never much addicted to these modern forms of saving, easily accommodates himself. His thrift, if it

survives, learns to forego these conveniences, and he embodies his savings in the less convenient but more enduring forms of concrete wealth. Economic life tends to revert to more primitive forms. Exchange inclines toward barter, and local wares displace the products of foreign factories. All told, these basic elements of the population suffer little from inflation. They may even profit by the hardships that it inflicts upon another class.

That class includes all persons whose income is predetermined in terms of money. It includes the holders of bonds, the beneficiaries of life insurance, of pensions and annuities, the depositors in banks and savings institutions, and a multitude of others whose dependence is upon claims expressed in terms of money. The moral character of these claims we need not here stop to discuss. They are, no doubt, very various. Some of the claimants are loafers and parasites. Others, like orphans and widows, are inevitable dependents, to whom no society can deny its obligation and remain civilized. Still others are superannuated from long careers of industry and thrift.

Closely allied to the foregoing class of absolute dependents is a large and more productive class of relative dependents, chiefly the receivers of fixed salaries. Salaries can be changed, but not easily or often. An annual revision is about the most that can be expected. What is that, in a country where the merchant closes his shop early every day in order to mark up his goods for the next morning? It is scarcely a year since you could buy a dollar for five hundred crowns. To-day it requires twenty thousand. Think you that teachers' or postmasters' salaries have been marked up in proportion?

It is these holders of money claims whom Austria has sacrificed. She found herself at the close of the war

totally unable to raise the funds for the maintenance of Government. This was due primarily to the impoverishment of the nation, the destruction of its capital, the paralysis of its industries, and the reduction of the national income. But it was due also to the fact that Government was weak, that it was proletarian in origin and sympathy, and that it had little power to impose unwelcome measures upon a newly enfranchised and restive electorate. The people neither would nor could pay the cost of maintaining the traditional functions of government. Yet these functions had to be continued, as the alternative to chaos. Where was the money to come from?

There was but one possible answer. It must come from those dependent on money incomes. Not that they could better spare it, or that it could be more justly taken from them, but simply because their savings could be got hold of. If the Government had taken the peasant's cows or sheep, or, what is the same thing, if it had levied upon him a tax proportioned to its needs, there would have been an agrarian revolution. A direct tax upon industry or other forms of wealth would have been equally disastrous. There was a single category of wealth that was accessible and defenseless. Government had but to press the button, so to speak, and the wealth represented by these myriads of money claims flowed silently into its coffers. The flow could be made as slow or as rapid as desired. The device had but one defect. The flow must inevitably cease when the reservoir was empty.

The flow has been rapid, indeed. Four years have sufficed to empty the reservoir. For four years the Government has lived on the accumulations of past thrift, on the loot of those who have trusted to its monetary good faith. The receiver of an income of ten

thousand crowns could, before the war, support his family in decency and comfort in the average Austrian city. To-day that year's income is worth fifty cents. Fortunes invested against money claims have thus been confiscated, while salaries, despite frequent revision, have been scaled down to the starvation point. We talk of the starvation wage of our ministers and teachers at home, not without reason; but, after all, is not the term used metaphorically? Do our teachers and ministers ever really hunger from inability to get plain food? They do in Austria. The Government, necessary guardian of the sanctity of the monetary unit, has looted its wards, those who had trusted their all to its monetary good faith. It was all so easy and simple. No assessments, no proscribed list, were necessary. The printing press determined automatically the incidence of taxation, and collected the taxes. There was no tax-dodging, no resistance, scarcely even a protest. The suffering was enormous, but the agent was impersonal, intangible, and insensible to the pain inflicted.

This headlong descent to Avernus is not without its incidental advantages. A new distribution of wealth is clearly being effected. Just so certainly as it is disastrous to hoard wealth in the form of money, just so certainly it is advantageous to hoard it in the form of concrete property. Buy a building, a farm, a chattel, anything that is durable and of permanent value, and you escape the terrible levy. If, in addition, you can buy on credit and give your note in part payment, you can pay it a year hence with the price of a dinner. Similarly, if not quite so obviously, it pays to build, to create durable wealth. Labor, always slow-footed in the race, is cheap. Home-produced materials also are cheap, reflecting the price of labor. There is a hectic building-boom

in Austria — building largely anticipatory of uncertain future demand, and in marked contrast with the bankruptcy of the nation.

Many of those who foresaw this and took advantage of it, buying, building, and borrowing, have made fortunes. The rise of Hugo Stinnes has had its myriads of lesser counterparts. It required but foresight and nerve to make them partners with the Government in the great looting process. There is nothing illegal, nothing even immoral in their activities, as judged by long-recognized standards. They have but done what we perhaps regret that we did not have the foresight to do. But, guilty or guiltless, they have furnished the other millstone, and bondholder, pensioner, and salaried worker have been ground between the publican and the profiteer.

II

The situation, however desperate for the present, has in it the potentiality of a redoubtable economic future. The new deal is placing the cards in the hands of stronger players, men of quick perception, aggressive temperament, and moderate scruple. The Central European peoples (for Germany and the rest are all in the same boat) are unloading their dead weight — weight that they were under obligation to carry, no doubt, but weight, and largely dead weight, none the less. The little bondholder and the pensioner were not, in general, creative economic forces. They drew their income and consumed it. The new holders are investors and entrepreneurs, men whose passion it is to accumulate, to organize, to create. As in the case of the French Revolution, the sacrifice is appalling, but the purging of the clogged system portends ultimate vigor.

The change, too, promises an ultimate impetus to the accumulation of

capital when once again the wheels of industry are in motion. The capitalistic temper of the new holders of productive wealth will find its opportunity in the tremendous pressure which the new order puts upon those whose temper is not capitalistic at all. This holds especially of the wage-earning class, a class whose power of accumulation is limited even more by its psychology than by its resources. No possible increase of wages for this class would result in any considerable accumulation of capital on their part. Capital is recruited, — must always be recruited, — not from that which is paid to them, but from that which is withheld from them.

The process of inflation which has gone steadily on in Austria, in Germany, and generally throughout Central Europe, has acted as a gigantic squeeze to extract from labor, as from the passive investor, the utmost that it can yield. It is fashionable now to report that these peoples are living high while the victims of their aggression are tightening their belts. A recent traveler in Germany reports that he found the people 'sleek and podgy,' and expresses the opinion that all their talk of poverty is a studied part, dictated to them from Berlin.

Doubtless the parvenu is in evidence in Germany; but a few inquiries as to wages and living costs would throw more light upon actual conditions than observations from a speeding automobile. Take the case of an engineer who supports a family on two thousand marks a month, the equivalent of from three to six dollars. Fortunately he does not need to buy dollars, and his purchase of domestic products is favored by retarded price-adjustments. But black bread, still to be had only on a bread card, costs nineteen marks per pound loaf. To tap a pair of shoes costs two hundred and twenty-five

marks. Have any of you had the experience of keeping a family of growing children supplied with shoes?

Germany is economizing, rest quite assured of that. The brilliant café life of which we hear so much is a tinsel show. I am convinced from personal observation that the German who spends more than thirty cents on a café dinner is the rare exception. The guest in a first-class hotel sits down to a paper-covered table, and unfolds the plainest of paper napkins. His continental breakfast, once abundant, has dwindled to a mere symbol. Milk is measured to him in thimblefuls; he gets a teaspoonful of sugar, and bread and butter in proportion. Lunch and dinner are wholesome and sufficient, but amazingly simple and plain. I have heard constantly that you can get anything you want to eat in Germany if you are willing to pay for it. I presume you can, — a Lucullus would manage to get nightingales' tongues anywhere, — but I should not know where to go for it. It certainly is not thrust upon you. The same is true of clothing. The German is not in rags, — at least not on the main thoroughfares, — but our working girls would disdain the clothing which German middle-class women are wearing. In a three days' stay in one of the largest German cities, I did not see one expensively dressed man or woman.

No, these people are economizing, not to pay reparations, not because they wish to, but because the great machine which they have started squeezes the life out of them. The cultural reactions of all this give ground for serious apprehension, and perhaps some of the economic reactions as well; but, for a time at least, the division between capital and labor is being revised, enormously to the advantage of the former. A large part of the capitalist's gain goes to the foreigner, in the

shape of lower export-prices; but this is the price the German is paying for his world-market, probably the best investment he can now make.

But while there are these elements of compensation, appreciable in the present and looming large in the future, the essential fact of the present is exhaustion and misery. These governments are humoring their people in their determination not to pay through taxation the legitimate cost of government. They are dissipating the accumulations of generations of thrift. They are laying up wrath unto the day of wrath — a day not far distant.

The most remarkable thing about it all is that this misery-inflicting process is relatively painless at the moment of application. Wages are never reduced, but always raised; and while this is the certain guaranty of diminished purchasing power, each increment of the process is agreeable. The merchant never has to mark down his goods, but always up; and, although the selling price may not cover cost of replacement, the margin of apparent profit is most gratifying. The process is immediately soothing, if ultimately ruinous. It is the drug habit in industry.

Compare this with the situation in England, France, and Italy. They have had their brief fling and have sternly resolved to indulge no further. England has brought her pound sterling nearly back to par, having added a full dollar to its value in the last two years. She refuses to scale her debts, or to sacrifice her money claimants. She is faced, therefore, with the dread alternative of reducing wages and prices, — an immensely unwelcome and distressing step, — or raising her prices in the foreigner's currency to a point where he cannot buy. The one means exhausting industrial war and the other blank ruin, for England lives almost entirely by selling to the for-

eigner the products of her workshops. In a word, England is trying to stop the drug habit, and the symptoms of drug-poisoning manifest themselves with painful acuteness. Strikes and unemployment, usurious liquidation of war-time debts, and capital diminished by unemployment doles — this is her unhappy lot. It is impossible not to recognize this policy as sound and the guaranty of ultimate health. But meanwhile Germany is at work, while Britain is idle, and Germany threatens to capture the world-markets upon which the existence of Britain depends. Unwilling and unwitting, Germany, subsidizing her industry by the loot of her thrift, is serving the world at a losing figure, while Britain, equally unconscious and unintending, is posing ever more impossible conditions for the coveted privilege. For the moment the way of the transgressor seems the less hard.

Between these two divergent paths there are some strange stragglers. On one of my journeys into Austria, our compartment was somewhat more than occupied by two elderly Belgian ladies. They seemed to have all their belongings with them. Seats, racks, floor, and aisle were crowded with their effects, among which I detected kitchen utensils and other travel novelties. Little by little they revealed their situation. They were in receipt of small fixed incomes, which before the war had been sufficient to keep them in comfort. But the exigencies of the war had reduced the purchasing power of the Belgian franc by three fifths. There the sturdy people called a halt. A return to par was impossible, but the franc was stabilized at its diminished value, and prices eventually adjusted themselves to the new standard.

Prices of goods, yes, but not prices of coupons. Our two little bondholders received no more francs than before.

Three fifths of their income had been confiscated, and they were on the verge of starvation. Casting about for a way of escape, their eyes fell upon Austria, where, with the continuance of inflation, prices were still behind in the race. Here their cheapened francs would exchange for enough of the still cheaper crowns to enable them to live.

There are tens of thousands of these strange refugees in Germany and Austria. In Italian Cortina, most famous of resorts in the eastern Alps, I found the hotels empty; while in Innsbruck, a few miles across the border, they were crammed to the roof. These people, some of them necessitous, others merely thrifty, had come from all the countries of Western Europe, even from Germany, because living was cheap. The looting of their own class was here in progress, and their strength in foreign exchange enabled them to share in the loot. They ate the country bare, like a swarm of locusts, but neither they nor their hosts understood the mischief they wrought. Of old, an influx of visitors or of foreign buyers meant prosperity. Why not now? Yet the uneasy consciousness that it did not bring profit was deepening. The foreign buyer is already restricted. He can no longer rush across the border, and buy up whole stocks with each new fall of the mark. The embroidered shirt-waists that the ladies of our party bought were confiscated at the border. Hotel rates are increased to the foreigner, avowedly to offset the disparity of exchange. Even the expulsion of the foreign resident is being urged. Think of it: a nation that lives largely by manufacturing for foreign markets reduced to the necessity of forbidding the export of her commodities!

But, whatever the advantages of printing-press taxation, it has this limitation — that it cannot continue. Drafts upon the reservoir must stop

when the reservoir is empty. When the ten-thousand-crown income is drawn upon until its value of two thousand dollars is reduced to fifty cents, obviously it can yield but little more, whatever the device. The end announces itself in the form of certain concrete obstacles which, in the case of the Central Powers, have already appeared.

For one thing, a point is finally reached where the notes will not pay the cost of their own printing. Bank notes cost money. Before the war, Bank of England five-pound and ten-pound notes cost twelve cents apiece. The one hundred and forty-six crowns that my conductor gave me consisted of six or seven bills, with a total value of about one cent. From my knowledge of engraving and printing, I should not be willing to manufacture them for that amount.

Further, the process of confiscation turns impartially upon governmental and upon private incomes. You cannot mark up the price of postage stamps overnight. The five-cent postage to which Germany is entitled on foreign letters now yields less than a cent, though the nominal value has been increased twentyfold. Countries with state-owned railways are especially hard hit. You can ride all night in a German sleeping-car for thirty-seven cents, and can have a whole compartment for seventy-five. Ordinary fares are in proportion. Austrian fares are much lower. Huge postal and railway deficits are inevitable. Even in Italy, where depreciation is relatively moderate and is largely covered by rate increases, the state railways show a deficit of nine hundred million francs a year. Additional issues to cover these deficits automatically create new and larger deficits in their turn.

There comes a time, at last, when the notes are refused. Somebody starts it, demanding payment in kind or in

foreign currency, and the thing goes like a prairie fire. What people cannot pass, people do not want. This is already foreshadowed in the now universal practice of quoting the capital of new companies in Swiss francs, the only currency in Europe that has kept its gold parity. The new bank recently projected in Vienna to avert the threatened Austrian collapse thus quotes its capital. A monetary union between Austria and Italy is now in prospect, probably involving the substitution of Italian francs for the worthless crowns.

III

All this may not seem so very momentous; but there is another possibility, the gravity of which all will recognize, and from which it is doubtful if any of these countries can escape unaided. Among those most affected by repudiation, and perhaps the first to initiate it, would be the great class of government employees. What would happen if the Austrian government employees refused to serve longer if paid in crowns? That is said to have happened in Russia. It is possible elsewhere. It happens automatically if the crowns cease to circulate. It was a dread possibility in Austria this summer.

What would happen if government employees went on strike? What happened when the Boston police went on strike? How many minutes was it before hoodlums were smashing plate-glass windows and filling gunny sacks with stolen goods? It would take about as many minutes to turn starved and shivering Vienna into a hell. And out of the turmoil would emerge a despotism with unknown political affiliations, and only the certainty that it would embroil all Europe. The menace of such a collapse in Austria fills Europe with consternation. Even bank-

rupt France, herself some billions behind in this year's accounts, advanced fifty-five millions a few weeks since to avert the catastrophe, her Prime Minister declaring that the collapse of Austria was a danger that outweighed all financial considerations, and one that France could not contemplate.

Europe is bankrupt. Not one of the great nations of Continental Europe can pay its debts. Not one can pay the current interest on its debts. A good half cannot pay their running expenses.

Incidentally, we are interested. Europe owes us eleven billions and cannot pay. What are we going to do about it? We expostulate and argue. We urge that the note was given 'for value received,' that the terms of the note are unequivocal. Yes, but Europe cannot pay. What are we going to do about it? We cannot foreclose. If we did, we could levy only on white elephants. We cannot crowd, for a sullen Europe would not pay if she could. We cannot take the property, for that would be merely to assume its burdens.

Europe cannot pay. What are we going to do about it? What do sensible men do with bankrupts? Abuse them? Imprison them? Enslave them? Do they set themselves as taskmasters over them, forcing them to work off a debt that willing effort cannot pay? Thus to collect our debt would cost a dollar for every dime received, and make us the skinflint among nations.

And, after all, does it not reconcile us to the inevitable sacrifice, to recall that bankruptcy was incurred in defense of a cause which, by our own ultimate action, we recognized as ours? And may it not further reconcile us to our inevitable clemency, to recall that our debtors are of those who are treading manfully the toilsome path of financial honor, and refusing to lessen their burdens by confiscation of that which they hold in trust?

SHALL AMERICA SUPPORT THE NEW WORLD COURT?

BY MANLEY O. HUDSON

THE task of the peacemakers assembled at Lausanne to draft a treaty with Turkey has been facilitated in many ways by the progress made in international organization since the last great peace with the Turk in 1878. The protection of religious minorities and the 'freedom of the Straits' are not new problems, and the failures of attempts to deal with them in the past have been due in some degree to the absence of any international tribunal for handling the difficulties bound to arise in connection with any solution. When the Treaty of Berlin wrested the Balkan territories from the Sultan, elaborate provisions were made for religious freedom; but 'putting the Turk out of Europe' soon came to mean for more than one religious group the substitution of one oppressor for another. Similarly, through recurring crises the problem of the Straits has remained 'a knot which for many long years men and nations have endeavored to untie by all the arts of diplomacy, all the devices of political combinations, and all the violence of wars.' With a competent agency to assist in applying the legislation effected, new provisions for protecting the Christians and a new scheme for 'freedom of the Straits' may have better prospect of success.

No such body was available when the ill-fated Treaty of Sèvres was signed on August 10, 1920, and it was then impossible to do more than make very general provision for meeting future difficulties. But the 'public law and system of Europe,' in the 'advantages'

of which the Sublime Porte was admitted to 'participate' with such gusto in 1856, have at last begun to be ordered and organized as a part of the public law and political system of the world; and, in spite of the disillusioning record of failures, other peoples, if not the Turk himself, may hope for some of the promised 'advantages' in connection with the forthcoming settlement. Fortunately, the Conference of Lausanne has at hand the Permanent Court of International Justice, the mere fact of whose existence can hardly fail to influence the drafting of the new treaty.

The Struggle for a Court

The Hague Conference of 1899 succeeded in establishing the Permanent Court of Arbitration; but though it has been successfully used in eighteen cases this is in reality a panel and not a court. As Mr. Choate pointed out in 1907, the Permanent Court of Arbitration is 'a court only in name — a framework for the selection of referees for each particular case.' A determined effort was made at the second Hague Conference in 1907 to establish an additional Court of Arbitral Justice. Secretary Root had instructed the American delegates to endeavor 'to bring about a development of the Hague tribunal into a permanent tribunal composed of judges who are judicial officers and nothing else, who are paid adequate salaries, who have no other occupation, and who will devote their entire time to the trial and decision of international causes

by judicial methods and under a sense of judicial responsibility.' The American delegates had the coöperation of the British and German delegates, but the Conference could not agree on any plan for selecting the judges. A scheme for a new court was drawn up, however, and Secretary Knox later sought to have it adopted; but no final results had been achieved when in 1914 the outbreak of the war necessitated a new beginning.

At the end of the war the pressure for peace did not admit of taking the time necessary for constructing a new scheme for a court. So the Covenant of the League of Nations contains only a provision that the Council shall formulate plans and submit them to the members of the League for adoption. The Council at once invited a number of distinguished jurists to draft a plan. On December 13, 1920, the project drawn up by this Committee of Jurists was unanimously approved, with modifications, by representatives of forty-eight states sitting in the Assembly. A special treaty was drafted, a 'protocol of signature'; the plan for the court was annexed to it as a 'statute'; and the protocol was opened to the signatures of all members of the League and of all states (including the United States) named in the annex to the Covenant as possible 'original members of the League.' This protocol is an independent treaty, wholly distinct from the Covenant of the League; and as such it has now been signed by forty-six states, of which thirty-five have completed their formal ratifications.

Election of the Judges

The Committee of Jurists fortunately succeeded in getting over the stumblingblock of 1907 with reference to the election of the judges, by adopting a suggestion which was made by Mr.

Root. Every proposal of a scheme for electing the judges in the past had led to a contest between the states which insisted upon the recognition of their own hegemony as Great Powers, and the more numerous states which insisted upon the principle of equality of states.

When the Committee of Jurists met in 1920, two bodies were at hand, the constitution of which is based upon a successful compromise between state equality and the predominance of the Great Powers. In the Assembly of the League of Nations, each of the small states represented has one vote; in the Council the four permanent members are 'Principal Powers' and the six non-permanent members may also include some of the Great Powers. So Mr. Root proposed and the Committee of Jurists agreed that these bodies be utilized as a machinery for electing the judges. The two electoral houses are to act independently, and a majority vote in each is necessary for an election. The existence of the Assembly and the Council thus made possible the adoption of a plan for choosing the judges which has proved acceptable to great and small powers alike.

The voting in the Assembly and the Council is restricted in the first instance to a list of persons nominated by the various national groups composing the Permanent Court of Arbitration. Each of these groups may nominate four persons, not more than two of them to be of the group's own nationality. The electors are then directed to bear in mind that the whole Court should 'represent the main forms of civilization and the principal legal systems of the world.' At the first election, in September 1921, the list of nominees included eighty-nine names. As eleven judges and four deputy judges were elected, several ballots were required; but the complicated machinery worked.

Organization of the Court

Of the first members of the Permanent Court of International Justice, two are from North America, one from South America, two from Asia, and ten from Europe. All of them have had wide experience as lawyers; eight have been professors of law, and seven are members of the Permanent Court of Arbitration.

Among the most eminent of the judges are Viscount Finlay, formerly the Lord Chancellor of England, and our own Professor John Bassett Moore, whose *Digest of International Law* is perhaps more widely used to-day than any other publication in the field of international law.

The President of the Court, Judge Loder, was formerly a Judge of the Supreme Court of Holland; the Vice-President, Judge Weiss, is an eminent French authority on the law of continental Europe.

Judge de Bustamante, of Cuba, and Judge Barbosa, of Brazil, have long been widely known throughout the Americas.

The first session of the new Court, which began on January 30, 1922, was devoted to completing its organization. A number of formal matters had to be decided, such as whether the judges should wear wigs and robes, and what precedence should be given to judges at state functions.

Sessions of the Court are to be held at least once a year, on June 15, whether there are any cases on its docket or not. The fact that such annual sessions are scheduled should have an important influence in the chancelleries of the world; just as the early meetings of the Supreme Court of the United States were important events in the life of the young Republic, though no contested case was heard until its sixth meeting.

Cases before the Court

In the present state of international politics it seems most improbable that the new Court will be permitted to be idle. Its rules of court were hardly published before three matters arose for its attention. On May 12, 1922, the Council of the League requested that the Court give advisory opinions on two questions:—

(1) Was the workers' delegate for The Netherlands at the third session of the International Labor Conference nominated in accordance with the provisions of paragraph 3 of Article 389 of the Treaty of Versailles?

(2) Does the competence of the International Labor Organization extend to international regulation of the conditions of labor of persons employed in agriculture?

The consideration of these questions was begun when the Court met on June 15, 1922, for its first regular session; and before the session was adjourned the Council asked for an advisory opinion on a third question:—

(3) Does examination of proposals for the organization and development of methods of agricultural production, and of other questions of a like character, fall within the competence of the International Labor Organization?

In putting the first question, the Council had acted at the request of the International Labor Conference itself; in putting the second and third questions, the Council acted at the request of the French Government. All three of the questions arose out of controversies with reference to the use of the machinery for international labor legislation set up by the treaties of peace; and their sterilized form gives scant indication of the contests from which they issue.

Without analyzing the affirmative answers given to the first two questions and the negative answer given to the third, it may be said that the opinions handed down by the Court in July and August have set at rest heated controversies which had menaced the whole future of international coöperation with respect to labor legislation. It is true that the opinion on the second question, as to which a determined contest had been waged between divergent groups in France, was not received without unfortunate recrimination in *Le Temps*; and the most powerful trade-union in Holland was greatly disappointed by the opinion on the first question. But it now seems improbable that any of the three questions will occasion further difficulty, and the coöperation of the fifty-four members of the International Labor Organization may continue in harmony.

The Court may soon have an opportunity to exercise a different kind of jurisdiction. Instead of giving opinions which are, in form, advice to the Council, it may be called upon finally to decide a dispute between contesting states. Great Britain and France now have a controversy over the nationality laws of Tunis and Morocco. It is claimed by the British that France has violated certain treaty obligations in compelling British subjects in Tunis and Morocco to do military service as French citizens. After unsuccessful attempts to secure a reference to arbitration, the matter was laid before the Council of the League; and on October 4, 1922, the Council requested the Court to give an opinion 'whether the dispute is or is not by international law solely a matter of domestic jurisdiction,' the parties having agreed that, if the Court decides that the matter is not solely of domestic jurisdiction, the whole dispute will be referred to arbitration or to judicial settlement.

The jurisdiction of the Court may also be invoked in a dispute between the Allied Powers and Germany, which the Conference of Ambassadors is reported to have decided to have referred to the Court; this involves the question whether under existing treaty law the Kiel Canal must be kept open to the passage of warships of all nations.

A world court is thus in being! The prophecy of the American delegation to the second Hague Conference — 'a little time, a little patience, and the great work is accomplished' — is at last fulfilled. But the fulfillment comes only after the world has paid a price for the delay!

Extent of the Court's Jurisdiction

The new Court is not, as one critic has said, the private court of the League of Nations. Its use has never been restricted to members of the League. By a decision of the Council of the League, taken on May 17, 1922, as authorized by a provision in the statute of the Court, it has been opened to all the world, so that any state may now appear before it as a party. Hungary appeared before the Court even before her admission to membership in the League.

In most cases each party to a dispute must consent before the Court can deal with the dispute. The Great Powers particularly were unwilling to dispense with the special consent to be given in each case. And the United States had taken the same position at both of the Hague Conferences. But an optional clause in the treaty establishing the Court has now been ratified by fourteen states, giving the Court jurisdiction of every dispute between these states in which is involved any question of international law, of the interpretation of a treaty, or of a breach of an international obligation. In addition to this,

the Court has a large amount of 'compulsory jurisdiction' which has been conferred upon it by other treaties. The treaties for the protection of minorities between the Allied Powers and Poland, Czechoslovakia, Rumania, Jugoslavia, and Greece conferred an extensive jurisdiction on the Court, to be exercised without the necessity of consent at the time. Similarly the minority provisions of the treaty of peace with Austria, Bulgaria, and Hungary are to be interpreted by the Court. The sixteen labor conventions adopted by the recent International Labor Conferences, the Aerial Navigation Convention, the Mandates recently drawn up, and the Barcelona Conventions on International Waterways and Freedom of Transit, are to be interpreted by the Court as disputes arise. The treaty of October 10, 1922, between Great Britain and Iraq contains a similar provision. On the whole, therefore, the Court may act in a great many cases without a special agreement to give it jurisdiction.

Law To Be Applied

When its jurisdiction in a case is established, the Court must find the law to be applied in reaching a decision. The statute of the Court directs that it apply international conventions, international custom as evidence of a general practice accepted by law, judicial decisions, the teachings of the most highly qualified publicists, and the general principles of law recognized by civilized nations. As if for good measure, the power to decide *ex aequo et bono*, if the parties agree, is expressly added. This has been thought to mean that the Court has power to arbitrate in addition to its power to adjudicate, with reference to a dispute before it; but the language probably involves no more than a recognition of

the propriety of considering what is 'reasonable,' or what is 'just and good,' in cases where the established law is clearly inadequate. For it would seem a mistake to contrast too sharply the processes of arbitration and adjudication. Arbitrations have long proceeded along juridical lines. The recent arbitration agreement between the United States and Norway was not exceptional in providing that the arbitral tribunal should decide 'in accordance with the principles of law and equity.' Whether a court is arbitrating or adjudicating, it will endeavor to find the law that is applicable. Yet the case seldom arises in which that law can be found full-blown and ready-made. An effort to balance competing interests must always be made, and that is a juridical process when followed by either an arbitral or a judicial tribunal. The law to be applied by any court is not, to use a phrase of Mr. Justice Holmes, 'a brooding omnipresence in the sky.'

It is not to be concluded, however, that the new Permanent Court of International Justice is merely a duplication of the old Permanent Court of Arbitration. Both now exist, and there is no intention that the former should entirely supersede the latter. The panel of 129 persons composing the Permanent Court of Arbitration is still needed for cases in which disputant states will desire to arbitrate before judges chosen *ad hoc*. Such a desire may be entertained, because some of the judges of the new Court may be *persona non grata* to a particular state, or more probably because the new Court is thought to be too busy or too large to handle a particular case. The Permanent Court of Arbitration is needed, also, for the nomination of the list of candidates from which the judges of the new Court may be chosen. But the Permanent Court of International Justice constitutes a signal advance

over what it was possible to achieve at The Hague in 1899. It is in reality 'permanent'; it is in reality a 'court'; and with judges elected for terms of nine years it should come to have in time a continuous line of decisions and a consistent body of jurisprudence which may furnish a sound basis for the renovation of international law.

Sanctions for the Court's Decisions

Once a decision has been given, how is it to be enforced? What 'sanctions' are behind it? The statute of the Court is silent on this point, and the Court's situation is not unlike that of the United States Supreme Court in this respect. But for the fifty-two members of the League of Nations, a special obligation does exist. For they have agreed in Article XIII of the Covenant to 'carry out in full good faith any award that may be rendered' and not to 'resort to war against a member of the League which complies therewith,' leaving it to the Council to 'propose what steps should be taken to give effect' to an award which is not complied with; and Article XVI prescribes certain consequences if any member resorts to war in disregard of this undertaking. These provisions are generally taken to apply to decisions of the Court, though they do not apply in any way to states not members of the League. But the principal 'sanctions' for the Court's decisions, for all states, must be derived from the moral strength of the Court, and the moral force of the world's opinion behind it.

It is important, therefore, both by reason of the voluntary nature of its jurisdiction and by reason of the moral nature of its authority, that the Court shall have a united world supporting it. Successful functioning for a few years will give it great prestige, and the determination of a few important cases

like that involving the nationality laws of Tunis and Morocco will dramatize its serviceability. But every possible encouragement is needed, first for resort to the Court by disputant states, and then for compliance with its decisions. On the machinery of justice, at any rate, it would seem that the world should be able to unite.

The Rôle of the United States

What, then, is the rôle of the United States in this achievement? Is our position with the fifty-two states that are making it a success, or with Abyssinia, Ecuador, Germany, Mexico, Russia, and Turkey that stand outside of it. Apart from Mr. Root's and Dr. Scott's contributions to the work of the Committee of Jurists and Judge Moore's acceptance of a seat on the Court itself, the United States has taken no part in establishing the new Court. Our Government has yielded the position of leadership in the movement which it held under the presidencies of McKinley, Roosevelt, Taft, and Wilson. But that water is over the dam. With the organization of the Court completed, the question now is, what part shall America play in supporting and maintaining it?

At the present time, our situation is this: the United States may have access to the Court on terms of equality with any other state. We may refer to it a dispute in which we are involved, if the other party consents; or we may consent when the other party seeks to refer it. We therefore reap the benefit of having a ready tribunal for our own as well as for other nations' disputes. Yet we pay no part of the Court's expenses. The rent of its headquarters in the Peace Palace at The Hague, even the salary of Judge Moore, is paid entirely by the League of Nations. We have a voice in the preliminary stage

of the election of the judges. In the nomination of the persons whose names are to be on the list from which the Assembly and the Council elect, the American group in the Permanent Court of Arbitration has the same privilege as other national groups; though in 1921, Messrs. Gray, Moore, Root, and Straus, who form the American group, declined to accept the invitation to nominate. But in the final stage of the election, in the voting in the Assembly and the Council, America has no voice, since we are not represented in either body.

How would this situation be changed, if the United States subscribed to the treaty establishing the Court? The conditions under which we might invoke the Court's jurisdiction would probably remain the same; for it seems unlikely that we should adopt the optional clause agreeing that the Court might take compulsory jurisdiction, without special agreement, over any dispute which may arise with a state which also adopts the optional clause. The United States has never shown a willingness to go so far. The situation with reference to the Court's expenses would certainly be changed, for, though the treaty would not obligate us to pay any part of the Court's expenses, we should doubtless insist on a separate agreement fixing our quota and determining how it should be paid. Greater participation in the election of the judges would not follow unless it were expressly stipulated for. So that the formal act of accepting the treaty would not greatly change the present situation, except in enabling America to bear her share of the burden of maintaining the Court, and to use her influence to increase its strength and prestige.

Why, then, do we withhold our action? It is not because of any opposition to the idea, even in the days of

strictest isolation. The major political parties have repeatedly voiced their acceptance of the idea. In 1916 the Republican national platform was very downright in stating: 'We believe in the pacific settlement of international disputes and favor the establishment of a world court for that purpose.' And Senator Lodge has been recently re-elected on a platform in which the Republicans of Massachusetts declare: 'We stand for a Permanent Court of International Justice.' Nor is it because of any dissatisfaction in America with the scheme adopted; the comment has been all but unanimously favorable. And the selection of Judge Moore to sit on the Court has been greeted with approval by lawyers and laymen throughout the country.

Conditions of American Support

American action is delayed only by the conditions stated by the Secretary of State on July 13, 1922. After calling attention to the fact that the United States now has no part in the voting in the election of the judges, Secretary Hughes declared that he saw 'no prospect for any treaty or convention by which we should share in the maintenance of the Court until some provision is made by which, without membership in the League, this Government will be able to have an appropriate voice in the election of the judges.' It is clear that acceptance of the Court statute does not in any way involve membership in the League. The Court is a quite independent part of the League machinery, set up by a treaty wholly distinct from the League Covenant. The United States can become a signatory to this treaty without assuming any of the obligations of League membership, and without any commitment to co-operation with the League machinery as it functions under the Covenant.

However, Secretary Hughes's condition that the United States must have a voice, not simply in nominating judges as at present, but also in the final voting, must be met. Since the voting is entrusted to two League bodies, the Assembly and the Council, arrangement must be made for American participation when they act, not under provisions of the Covenant, but as electoral bodies named in the separate, distinct treaty setting up the Court.

How can this arrangement be made? It is unthinkable that the electoral functions should be taken from the Assembly and the Council, for that would mean a return to the deadlock of 1907. The sleeping dogs of state equality and Great Power hegemony must be allowed to lie. The statute could, however, be amended to provide that states in the situation of the United States may participate in the electoral bodies. But no method of amendment is provided by the statute itself, and no power to amend it has been conferred on the Assembly or the Council. So that the thirty-five states which have ratified, if not the forty-six states which have signed, the treaty to which the Court statute is annexed, would have to act. In many of these states, parliamentary collaboration would be necessary. This is not only difficult and dilatory but might also open up issues now set at rest. If possible, this course should be avoided.

If the United States should sign and ratify the separate treaty establishing the Court, with a reservation that the United States shall enjoy all the privileges enjoyed by any other state, and particularly the privilege of voting in the Assembly and the Council when those bodies act as the electoral bodies empowered by the statute of the Court to make the final choice of the judges, it would seem probable that all other states would readily acquiesce, and as a

result of such acquiescence the American conditions would be fully satisfied. We should not attempt to ignore the existence of such bodies as the Assembly and the Council, which has made it possible to have the Court; but we should limit our contact with them to the one function of electing the judges, in which they act wholly apart from their other activities. For good measure, it could be spelled out that the United States becomes in no way bound by, or a party to, any article of the Covenant of the League of Nations.

The conditions set by Secretary Hughes are not difficult to meet, therefore, if there be the will to meet them. And it is gratifying to have his statement, on October 30, 1922, that he thinks 'suitable arrangements can be made for the participation by this Government in the election of judges of the International Court which has been set up, so that this Government may give its formal support to that Court as an independent tribunal of international justice.' It is most important that such arrangements should be completed while the Court is in its infancy, and while American support may have its full influence.

International justice is not to be achieved in any generation for all time to come; for it involves a continuous process which can never be accomplished with a single stroke. But one does not need to indulge any illusions as to the importance of courts in the political life of the world to think that machinery is necessary and must be at hand. With the Permanent Court of Arbitration and the Permanent Court of International Justice, both established and functioning, justice according to law has come within the nations' reach. But machinery alone will not suffice. Behind it must be a faith in the peaceful processes it is created to serve, and a will that it shall succeed.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB

THE AMENITIES OF GRIPPE

JOB never had the gripe. Job suffered from boils and such real adversities, and adversity chasteneth. But the gripe is a kind of perversity. It is like some modern novels and plays I could name: it leaves you with an intolerable situation. Nor is there any illustrious fellowship in gripe. You cannot glow with the thrill that you might experience, could you say to yourself that Chaucer, or Burton, or some other worthy, might just as well have been writing about you. How glorious in comparison are other diseases. Once, you remember, you suffered acutely for a while; but, though the doctor called your malady by strange modern names, you knew all along that you were 'ful coleryk of compleccioun,' and you took positive delight in your vicarious identity with immortality. Then followed, too, a vigorous convalescence, which meant that you were really well but that 'under doctor's orders' you left behind the cares of this world and went off to the Islands of the Blessed, where you played thirty-six holes of golf a day, and at dinner invited a return, not without hope, of the

greet superfluytee
Of youre rede colera, pardee.

Even pneumonia brings its blessing. You do not remember as unmixed evil — as sheer, accursed, totally depraved perversity — that sweet anguish when your grosser nature was purged by the torturing disease and you listened transfigured to the music of the spheres. The poets must have been thinking

about you again — or someone very like you.

But you cannot anatomize gripe. It has not even the minor attraction of a 'sharp quotidian ague.' It has not even any convalescence. You find that, like Polonius, you have 'most weak hams'; but it is small comfort to think that your only associate in all literature is a doddering old fool, and that your kinship to him is based on a weak understanding.

How much better to die of a consumption! You might have association with the immortal dead; you might look in a mirror and say, like Byron (substituting of course your own name for his): 'Then the ladies would all say, "See poor Snodgrass — how beautiful he looks a-dying!"'

But I would fain dwell upon the amenities of gripe. For it has its humors, too, though they don't suggest those of Galen and his immortal progeny. I would not linger at unseemly length upon the minor joy you feel at the prospect of indefinite absence from work, without diminution of pay; but to me it is a sweet comfort, far above the stern solace of Job. Such freedom hardly amounts to humor, it is true, till you realize bitterly how incapable you are of enjoying it. It can scarcely be exaggerated into an amenity.

But my reading does provide real amenities. I read George Macdonald when I have gripe. You must have infinite leisure to enjoy George Macdonald. If you are suffering from 'normalcy,' you resent the intrusion of plush upholstery and Victorian sentimentality; you are too busy to wade through the theological discussions

and the pedantic digressions; you feel obliged, if you must read fiction, not to waste your time on anything so commonplace and genuine. But if you have the grippe, time ceases to exist. The world of the subway and the quick-lunch counter, of the movie and the novel with a new device, fades into the limbo of your kaleidoscopic and mispent youth.

Enter, then, George Macdonald. You not only read, but sometimes re-read, his solid Scottish disputations; you recognize, while yet a long way off, the contents of the lengthy and decorous speeches of Ian Macruady, and nevertheless go solemnly and profitably on; you discover in Mr. Walton's virtuous company that he is about to experience a sermon — in fact, he thinks out loud in detail for your special benefit; and then, on turning the page at the end of the chapter, you come upon a whole chapter called 'The Sermon I Preached.' Undismayed, you read it, and read some more; and at the end of the book, you are only faintly aware of what you have endured, while there stands vivid in your mind a picture of real human beings in conflict with real, everyday situations — characters who emerge, as you hoped they would, somewhat better as a result of their conflicts. Macdonald is a true Victorian. He does n't ask you to work up a set of characters and then leave them abruptly in the grippe of an intolerable situation. Life must go on, somewhither. He takes you solemnly on to the end of the situation. And if you are fortunate enough to have the grippe, and so time and patience to go with him, you have done yourself a good turn. And that of course deserves another volume.

An amenity familiar to all consists of the little gifts of dainties from your friends. You have no sense of smell, so you're sure to eat them all, with a

fine catholicity of taste. Sometimes, however, they are pranked out with a poesy or an inscription which lends them special virtue. One such I remember from a friend with the mumps, who, while he accused me of enjoying 'slender normal things,' complained in pretty verses that he had developed 'Cleveland's lyric throat.' Recently a learned friend sent me a bowl of jelly, and with it these words: —

HOC. GELATUM. EX. VINO. TARAXACENSI.
DOMESTICO. TIBI. DAT. VICINUS. SPERATQUE.
TE. IAM. CONVALESCERE

He had the goodness to tell me that 'Taraxacensi' means 'of the dandelion.' But this gift was hardly an amenity: it was almost an event.

MORE LITERARY REAL-ESTATE

'Now, anybody can describe a room . . . to make a reader feel a room's presence, its infinite, intimate charm, is a different thing, given supremely to just a few,' says a recent Contributor; and she goes on to name the authors she would like to have furnish a room or plan a garden for her. I, too, would trust several novelists and poets for interior decoration and landscape-gardening, and in the main my choice chimes with hers. Tennyson for my trees and lawns, but Morris for my

Little garden close,
Set thick with lily and red rose.

There are other poets in plenty to help — poets and gardens belong to each other. But I too should distrust Tennyson in furniture. He was too much Queen Victoria's friend for that. I should choose Henry James to go with me on my furniture quest; his friendly shade would surely know to what auction-room the Spoils of Poynton have been borne by the ruthless vans of Time and Change. And I should ask

Anne Douglas Sedgwick to help me arrange those delicately gleaming surfaces into a harmony of exquisitely interlaced tones and forms. Not Galsworthy — no, never the man who could ruin that lovely glimmering white room by putting crimson roses in a jade-green bowl. Narcissus it should have been, or, to echo the firelight, pale flame-colored azaleas. If it must be roses for the fragrance, let them have yellow, curling petals, disclosing a tinge of translucent coral.

For furnishing and landscaping there are literary lights in plenty. But who is there to do the really fundamental work of planning and designing the house? Not, this time, a fairy palace, or a castle in Spain, but a house for generation after generation to make a home of, to live in and to love? What novelist could have been an architect? Hardy, we know, was trained for that profession, but it shows chiefly, I think, in his descriptions of natural objects, as when he notes the Moorish-arch effect of the rear view of a cow. His houses, somehow, have never won my heart. I prefer Kipling's *Habitation Enforced*, and I feel the mystic spell of John Buchan's *Full Circle*. But for an architect to deal with, a man who would understand a family's most intimate needs, and at the same time a man with a sound knowledge of design and plan, combined with impeccable taste, give me Anthony Trollope.

'What, poor old plodding Mid-Victorian Anthony, with his sloppy English and his sordid views of his art — rely on his taste?' Yes, Mid-Victorian Anthony, who, in the midst of his era, kept his head free from all the architectural falsities of his time, and his eye clear for the best of earlier days. It is not everything old that meets his approval. Witness Courcy Castle, 'built in the days of William III, which, though they were grand days

for the construction of the constitution, were not very grand for architecture of a more material description.'

So, too, in regard to the Tudor houses — which are what he loves best — he is keenly critical. He does no sentimentalizing over the gauds and trappings, the elaborate carvings, the showy half-timber work that catch the untrained eye. His heart went out to the good tawny stone of Barsestshire, wrought into graceful gabled houses, with well-placed chimneys and simple square-topped mullioned windows, arranged in that irregular yet balanced rhythm which is the admiration and despair of modern designers. He saw and felt these fundamental matters of mass and proportion and material as only the few of any time, and especially of his, have seen and felt them. And he makes them clear to us. Other writers might make us feel the charm of the Great House at Allington, or of Ullathorne Court. He adds to that power such exactness of description that a draughtsman could draw the front elevation of the Great House, and all the elevations and the plan of Ullathorne. Indeed, one of our own ablest architects, Mr. Ernest Flagg, himself a man of keen eye for the fundamentals, says in a recent book that the plan of one of his houses is based on Ullathorne.

Another reason for choosing Trollope to plan my house is his flair for the creature comforts. He would not foist on me the romantic picturesqueness that is so hard to live with. The carpets would not rise along the gusty floors. The windows would fit, the chimneys would draw, the rooms would be spacious without being vast. The bookroom would be quiet, the breakfast-room would face east, the drawing-room would open on the garden, with long windows like the ones in the Small House that opened to the light hand of Lily Dale.

And the dining-room — what a dining-room that lover of good dinners would plan! Meet for Matching Priority, 'the most comfortable country-house in England.' Yes, I could trust Trollope with my dining-room.

But the kitchen — no Englishman, and no Victorian, man or woman, would I trust to plan a livable kitchen. Trollope would have some comprehension of the case, for he loved to have his soup hot, and his potatoes served before the mutton grew chill, and could be brought to see the consequent desirability of placing the kitchen somewhere near the dining-room. But, faced with the present-day paucity of servants and plethora of equipment, he would be the first to see the need of expert advice. And I should have the expert's name on the tip of my tongue. It would be the creator of that long sunny kitchen, with its shining range, boiler, and sink, its geraniums and easy-chair, where Understood Betsey learned to make apple sauce.

RZYSPLYMPSKI!

WE read with glee the lay of the Mournful Maverick, and quoted it extensively to our friends as a sample of the pure joyousness of the English language. To-night, for the first time, we have met its match and proved that English is not the only language full of interesting possibilities.

It was in an artist's studio, and the landscape was filled with riotous and lovely shapes and colors. My friend wore a flaming blouse and sat in an old mahogany Windsor chair, over the back of which was thrown a scarf of electric blue. As she chatted she daubed spasmodically at a group of chrysanthemums in a vase of uncertain but lovely color.

Somewhere from the depths of genius

she suddenly brought forth a word, — unknown to all of us, — a gruesome gargoylesque word: 'Rzysplympski.' It might very well have been a new beverage, for it had the fizz and gurgle of delectable liquids. It could easily have been the war cry of fierce Italian Fascisti — a sort of twentieth-century 'Excelsior.' In fact it even had the possibilities of rich deep fur trimming used on cloaks in *Vogue* or *Vanity Fair*. We tried it in all of these connections, and many more, and had a beautiful time wandering through the labyrinths of language. The word could be used admirably to express approval, and indeed it was quite useful when one was called upon to admire works of art which he could not understand. One could exclaim with charming effect, 'Is n't that rzysplympski!' and as no one knew what it meant everybody was forced to agree with him, and wonder at his command of language. Even better, however, did it give force to anathema. Surely the architectural atrocity known as Temple Something-or-other was absolutely rzysplympski! After such sweeping condemnation as that, there was literally nothing left to be said. The evening's experiments were altogether a great success, and we had, taken all in all, a truly rzysplympski sort of time.

But when the truth came out it was found that in a certain kindergarten there was a little Hungarian child, and an equally small Croatian. Minnie had come to school wearing a gorgeous 'near mink' fur of her mother's, which was adorned with many small supposedly mink heads. Sadie gazed at it with longing and wonder, and then, in a voice hushed with awe, said: 'Ain't it *sweet*, all them little cow's heads!'

And Minnie's last name was 'Rzysplympski!'

THE CONTRIBUTORS' COLUMN

ON December 2, 1921, was sold at auction to the editor of the *Morning Post*, London, a 'batch of books' which contained the diary of Joseph Farington. Like the famous diarists, Pepys and Evelyn, from whom Farington is surely the direct literary descendant, 'he knew almost every eminent man and woman of his time' — Napoleon, Josephine, Wellington, Nelson, Boswell, Lord Orford, the King, Wordsworth. We print a prefatory note and selections from six volumes, made by the editor of the diary, James Greig of the staff of the *Morning Post*. 'On the Technique of Being Deaf' is the personal record of one who succeeded in turning deafness into an asset. Earnest Elmo Calkins is a member of the advertising firm of Calkins and Holden of New York City. Some of the thoughts in this paper were first delivered to the Alumni Association of the Nitchie School for Lip Reading. The author writes, 'There were about 115 deafened folks present, and they "heard" me, if they did hear me, by reading my lips, or with the aid of various devices — cornuted, auricular, or electrical. From such auditors (or spectators) my reception was naturally warm.' Henry Tracy Kneeland, who is both discoverer and editor of the letters of Lafcadio Hearn to his brother, graduated last year from Trinity College, Hartford.

* * *

Surely it was a thousand years ago that Congress appropriated \$200,000 for the raising of the Maine! It is of these 'ancient days of the Spanish War' that John Davis Long tells in his diary, wherein one hears the talk of McKinley, of Sherman, then an old man, of Lodge and Penrose — young Senators then, and Roosevelt, an impetuous Assistant-Secretary of the Navy. Lawrence Shaw Mayo, who edits the diary, has already done notable biographical work in a life of John Wentworth and a life of Lord Jeffrey Amherst. Laurence Binyon is the well-known English poet who for some

thirty years has been publishing poetry and critical essays. From Chikala, Nyasaland, Africa, the land of lions and lesser beasts of the field, Hans Coudenhove, hunter, naturalist, and philosopher, sends us his paper for this month's *Atlantic*. Elizabeth A. Drew took first-class honors in the schools of English language and literature, Oxford, has been lecturer in English literature at Cambridge, and during the latter part of the war was head of the Women's Staff of the Department of Education, for the British Army of the Rhine. A tale of the 'younger generation' in China has come to us from Pearl S. Buck, of the University of Nanking, China. Adele Lathrop sends us this month her first contribution to the *Atlantic*.

* * *

Robert Hunter is a sociologist of wide reputation, one-time resident of Hull House and other settlements, and the author of *Poverty*, *Labor in Politics*, and other volumes. He is a lecturer in economics and English at the University of California. Readers of the *Atlantic* will remember 'Matches' by Viola Paradise, which appeared in November 1920. She sends us this month 'Only a Conversation,' from Dresden, Germany. Charlotte E. Wilder's first contribution to the *Atlantic* appears this month. She is on the staff of the *Youth's Companion*. *Atlantic* readers who have made 'The Wonderful Pilgrimage to Amarnath' with L. Adams Beck, Englishman and Oriental scholar, or who have learned 'How great is the glory of Kwan-non,' will make a sympathetic part of his audience this month for the 'Ghost-Plays of Japan.'

* * *

Charles F. G. Masterman has had a long career in English public life, being several times member of Parliament, Under-secretary of the State Home Department, and Financial Secretary to the Treasury. He is author of *The Heart of the Empire*,

In Peril of Change, and *The Condition of England*. Guglielmo Ferrero is chiefly familiar to Americans as the greatest historian of modern Italy, the author of *Young Europe*, *The Greatness and Decline of Rome*, *The European War*; but a French critic speaks of him as 'traveler, orator, philosopher, in one of his books almost a novelist . . . an extraordinary incarnation of the fascinating charm of the Latin genius which owes its modern definition to him.' To the knowledge of an economist and sociologist, H. H. Powers adds a wide acquaintance with European affairs. Formerly professor of economics and sociology in Smith College, he later associated himself in the same field with Leland Stanford Junior University, and Cornell. He resigned from the work of teaching in 1902 and devoted himself for several years to the Bureau of University Travel. At the present time he is best known as a lecturer and publicist. Manley O. Hudson, who is professor of law at Harvard, attended the Peace Conference as a member of the commission on ports, waterways, and railways, and of the commission on new states and the protection of minorities. He was legal adviser to the International Labor Conference at Washington in 1919, and at Genoa in 1920. He is a member of the legal section of the secretariat of the League of Nations.

* * *

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

May I present a new angle on that justly famous poem you recently published, 'Leave Me Lay'? In Booth Tarkington's *Gentle Julia*, on page 174, young Florence is estimating her value to her large and seemingly unappreciative family. 'I bet if I died, they would n't even have a funeral,' she says cheerfully. 'They'd prob'ly just leave me lay!'

Of course the author of your poem did not go so far as this, but he did his bit, and a third stanza might have used this phrase of Florence's as happily as did the other two.

Cordially,

MABEL LONGLEY PADEFORD.

* * *

We doubt whether any novelist's property man has placed the moon in its proper setting. Indeed, a heinous instance of an impossible moon occurred in *Jane Eyre*, and the *Atlantic*, too, pleads guilty!

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

In the June *Atlantic* (p. 760), in Miss Furman's charming sketches of the 'Quare Women,' she says: 'All gathered on the porch while the soft darkness came on, and a bright *crescent moon rose* slowly over the mountain.'

And yet nobody ever saw a crescent moon rise in the evening. Nearly every month we see the crescent moon in the evening sky, but it is always the western sky and the moon is near its setting.

To see a crescent moon rise one must get up early in the morning, and see the waning crescent, or decrescent moon. I have long wondered why publishers did not have a 'moon censor' to see that writers make their moons behave like the real moon. While Juliet speaks of 'the inconstant moon, that nightly changes,' its habits are really very regular from month to month, and should be very familiar.

It should certainly furnish the novelist all the variety he (or she) needs, without making it do the impossible things credited to it. I happen to recall a story in which the lovers are watching the new moon one evening, and the next are gazing on the full moon rising at midnight!

P. H. H.

Wanted: a Moon Censor!

* * *

Letters from the heart of Africa have a peculiar glamour. Here is one to the editor from Hans Coudenrove, the author of 'Nyasaland Sketches' in the current *Atlantic*.

Chikala, Zomba
NYASALAND.

DEAR MR. EDITOR, —

No doubt my mode of existence on Mtonia mountain, which, by the way, I have long exchanged against a much wilder part of the country, must appear strange and uncongenial in the social maelstrom in which you live. And yet I should not wonder if, some day, when the fancy took you, you dropped your pen, or your whole typewriting machine, into your wastepaper basket, and went out somewhere into the wilds and beat all records, as is the fashion of your wonderful countrymen! An American mining engineer kills more lions in a month than Gérard, 'le tueur de lions,' during his whole existence; a fashionable New York preacher shoots more antelopes and zebras, in a short holiday, than a whole family of lions would kill in a year!

I could multiply the instances, but you are no doubt familiar with them yourself.

Yours very sincerely,

HANS COUDENROVE.

Here is a reply of the unsentimental realist to Edward Yeomans's regrets in the November *Atlantic* that Youth has to live in the city.

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

In the current number of the *Atlantic* a Chicago business man shows us, with no little art, Prometheus bound to the wheel in the persons of two young things working in minor capacities in big commercial undertakings in a great city. The conclusion is that these young people should not be in great cities, nor working for big commercial organizations, nor employed in minor positions. He feels that they are somehow missing their birthright: that their proper setting is the Maine woods or the farm, that they are wasting their irreplaceable youth with pens and cash registers when they should be chopping down trees or milking cows or playing tennis. He is quite naturally sorry for them — something is wrong with a world that makes such things visible. Are the youths about whom he is so concerned sorry for themselves? Let him offer them the positions he thinks more suited to their age and musculatures and listen to the response he gets.

They are *not* sorry for themselves because: —

- (1) They are young, and it is good to be alive.
- (2) They are in the great city which represents opportunity.
- (3) They are working for great corporations and may rise high.
- (4) They are economically independent.
- (5) Adventure, potentially, lurks around every street corner.
- (6) They are not subject to that too intimate scenting called gossip.
- (7) They are their own bosses after closing time, with numberless movies, dance halls, libraries and lectures, cafeterias and automats waiting to receive them without personal comment or criticism.
- (8) They may be lonesome, but tomorrow they may find a new friend.
- (9) They are bossed, but not by their families.
- (10) They are poor, but all around them is wealth, visible, tangible, — theirs if they make good, — and all around them are their contemporaries doing just the same thing.

Yours sincerely,

DR. R. H. RALISON.

* * *

Mr. Bernard MacGilligan of Chicago writes us in detailed refutation of a recent

Atlantic article, entitled 'Irish Backgrounds.' We have not, unfortunately, the space to publish Mr. MacGilligan's long letter, but it is only fair to our readers to cite his principal points: —

1. Mr. Bretherton writes of 'the Labor and Independent candidates capturing nearly four fifths of the contested seats.' What are the facts? The number of Labor and Independent candidates elected was 30.

2. Joseph M. Plunkett is referred to as 'having been shot for treason — he went to Germany to get help for the Easter rising, in 1916,' when as a matter of fact he never went to Germany for that or any other purpose.

3. Mr. Bretherton asserts that, had the Catholic Irish accepted Partition and the King in 1914, they could have had as complete self-government as they now enjoy. The facts are that the Act of 1914 restoring the Irish Parliament withheld all powers of taxation from the Irish government to be set up, and reserved for Imperial control the judiciary, the police, the army, land purchase, and so forth.

4. When the proposal to exclude Ulster, or a part of Ulster, from the operation of the Home Rule measure was put forward, it was not the 'Catholic Irish,' but instead the Ulster Orangemen, who objected to it.

5. When Lloyd George proposed as a 'war emergency measure' the immediate grant of self-government to twenty-six Irish counties, including three in Ulster, it was not the 'Catholic Irish' who rejected it. No, it was Mr. A. Bonar Law, the present British Premier, who stated in his place in the House of Commons that he could not give his assent to the settlement.

6. We are told of the sufferings of 'Protestant Loyalists.' But in view of the facts that 24,000 Catholics have been driven from their homes in Belfast; that some 2000 of these homes have been burned and looted; that 446 Catholics have been killed and 1790 seriously wounded in the Belfast pogroms, while not a solitary individual has been brought to justice for these outrages, is it surprising that in a few isolated instances 'Protestant Loyalists' have been attacked?

BERNARD MACGILLIGAN.

Another critic of 'Irish Backgrounds' takes exceptions to Mr. Bretherton's ethnology.

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

Mr. Bretherton's reading of Irish politics may stand for what it is, an honest attempt by a strong partisan to describe that which he sees. But his racial stratification of the Irish people is altogether too neatly complete, and his history too violently foreshortened, to accord with the

facts. The legendary Milesians, Danaans, Firbolgs, and Formorians, may have existed and acted as tradition will have them to have done. And their original relations may equally well have been as they are portrayed. But it is many a long day since their caste-barriers disappeared. Even if these had not been broken down by the 'blue' Danes, from the time of Strongbow onward there has been a never-ceasing commixture, both of breed and class, throughout the greater part of the country. Here and there, it is true, there might be an isolated islet of invaders, keeping themselves relatively to themselves, — as did the 'Beany Bags' of Wicklow till quite lately, — but each wave of invasion drove the dispossessed before it. Normans, Edwardians, Elizabethans, Cromwellians, Williamites, in turn, were beaten down into the 'lowest stratum,' or took refuge in the rougher parts of the West. Thus the 'Firbolgs' of to-day, when submitted to anthropometrical tests, reveal the stigmata of a dozen races, and when transplanted to Australia or America are unrecognizable within two or three generations. Some of the finest specimens of humanity I know are 'unmixed' products of small, blackish, prognathous 'Firbolgs' after a few years of freedom and good feeding. Even at home there is little unity of type. Not one of the leaders of Sinn Fein, enumerated by Mr. Bretherton as being 'Firbolg' by descent, betrays a trace of that strain, either in conformation or name.

H. HALLIDAY SPARLING.

* * *

'What can we do about heredity?' is what one reader asks in an interesting letter from which we can print only a paragraph or two.

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

The article by Vernon Kellogg in your November issue, entitled 'The New Heredity,' is of great interest to everyone. Mr. Kellogg gives very lucidly the modern concepts of heredity and environment and he deplores the fact that these are practically disregarded in actual human matings; but, at the end of it all, may I be permitted to ask, What are we to do about it?

What in actual fact are the calamities which are threatened us, and what the benefits hoped for, in case we continue in haphazard fashion, or, reforming, heed the writing on the wall?

Is the whole animal kingdom, and the vegetable as well, threatened in the same way? There is a tendency in nature to produce an excess of individuals always, and particularly of the lower forms. All that the selective breeder has to do is simply to reverse this law.

This has been going on for æons, and, strangely enough, evolution has been uninterrupted.

What has man been able to accomplish in animals by selective breeding? An improvement physically, but how much has he improved the intelligence of the carefully bred animals? The veriest mongrel cur of the gutters is often the brightest, and many a high-bred animal is mentally unstable. Truly, attention may not have been directed towards improving the intelligence, but there is no shred of evidence that it can be done.

It is an opinion widely held, though not susceptible of proof, that the human race has achieved its peak of intellectual development and may even now be on the decline.

The sum of human knowledge increases enormously from year to year, but there is no reason to think that the intellectual powers may be increased by breeding beyond the narrowest of limits. The law of filial regression prevents.

Nature, left to herself, works out the best results in the long run. Man, intervening in his impatience, makes a mess of things.

In the personal opinion of the writer prohibition is a modern instance of this sort. The American nation was approaching the goal where, by education of the public conscience, the problem of drunkenness would solve itself. The well-endowed majority (probably), not satisfied with being good itself, sought to make virtue universal by legislation. The result is that the well-endowed are surreptitiously breaking their own law made for the benefit of others.

LAWRENCE W. STRONG.

* * *

Recent Indian papers of ours have stirred memories of the East in the hearts and minds of old travelers. We quote from a pleasant letter.

One day an Indian preacher, whom I delight to think of, was trying to preach to a crowd of Mohammedan villagers. An old hostile maulvi stepped up and said, 'If you think you are wise enough to preach to us, answer me one question.' He intended to have that a knock-out blow. 'If you think you are able to instruct us, tell me this. God made the world, did n't He. Well, what did He do with the pieces that were left? You know there must have been some scraps.' Without hesitating, the preacher stretched out his arm, pointing directly to something in front of him. The crowd turned to look. 'There are the pieces,' he cried dramatically, indicating the horizon of Himalayas which shone in their snows dazzlingly after a winter rain. The crowd looked and fell silent. 'That's so!' conceded the awe-struck maulvi. And they heard him reverently to the end, never doubting his wisdom.